LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
PS1082
Chap. Copyright No.
Shelf .B23M5
1876
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

BY

EMILY J. BEACH.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
1876.

Copyright.
Emily J. Beach.
1873.

Franklin Press:
stereotyped and printed by
Rand, Avery, & Co.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

I SAW her first in childhood's morn;
  She seemed a quiet, gentle child:
Of humble parents was she born,
  'Mid woodland scenes and heather wild.

Her face could boast no beauty rare,
  Save the lustrous, timid eye,
Which told a depth of soul was there,
  No chance observer would descry.

She early learned to toil and strive;
  For brothers, sisters, younger still,
In quick succession did arrive:
  Her post, indeed, was hard to fill.

She oft was taxed her strength beyond,
  Though well she loved the little ones,
And proved herself a sister kind.
  If hurt or grieved, her soothing tones

Were first to comfort and to cheer,
To bring again the sunny smile,
To wipe away the falling tear,
And from their sorrows to beguile.

'Twas thus her early years were spent
Within this humble cottage dome:
Few there were who came or went
To or from her peaceful home.

Oft when her daily tasks were done,
Out in the cool and shady wood,
Beside a mossy bank, alone
She sat in quiet, pensive mood.

She loved those calm and holy hours
When Nature's voice alone was heard,
Save now and then, 'mid woodland bowers,
The chirp of some dear little bird.

'Twas here her inmost soul was filled
With shadowy longings so intense,
She felt she must, but could not yield;
Why did they come, and, Oh! from whence?

She pondered oft, and tried to trace
The source from whence they sprung to light;
O would they never, never cease?
And were they wrong, or were they right?

The more she thought, the more her brain
Was puzzled with the question sore;
If wrong those feelings to maintain,
Why not banished long before?

Did not her all-wise Father know
Each germ of thought implanted there?
And would he thus a gift bestow
Which might only prove a snare?

The knowledge which her soul did crave,
And which had been so long denied,
Must, sure, be right; and He who gave
Would see these longings satisfied.

She prayed for patience still to wait
His own appointed way and means,
Struggling against an adverse fate
Which seemed to bind her with its chains.

These aspirations pure and high
Were from all human eyes concealed:
No thoughtless word, no deep-drawn sigh,
The secrets of her heart revealed.

Though fondly cherished in her home,
She longed for wisdom and for power,
O'er mountain heights at will to roam,
And vaster, wider fields explore.

Though mortal eyes had never searched
The inmost recess of her heart,
Or touched the tender chord which waked
An answering tone, or could impart

That truth and light for which she pined,
One there was who heard her cry,
And quickly to her troubled mind
Vouchsafed a tender, kind reply.

Her brothers, sisters, older grown,
Could in a measure fill her place,
So out into the world, alone,
With hopeful heart and eager face, —

She sought in devious ways to find
The path which would most sure impart
True wisdom to her willing mind,
And strength of purpose to her heart.

Her daily food, and raiment too,
She still must labor to provide ;
But, Oh ! her heart was light and free ;
She feared no storms which might betide.

Up with the lark at early dawn,
Her morning duties to fulfill ;
Then, lightly tripping o'er the lawn,
To school she went with right good will.

The happiest hours her life had known
Were spent within that schoolhouse dear;
Though some might call it poor and mean,
She heeded not, nor did she care, —

So long as there her heart's desire
Seemed granted for a little space.
Her gentle patience to acquire
A knowledge which would soon efface

The ignorance she long had mourned,
Did win her teacher's kind regard;
And thus a link of friendship formed
Most highly prized; and lessons hard, —

Which oft had caused her brain to reel,
Came easier now, since sure to meet
Her teacher's warm, approving smile, —
Praise deserving, Oh, how sweet!

It was a new sensation too;
For all her former years of life
So full of care, and hardship too,
Were one continued daily strife;

Yet no kind word of loving cheer
Had blessed her on her weary way;
No warm and sympathizing tear
Had soothed her with its gentle sway.

Her thoughtful nature, strong and deep.
Her parents ne'er had understood:
And so in silence she did keep
Her counsel wise, so fraught with good,

While they did oft her feelings wound
By chiding her for pensive mood.
They meant it kindly: yet she found
She e'er had been "misunderstood."

But now her warm and loving heart
Did quickly open to receive
Those kindly words, which did impart
A hope and trust to still believe

God had in mercy heard her prayer,
And given her friends both kind and true.
One there was who longed to share
Her every burden: yet he knew

'Twere useless at the present time
Such hopes and wishes to indulge,
Since years and years must intervene
Ere he could all his plans divulge.

Like her, he struggled to improve
Each shining moment as it passed;
And ignorance and sin remove,
Before its stains were rooted fast.

They both were young, — scarce now fifteen.
His nature was to hers reverse, —
So glad and merry, full of fun;
His presence quickly did disperse

All gloomy shadows from the mind;
While his most frank and noble mien,
His manner always genial, kind,
Told that his heart was right within, —

So tender, loving, warm, and true!
Its purest impulse from above:
We might of him most truly say,
None could know him but to love.

His form was comely and erect;
His face was round and wondrous fair;
His mild blue eye seemed to reflect
The beauty of a soul most rare.

All nature wore for him a smile;
The tender flowers, beneath his care,
Did many a pleasant hour beguile,
And with their fragrance scent the air.

His heart was tuned to music sweet,
Which from its depths came bubbling forth,
As if unconsciously to greet
The Author of its heavenly birth.

His voice, at times so low and sweet,
Could, too, resound in songs of mirth;
And friends and neighbors oft did meet
Around this warm and cheerful hearth, —

Where kindness dwelt within each heart,
And in harmonious music join,
Bidding all anxious cares depart,
While they did thus the strain prolong.

He in his home was early taught
The worth of knowledge to the mind;
In wisdom's path he earnest sought
The way of life and truth to find.

Unlike the parents of our friend,
His own did prize the gift bestowed,
And pray for grace to still attend
Their darling one upon the road

Which leads the soul to look beyond
The trivial joys which earth can give.
Their hearts with pleasure did rebound
At what they felt he might achieve.

A time of sadness came at length,
When he must leave the homestead roof;
They wrestled with their God for strength,
And prayed him still to warp and woof

One by one each thread of life,
And all its colors sweetly blend;
In every hour of toil and strife,
Guiding safely to the end.

We pass beyond the parting scene,
And in a thriving Western town,
Where knowledge he may quickly glean,
Our noble hero proudly own.

His purpose was a holy one:
Like Jesus striving to fulfill
The "law of love," and thus make known
To all mankind His sacred will.

Pressing onward, upward, ever,
With strong desire to elevate,
And thus from sinful bondage save
Deluded souls "outside the gate,"—

While, from the source of love divine,
Receiving much, and craving more.
His life was made to brightly shine,
By loving deeds he kept in store,—

Proving, by his experience sweet,
How much more blest it is to give,
(For poverty and worth you often meet),
Than 'tis from others to receive.

Though distant far from home and friends,
Who sadly miss the absent one
On whom their future hope depends,
Not long it takes *new* friends to win.

Yet old and cherished ones have still
A sacred place within his heart;
No friendships new can ever fill,
Or to his soul such joy impart.

Indeed, himself had scarcely dreamed
How strong and deep the love for her
Whose gentle presence ever seemed
The breathings of a spirit pure, —

Wafted from the realms of bliss,
Fresh and sweet as morning flowers,
Trembling with the dewy kiss
Descended from celestial bowers.

Did she regret his absence too?
And could she ever quite forget
Those happy days so long ago?
It seemed a year, yea, more; and yet

'Twas only one short month ago
He clasped her hand, and said good-by;
His voice was tender, soft, and low;
A tear-drop glistened in his eye, —

Although he struggled to be calm.
The resolution he had made,
His feelings almost overcame;
And, in that moment sweet and sad, —

He longed his passion to reveal,
Yet deemed it better and more wise,
It for the present to conceal.
But, had she dared her eyes to raise,

The simple tale had all been told
By the earnest, wistful gaze,
Within his eyes so soft and mild,
Enveloped in a misty haze.

She was calm and self-possessed;
No look of hers, no word or tone,
Betrayed the love so long repressed;
Her heart was his, and his alone;

But, Oh! far rather it should break,
Than e'er reveal unasked, unsought,
Its love so tender and so meek:
Perchance e'en now he loved her not, —

Since words had never told her so;
His kindness did to all extend:
Would he no more on her bestow,
And treat her only as a friend?

But if instead, within his heart
Enshrined above all other ones,
Her image could most joy impart,
Her lips pour forth most pleasing tones,—

Would he not now his love express?
The parting pang would surely then
Be less severe; and years might pass
Before they two should meet again.

'Twas thus she mused when left alone;
And hope grew faint within her breast,
As if her heart must needs atone
For pent-up feelings, unexpressed,—

Which could no longer brook control.
Its aching chords seemed bursting now:
No gleam of hope within her soul;
And wild despair and anguished woe

Did for a season reign supreme,
Despite her efforts at control.
Oh! were it but some transient dream,
Which waking thoughts might quick dispel!

But no. 'Twas all, Alas! too true:
Fond hopes which had her bosom filled
Were fleeting as the morning dew.
When her tempestuous grief was stilled,—

A languor settled at the heart;
  She tried in vain to overcome,
And gloomy shadows bid dèpart:
  They lingered still as if a storm

More fierce and angry than the last
  Were gathering with unwonted force,
All future happiness to blast,
  Relentless in its wayward course.

She poured her sorrows forth in prayer
  To Him who lends a listening ear,
Imploring aid to meekly bear
  Whate'er his wisdom might decree.

Scarce had her prayer ascended high,
  Before she sank to soft repose,
Dreaming, perchance, of angels nigh,
  Soothing so gently all her woes.

Her slumbers o'er, she waked at length,
  Her weary spirit much refreshed,
Renewed strength, and added grace,
  Conveyed by angels ever blessed.

Her life had now one burden more
  To bear in silence all alone,
Till He who doth all things restore
  Should send relief unto "his own."

Her voice was calm, her face serene;
Unruffled was her placid brow,
Revealing not the grief within,
Which made her heart to overflow.

Alternate now 'twixt hope and fear,
Days had lengthened into months,
And months had made up all the year,
Though long and slow had seemed its march.

Our noble hero, where is he?
And what the tidings from afar?
Has he no word of love for thee?
No interchange of thoughts to share

With her, who, sad and lonely, now
Would glad relinquish all for him?
Alas! she fears it must be so,
And struggling hope grows faint and dim.

That one whose nature 'twas to be
So frank and open, could love conceive,
And still maintain without one plea,
Her doubting heart could scarce believe.

Through his parents, gentle, kind,
She learned his efforts all had been
With unfading laurels crowned:
Bright did his future prospects seem.

. . . . . .

The waves of sorrow, deep and wild,
Are sweeping o'er our sunny land;
And must this earth be so defiled
With human gore, by human hand?

Oh! God in mercy, tell us why
Our loving ones must haste away,
And for their country bleed and die?
We know e'en now thy hand can stay

The furious storm which gathers near,
And threatens soon to reach our homes:
Our bosoms throb with anxious fear
Lest some of our beloved ones

Shall in the conflict take a part:
And can we, must we, let them go,—
A target for some piercing dart?
Oh, tell us not it must be so!

How can the gracious God above
Behold, approve, such scenes of woe?—
A Father kind, a "God of love,"
Acknowledged such by all below,—

His tender mercies over all
Who seek his kind protecting care,
Letting not e'en a sparrow fall
Unheeded, from the nether air.

These musings from the saddened heart
Of her whose life we would portray,
Her doubts and fears would not depart;
She felt men's souls were led astray

And by a strong, resistless tide
Of error and unmeaning sin:
The gates of death were open wide,
Our bravest ones would soon rush in.

Did He, our Saviour, when on earth,
Such teachings to our race impart?—
He whose life and heavenly birth
Do still remain a living chart.

Were not his labors all of love,
Unmingled with one taint of sin?
And did he not, all else above,
Teach "Peace on earth," "Good-will to men"?

His precious life most freely give
A ransom for the sins of all?
Then, if for *all*, why not receive,
And heed his kind and gentle call,—

And do unto all other men
As we would be by them done by;
Relieving sorrow, soothing pain,
Our neighbor and our brother try

To love as we *ourselves* do love;
Fulfilling thus the royal law,
And, like the angels bright above,
All false and evil ways eschew?

God grant the time may quickly come,
When all the people of the earth
Shall hail with joy the beat of drum
Whose welcome sound shall herald forth

The bright millennial dawn of *peace;*
When all upon this earthly shore,
Most thankful for the sweet release,
The signs of war shall learn no more;

When nations far, with those more near,
Shall join to bless the human race,
Helping each his brother dear,
Uplifting souls who fall from grace!

We trust our readers will excuse
Digressing from our subject thus:
The impulse we could scarce refuse,
To here insert what seemed to us

The plain, ungarnished, gospel truth;
Though at the time our heroine
Herself knew not the heavenly birth
Of thoughts and feelings so divine.

Nor would she then have dared express
  These sentiments which surely were
Unto the public mind reverse,
  And which, if known to come from her, —

A pure and simple-minded girl,
  But little weight would have with those
Whose giddy brains, all in a whirl,
  Could find no time for soft repose, —

Much less to stop, and calm reflect ;
  But hasting toward the scene of strife,
Their noble forms as soldiers decked,
  Yielding up their precious life.

Her brothers joined the battle fray,
  Enlisting of their own free will ;
And *one dearer still than they*
  Had hasted to obey the call.

Among the cavaliers his choice :
  His stately form so round and full
Might well a mother's heart rejoice
  (So nobly mounted, and so well,

Upon his proud, majestic steed),
  If no *danger* did attend him,
And if, with his, her mind agreed,
  'Twas duty's call which led him.

The time is fast approaching now,
When he must leave all else beside:
No prating kiss can he bestow
On those, who, severed far and wide,

Would gladly kiss that noble brow,
A parting blessing too would give,
With brightest flowers his pathway strew
Until he reach the gates of heaven.

Those "pearly gates" are *now* ajar,
And soon will open to receive
Many a martyred spirit fair,
Their sorrows sweetly to relieve.

No battle scene we need present,
Since he, our brave and noble friend,
Whose heart was filled with good intent,
No *human* power should tear and rend.

His heavenly Father willed it so,
And called him to his home above,
Where no continuous scenes of war
Could mar the beauty of his love.

He, with comrades brave and true,
Was ordered to advance in haste.
The fields were wet with evening dew,
The sun was setting in the west, —

While onward with increasing speed,
Their pathway quite descending grade,
When, lo! a pause: one noble steed
Lies panting there, and sore dismayed;

A luckless stone, both smooth and round,
Has caused his sudden overthrow,
Bringing quickly to the ground,
And horse and rider laying low.

His comrades quickly gathered round:
They thought him dead, so pale and still he lay;
No outward bruise or hurt was found,
But he had fainted quite away.

His consciousness restored at last,
He felt within a sickening;
One glance of tender love he cast
Upon his friends, who tried in vain

To calm their own well-grounded fears,
In tender accents spoke his name:
Alas! their words and burning tears
Both fell unheeded all the same.

Another death-like swoon came on,
Though not so lasting as the first;
His lips did move, and soon again
He called for drink to quench his thirst.

A lonely cottage stood near by,
To which they bore him in their arms;
While their prayers ascended high,
Beseeching that no rude alarms

Might break the calm and sweet repose
They felt was stealing o'er his soul:
His life they knew was near its close,
Its billows soon would cease to roll;

Those pearly gates would soon unfold;
And spirit-friends would gather near,
Pointing unto the joys untold
Awaiting him "just over there."

For him did they no fears maintain,
Since all his life had plainly shown, —
"To live was Christ, to die was gain,"
Receiving an immortal crown.

But still their hearts were filled with grief,
When the sad hour for parting came.
He, whose life had been so brief,
Had sought not wealth or worldly fame;

He was serene, unto the end,
Striving still to cheer and bless
Each loving heart, each cherished friend,
With tender words and soft caress, —

Although his heart was bleeding sore,
Just for one last, one fond embrace;
To nestle, as in days of yore,
So closely in that darling place, —

Which now, alas! no more on earth,
Would feel its kind compassions move,
As before the heavenly birth,
Revealing all a "mother's love."

Before these tidings reached his home,
His form would lie beneath the sod;
His spirit pure be free to roam
And mingle with the saints of God.

He knew that in that mansion fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
His gentle Saviour would prepare
An everlasting home above.

For three long days he suffered on,
And meekly bore the pain intense;
While from his lips escaped no moan,
Or outward sign of deep distress.

His cheek, which long had been so flushed
With a crimson, hectic glow,
Was pale and wan, its beauty crushed;
The pulse's beat was faint and slow.

His life was ebbing fast away;
All pain had left his weary frame;
So calm and peaceful there he lay,
Waiting — and then the angels came, —

And bore his spirit far away
Unto those realms of saintly bliss,
Leaving but the form of clay,
Which had no power to know or miss

The precious gem it had enshrined,
And of itself a counterpart.
The tendrils which had once intwined
So closely round that pulseless heart

Must seek some higher, purer aim
On which to wind its tender coils;
Reclining sweetly for a time,
And resting from its earthly toils.

Then "upward, onward," pressing still,
New thoughts and aspirations given;
The tiny life-buds quickly fill,
Expanding in the air of heaven.

One parting smile of fond regret,
He deems a fitting tribute still
For the casket fair which met
And served his purpose long and well.

One alone, of all his friends,
Would he consent to have remain:
Yet He who guides, and still attends
His own in sickness and in pain, —

Did fill the hearts of those they met
Within that lowly cottage home,
With sympathy and sad regret
For the patient, suffering one, —

Whose steps had been directed there.
And in their simple, loving way,
They tenderly for him did care
Through sleepless night and anxious day.

His life so sweetly passed away,
It seemed not meet to shed a tear.
'Twas in the twilight, soft and gray,
When angel spirits hovered near.

His faithful friend was at his side,
Singing, at his own request,
"Softly now the light of day," —
"'Tis well!" he cried, and sank to rest.

Beneath a lovely whitewood tree,
Standing within a field near by,
He had wished his grave might be;
Though far from natal scenes and sky.

His kindly messages of love
  Left for "the dear ones all at home"
Did his dear friend's compassions move,
  And make his task a painful one,

Yet still he shrank not to fulfill
  A duty which no other one
Could do so gently or so well;
  Though hard it were to give such pain;

To feel those tidings, when received,
  Would fill with grief and anguish wild
A mother's heart, most sore bereaved;
  A father, too, whose love beguiled

The prattling boy upon his knee,
  Holding ever from that day
His firm affection, pure and free,
  As if 'twere by some magic sway.

The sad, sad news could not have been
  More gently or more kindly given;
Indeed, there was no mournful scene
  For those sore hearts with anguish riven;

'Twas only birth to higher life:
  Their darling yet was all their own;
A few more years of toil and strife,
  And they would mount, and gladly join

The many friends passed on before.
The ties which bound them to the earth
Were fast dissolving: one link more
Is formed above; and songs of mirth

And holy joy are sweetly ringing,
Welcoming the spirit home;
Softly wooing, sweetly winning,
Unto that bright celestial dome.

And what of her, our heroine?
How doth she bear this weight of woe?
Or has she felt her love decline
From its warmth of long ago?

Forbear, my friends, and harbor not
One thought so foreign to her soul:
Her nature deep, so finely wrought,
Was held by spirits' firm control, —

Though at the time she knew it not,
So deep and crushing was her grief,
All other feelings quite forgot,
Till God should grant her some relief.

She sorrowed now as one bereft
Of all that life holds dear on earth.
Besought that she might not be left
To bear, at length, this inward dearth.

If only she might lay her down
  Upon that grave so far away,
And there so sweetly, all alone,
  Just breathe her life in peace away, —

No other boon her soul would crave;
  For death she felt were endless gain:
Yet she must struggle to be brave,
  Smothering all this weary pain, —

Showing not, by word or tone,
  The anguish of her heart within.
No mortal spirit e'er had known
  How hard it was, had ever been, —

To wear a calm and placid brow,
  When storms were raging fierce and wild,
And pent-up tears would gladly flow
  From those soft eyes so kind and mild.

Not that she deemed it wrong to weep,
  When tears alone could bring relief;
Since He who lives, and still doth keep
  A record of each secret grief, —

Did weep aloud in deep distress,
  Both for and with his mourning friends;
For them his sympathies express,
  While with their own his tears he blends.

'Mid all her grief, one comfort still
Remained to cheer and bless her soul,
With grateful love her heart to fill,
Toward "Him who doeth all things well."

'Twas that the life of him so dear
Had not been rudely snatched away
By earthly hand or human power,
Amid the din of battle-fray;

But in a calm and peaceful vale,
Where nature blends its sweetest charms,
Where holy memories love to dwell,
Unbroken by earth's rude alarms,—

Here, spirit-forms had neared the earth,
And borne aloft the weary soul;
Rejoicing o'er its heavenly birth,
And striving sweetly to control

It, by the magic "law of love,"
Which God's own chosen and elect,
Have learned to prize all else above,
By reason of its sure effect.

And though no sculptured stone was reared,
To mark his quiet resting-place,
The spot was still no less endeared,
Sheltered beneath the kind embrace

Of that familiar tree, which bore
Rich blossoms sweet, so fresh and pure,
Reminders of that heavenly shore
Where flowers shall wither nevermore, —

Transplanted by His tender care,
Shall fadeless and immortal bloom;
There filling all the nether air
With their most sweet and rare perfume.

For three successive weary years
She plodded on, and scarce could tell
What were her hopes, or what her fears;
Save that her mem'ry loved to dwell

Upon those days of calm delight,
When sweetest interchange of mind
Had filled her soul with hopes as bright
As often fall to human kind.

And oft each treasured look and tone,
(With the friendship they expressed,)
Were counted over one by one;
While to her lips she sometimes pressed

The dear mementos of the past.
One little lock of shining hair
Came first, as it had been the last,
Though severed with a playful air.

'Twas just the day before he went;
And though he gave no outward sign
Of secret purpose or intent,
Save by the asking in return

Of just one little golden tress;
A talisman, he said, 'twould be,
Reminding of those hours of bliss;
Then laughed aloud in childish glee.

Though this had been a simple act,
Performed as though in heedless sport,
It gave fresh courage to her heart,
And filled her soul with glad delight.

'Tis said, no troubles singly come;
And surely thus it proved with her;
For sickness and distress at home
Necessitated to defer, —

Or, as she feared, give up entire,
Her cherished plans to knowledge gain;
Her ardent love and strong desire
An education to obtain.

But with a cheerful, willing mind,
Disrobed of every selfish aim,
She quickly to her home returned,
Performing well each duty plain.

This home was not the childhood one,
'Mid woodland scenes and heather wild;
For to a quiet country town
Her father's heart had been beguiled.

Kind Providence had smiled upon
And crowned his efforts with success.
Economy and health had won
Means enabling to possess

A home congenial to his taste;
And, as his worldly cares grew less,
His willing mind, so pure and chaste,
Quickly did expand, and bless

The gracious Giver who had shown
In devious ways his loving care;
Sustaining by his power divine,
When sore afflictions drew more near.

The first which came, and opened all
The fount of true paternal love,
Till then not realized in full,
Did all its depth reveal and prove.

Sad tidings from the battle-field
Filled hearts and homes with grief and pain;
Enrolled among the list of killed
His second son, instantly slain.

His sisters grieved, his mother wept;
And, though his father shed no tear,
'Twas plain to see the sad effect
Produced by losing one so dear.

The regiment the brothers joined
Was ordered to the battle's front;
And he among the first consigned
By the foeman's cruel dart,—

To a nameless soldier's grave.
The fatal shot had pierced his heart;
No human power had skill to save,
Or for one moment to impart

A conscious thought unto his soul.
His brother, standing near his side,
Strove well his feelings to control,
And by this sad decree abide.

He was a brave and noble lad,
Shrinking never, nor turning back
From danger's path when duty led;
His zeal and courage knew no lack;

Though his impulsive nature gave
But little chance for sober thought.
He deemed *all* soldiers true and brave,
Who for their country's freedom fought.

'Twas in the year of sixty-five ;
The cruel war was near its close ;
Glad hearts were waiting to receive
Their loving ones ; and calm repose

Was settling o'er the land once more ;
Many homes were desolate
Since their loved ones nevermore
Would pass within their threshold gate.

Alas for him, the first-born son ! —
Who turned not back, nor shrank with fear,
Until the victory was won,
And he his home began to near ;

Then a contagious fever seized
And prostrate laid his robust frame.
Its ravages were not appeased,
Since it assumed its direst form, —

Raging with unwonted force,
While its unconscious victim lay
Regardless of his future course,
Tossing wildly to and fro ;

Now springing up in eager haste,
Shouting forth the battle-cry ;
Then sinking down in sad unrest,
Moaning still, and murmuring low ;

Repeating oft that name so sweet, —
"My mother, O my mother dear!"
Alas! thy voice shall never greet
On earth again thy mother's ear.

'Twas not until his form was laid
Beneath the hills far, far away,
Within a grave by strangers made,
(While they at home were blithe and gay, —

Preparing for the absent one),
That this sad terror-stricken news
Did reach that peaceful, happy home,
Its thrilling sadness to infuse.

The mother's heart grew faint and sick;
Her delicate and weary frame,
Which, at the best, of late was weak,
Refused its labors to perform, —

Sinking beneath the weighty load,
Despite her strong, unyielding will;
And she was forced to keep her bed,
No longer able to fulfill

Her daily round of toil and care.
'Twas then she felt the urgent need
Of one to soften and to share
Her burdens, which were sore indeed.

None could so fondly, sweetly soothe
  This heart, bereaved and full of woe,
As the gentle daughter who
  Relinquished self, her love to show.

Her filial duties occupied
  Her time and thoughts most fully now;
Indeed, it can not be denied
  The change was beneficial, too, —

To her as well; since she of late
  Had suffered from a troublous cough,
Which threatened soon to seal her fate,
  Unless, perchance, 'twere warded off.

She long had been so close confined,
  'Twas sweet to breathe the air again.
Her presence and her love combined
  To help her mother to regain

Her wonted strength, and still to own
  How many blessings yet remained.
She found her life had selfish grown
  To thus give way to grief unfeigned, —

While other ones had claims as strong
  Upon her fond maternal care.
She cherished not intended wrong,
  And kindly labored to repair

That which she thoughtlessly had done
The loving ones she still retained.
Their softened hearts were quickly won,
While she unconsciously had gained

A noble victory over self;
And day by day the daughter pure
Found beneath the sheltering roof
Less sordid trials to endure, —

And much more leisure to devote
To exercise in open air,
And thus her failing health promote,
Likewise in time to quite restore.

She now gave heed, and took delight,
In cultivating flowers rare;
Their rapid growth refreshed her sight,
Repaying for her tender care, —

Cheering many a sick-bed room
With their sweet and fragrant breath;
Chasing far the shades of gloom,
Aiding in the inward growth

Of grace and beauty of the soul;
While nothing gave unto our friend
More peace of mind than to enroll
Her willing service so refined,

Where fevered pain and sickness were.
  Her nature seemed a fitting one,
Just suited to befriend and cheer;
  And by her gentle smiles she won

The confidence and love of all
  Who came within her social sphere:
No little child, however small,
  Showed in her presence aught of fear, —

Since she did never pass one by
  Without a loving word or smile;
And oft their little hearts beat high
  While listening to some pleasing tale

Repeated for their ears alone;
  She joining in their sportive glee,
They brimming o'er with mirth and fun,
  As happy children e'er should be.

No one of all her friends below,
  Had known or guessed the secret wound,
So deep engraved, that even now
  No healing balm could well be found:

Though time might sear, the scar would still
  Remain, while earth and earthly things
Did hold her captive at her will,
  Or, rather, at the will of those

Who even more than she remained,
In ignorance of Nature's laws,
Which govern and control the mind,
Aided by the great First Cause.

One blessed truth seems fixed upon
Her mind receptive, unawares;
'Tis that the loved ones all agone,
Do like the bright and twinkling stars, —

E'er keep their watchful, tender eyes
Open to behold their dear ones,
Beneath the calm and azure skies;
Though far removed their gentle tones, —

And forms once dear, their presence still
Did seem at times so very near,
It made her inmost being thrill
With sweet emotions; not one fear

Did mingle with or mar her joy;
Instead a strong desire to live
So pure and chaste, no earth-alloy
Might her debase, and sorrow give

Those bright angelic ones above,
Who still retain for us below
A sympathetic, changeless love,
Surpassing far what mortals know.

These musings silently were kept,
Coming to her when all alone,
In midnight hours while others slept,
Or when the gloaming had begun.

Her home ones now were quite restored
To former health and peace of mind;
Their trials, patiently endured,
Had served to make them feel resigned, —

And bow submissive 'neath the rod,
Assured their deep affliction came
By and through the will of God,
And he would sanctify the same.

About this time a letter came
From distant friends whose early years
Had all been spent within a home
Of slight pretence, adjoining theirs;

From thence unto a Western town,
They moved, a thriving, healthful one,
(And which had since a city grown)
Beginning life, as 'twere, anew, —

So marked and pleasing was the change:
Here all united to maintain
A friendly feeling, and arrange
Their avocations so to join

Each with other for the good
And sure advancement of the whole;
Promoting thus a kindly mood
Of thought and feeling in the soul.

Society thus based upon
True principles of sterling *worth*, —
Instead of *wealth*, which does alone
Too oft control the minds of earth,—

Was more congenial and refined,
Sustaining, too, more liberal views
On subjects which have been confined,
(Until of late), striving rather to infuse

Within the souls of all alike,
An earnest craving for the truth,
Free from errors deep and dark,
Which so oft impede the growth

Of higher, nobler thoughts and aims,
Leaving, too, the trace of guilt,
Where ignorance alone is blame,
Though oft it leaves its sad effect,—

Producing still a like result
To that where fully understood,
Yet, sad to say, oft *heeded* not,
Even by the so-called good.

In speaking thus of people here,
We take them only as a whole:
Exceptions must, as everywhere,
Be found unto the general rule.

A letter came, I said, to them,
From their dear cherished early friends,
One kindly urging them to come,
And for their coolness make amends, —

This coolness only brought about
By living thus so far apart,
Their sentiments exchanging not:
Both parties still were true of heart.

The invitation was for all;
But the kind parents of our friend
A journey loved not over-well,
And so most willingly resigned

Their claims unto their daughter true,
Since not convenient for them all
To leave at once; and well they knew
How gladly she would heed the call.

And here we might as well confess,
That, mingled with parental love,
Was something which, more or less,
Resembled pride, although the groove

Through which its tiny fiber passed
  Did seem so indistinct and small,
A shadow dim it only cast,
  Which threatened not to disannul

More solid virtues of the mind:
  Nor was there danger for herself
In this respect; we clearly find,
  Standing forth in bold relief, —

A self-reliance yet unmixed
  With aught pertaining to conceit,
While in her heart was firmly fixed
  Sound principles, too rarely met.

What wonder, then, that she should feel
  A soul-inspiring, near delight
Around her inmost being steal,
  Opening up the treasures bright

Of heart and mind so long concealed?
  And 'neath the genial warmth and glow
Of friendship pure, so oft revealed,
  Expressed in ways to kindly show

How glad their welcome, and how true,
  How sweet the harmony of thought,
Blending so softly as it grew,
  Till all unconsciously it wrought

A pleasing, happy change to all
  Who circled round the family hearth,
Permeating even heart and soul
  With its sweet and gentle breath.

Some time elapsed ere she had learned
  The state of their religious views;
'Twas better so, lest she had spurned,
  Or, as they feared, might quite refuse

To listen to the truth which they
  Had glad accepted long ago,
Its strong foundations laid for aye,
  Fearing nought from friend or foe.

Unconsciously, from day to day,
  Her thoughts assumed a wider range;
Her deep-set eyes did plainly say,—
  "If aught there be that's new and strange,—

O, tell me now, I prythee, all;
  For by thy manner I perceive
That thou art striving to conceal
  That which I'm longing to receive."

They, too, now felt the time had come,
  In which they might with safety dwell
Upon the glorious, happy theme,
  So long an inmate of their souls.

It is a clear autumnal day,
And Nature wears her gayest robes,
While beneath the cloudless sky
No burning heat, no wind disturbs

The leaflets on the old oak-tree
Which shelters with its friendly boughs
A mansion fair in some degree,
Although its chief attraction grows

From intercourse with those within;
For here a spirit-medium
By her heavenly gift doth win
The souls of those who daily come, —

And listen to the counsels wise
Coming from the "higher spheres,"
Through this channel which supplies
"Living waters," while it cheers

The weary, heart-sick ones of earth,
Who in darkness long have pined,
Regardless of the heavenly birth
Which they who seek shall surely find.

'Twas here they led our friend that day,
Persuading her no harm would come,
They thinking that no better way
Existed to present her claim.

And, if they judged her heart aright,
  Her mind was open to receive
Some rays, at least, of heavenly light,
  Beyond what she did now perceive.

My gentle reader, fear thou not
  To still pursue this simple tale.
I promise fair no stain or blot
  Shall here be found to mar thy soul.

Then come with me, and listen, pray,
  (While all around is hushed and still),
To what the angel voices say,
  As they lovingly fulfill

Their holy mission unto her,
  Sowing deep within her soul
Most precious seed, which soon will stir
  And spring above the mellow soil

So rich, so deep, and well prepared,
  Putting forth their tender leaves :
They only need to watered be,
  To yield abundant golden sheaves.

Her friends, to make the matter sure,
  Had left her to proceed alone ;
Just only guiding her so far
  As needful, to the way make plain.

A perfect stranger in the place,
No clew of what her life had been,
No opportunity to trace,
Or the slightest knowledge gain

Of her condition in the past:
Her present, too, was all obscure:
And not one ray of light was cast,
Which could reflect or help secure

The inmost secrets of her soul.
So strangely quiet was the place,
So soothing was the sweet control,
It seemed to earthly thoughts erase.—

And breathe an atmosphere of love,
While angel spirits hovered near,
Descending from the spheres above,
And gave unto this friend so dear,—

Proofs of their unchanging love.
The first which was to her described
Stood very near, and held above
Her head a wreath of lilies fair.

Her robes were pure and spotless white,
The wavy ringlets of her hair
Came rippling down so golden bright,
Her visage, too, was very fair.

She placed the wreath upon her head,
And called her by the tender name
Of sister dear, while thus she said: —
"I know my looks are not the same

As when I left the earthly sphere;
For then I was an infant small,
Scarce old enough to heed your care;
But here I've learned to prize it all, —

And trust that I may yet repay
Your fond devotion, tender, true.
As in your arms so weak I lay,
My feeble pulse, it feebler grew;

And thus I passed from earth away,
Too young to realize the change,
Yet learning still, from day to day,
Having here a wider range, —

A freer atmosphere to breathe,
Conditions which did far exceed
The *best* which earth below could give,
And hearts to feel my every need, —

And gently guide my steps aright,
Teaching sweetly how to live
In my home so fair and bright,
And everlasting praises give

To Him who rules both heaven and earth.
No longer now will I detain,
Since one is here, of far more worth,
And who to thee will much explain."

The voice of her through whom this came
Now changed its tone: she firstly gave
A full description and the name
Of him, the youthful friend so brave, —

Whose memory was cherished still
As one too spotless, pure, and bright,
Upon this sinful earth to dwell,
Where worldly cares so dim the sight.

He spoke of old familiar scenes,
So well remembered by them both;
Of wooded hills, and deep ravines,
Where they alone had wandered forth.

He then repeated, word for word,
Poetic lines she still preserved,
Mementos of her hopes deferred,
And deeply on her soul engraved.

He told how true had been the love
He'd felt for her in years agone,
Although he failed that love to prove
While dwelling here this earth upon.

That love, he said, should never wane,
Grow dim, or fade, in all the years
Which now seemed like to intervene,
Ere she would reach the "higher spheres."

He knew the grief and anguish wild,
Her weary spirit had endured;
He saw how pure and undefiled
Had been the life which now secured

These sweet communings with the blest;
That, through these fiery trials sore,
A gift she knew not she possessed
Had been developing most sure, —

And would ere long afford a source
Of happiness and good alike
To sorrowing ones whose earthly course
Had failed to satisfy the heart.

He said that soon a change would come
Unto herself, a pleasing one,
He felt assured, — which would combine
The truths he labored to make known.

The gates, he saw, were opening now;
And all looked very bright around,
Showing her future life below
Would with happiness rebound.

She had a mission to perform,
  Through her mediumistic powers,
Which, he said, were very strong,
  Though not developed yet in full.

They were like to the rose in bud,
  Which soon would all its leaves unfold,
Breathing fragrance where it stood,
  A thing of beauty to behold.

He asked her, did she not dream dreams?
  See visions float before her eyes?
Have thoughts come rushing through her brains
  Thoughts so intense they did surprise?

Nor could she tell from whence they came,
  Or what their presence did denote;
He then endeavored to explain,
  Why so distant and remote

Seemed these thoughts and feelings now:
  Mysterious though they still might be,
She soon would learn to *feel* and *know*,
  And in the future to *foresee*.—

Many changes coming through
  This wondrous dispensation new:
And she (whose life had been so true),
  With others numbering not a few,—

Was needed to promote the cause
So vital to the human race:
A firm foundation, and a wise,
Was being laid to take the place

Of social evils in disguise;
Also, in time to do away,
In part at least, with men-made laws,
Which now hold such unbounded sway.

A narrow and contracted sphere,
She ne'er was made to dwell within:
Her light would shine wondrously clear,
When she her life-work did begin.

He urged her to consider well,
And to her spirit-friends give heed,
Assuring all would then be well,
And she would reap a rich reward.

Much more he longed to tell to her,
But time forbade; though, if she now
Had any questions to prefer,
To answer them he would gladly try, —

And then give place to a dear friend
Who had the gift of poesy,
And would improvise and blend
The lights and shades of former days

As seen by her from that bright sphere
While he yet dwelt upon the earth.
No wonder that our friend did fear
To break the spell by putting forth

Questions, even if the time
Had not been limited: she felt
Assured these teachings so sublime
Would far more wisdom to her yield.

Still she could not quite resist;
And sweet indeed the interchange
Of sympathy. But we desist;
Nor would invade, but give free range

Unto their thoughts a little space,
While sacred to themselves alone
These precious moments of true bliss,
Where hearts united blend as one.

Suffice to say, if there had been
One shade of doubt within her soul,
Regarding all those powers unseen,
'Twas far removed as Northern Pole.

Her secret thoughts were all laid bare;
The depths did yield their treasures too
Which long had lain quite buried there,
Securely locked from mortal view.

Now comes a voice low and pensive,
Sweet and clear, softly rippling,
Gently murmuring its cadences
All so pure and soul-refreshing;

In language seeming not of earth,
So beautiful the harmony,
So kind the sentiments put forth,
In sweet, angelic poetry.

Our feeble powers would fail to give
A faint conception of the same:
So here we take a friendly leave
Of spirit-friends a little time.

All this, with much we've left untold,
Within the space of one short hour
Was given through her (the medium) fully controlled,
And guided too, by spirit-power.

These revelations new and strange
Did soothe and cheer our gentle friend;
Her thoughts assumed a wider range,
As she murmured, "Homeward bound."

She felt more knowledge she had gained
Within this little space of time,
Than she had all her life attained;
So mysterious and sublime

Were these teachings fraught with good;
They also raised her self-esteem,
Since she had once been *understood;*
Nor was it but an idle dream

Which soon would vanish from her sight,
And leave behind an empty void;
But each succeeding day and night
She felt would slowly, surely add

Increasing brightness to the flame
So lately kindled in her soul,
While life itself would have an aim
Which would her future acts control.

The time of her appointed stay
Is drawing near; and, at its close,
She, with a cheerful heart and gay,
Seeks for a rest in home repose;

While uppermost within her mind
Is the new-found and glad delight,
Which ever there will be enshrined,
And soon will call for further light;

That which has been so well received
Will furnish soul-food for a time;
Already much has been achieved
By opening up the way sublime.

Her leisure hours are all employed
In gleaning knowledge which pertains
To the advancement, as portrayed,
Of purer motives, higher aims.

Much of this knowledge was obtained
From writings said to be inspired
By spirits pure, who still retained
Free requisites alone required

To manifest and surely prove
How great an influence they hold
O'er friends whose sacred ties of love
More precious are than links of gold.

Not least among her treasured books
Was that dear one of sacred lore,
Holy Bible, "Book of books,"
Shedding light for evermore.

She read and pondered, oft amazed
To see how clear were made to her
The passages obscure and dazed
A little length of time before.

Some hidden meaning oft would flash
Across her now awakening mind,
Like a meteor's sudden dash,
Leading her onward, still to find

Deeper mysteries explained.
In all the sacred pages there
One fixed, eternal truth remained, —
Strong evidence of *spirit-power*, —

'Twas found in both the old and new;
Although her chief delight was in
The precious teachings all aglow
With Jesus' love; whose power to win

Consisted not in *rules* and *forms*,
But tender pity, purest love
For all his race: no blinding storms
Could intercept, or fail to prove

How vastly great the good achieved
By precept and example too.
What comfort to the heart bereaved,
When bowed with anxious care and woe, —

To know that One is ever near,
Who contemplates our state below,
And also bends a listening ear
So glad his sympathy to show!

His precious name will ever live,
And will, to nations yet unborn,
Be heralded all names above,
Although, while here, he met with scorn.

Few, then, except the lowly ones,
  Would listen to his counsels wise,
Or heed his soft and gentle tones,
  But all his teachings did despise. —

And did most shamefully entreat,
  Because his liberty of speech
Was *too advanced* for them to meet,
  Or yet their stony hearts to reach.

Not e'en the miracles performed
  Could them convince of spirit-power:
Unless, perchance, he was suborned
  By some satanic demon power.

Alas that man should be so blind
  As once to harbor such a thought!
That his Majesty seeks to find
  And devour, or crush outright. —

Every high and noble aim,
  We will not dare to quite dispute,
Since he has always had this name,
  And since his deeds do not refute.

But that he doth or ever can
  More power possess than *God* himself,
We *do deny*, and will maintain:
  And what a kind and sweet relief

It is, to know that mighty truth
Must and *will* prevail at last!
Though error's chain so strong, forsooth,
Now holds it with a mighty grasp, —

The time will come, we trust and pray,
(And soon our faith is strong to feel,)
When *good* will hold a boundless sway,
Crushing beneath its sacred heel

The ignorance of former days,
With present systems, so debased
By greed of gain and worldly praise,
A close inspection finds erased

Much that *seemeth* to afford
Protection to the poor aggrieved;
While in its place, most deftly hid,
Deceit and meanness have achieved

A selfish rule, which *gives* to those
Who do already have their fill,
And live in splendor, at their ease,
While those who labor "*foot the bill.*"

God grant the time may surely come,
When "equal rights" may be secured!
No cruel bondage then for some,
And that "some," one-half the world.

Yea, more we crave, that these same ones
  May learn wherein they are deprived
Of half their own inheritance,
  And are in other ways aggrieved, —

Also in what their "rights" consist,
  And how and when they should be used,
When to *yield*, when to resist;
  Suffering not to be abused, —

Either by themselves or other,
  The right to think, to feel, to know,
And for *themselves* to judge far better,
  (If their intents are wise and true)

Than those who *do* not, *can not* know,
  The *motive* power concealed within,
Since God doth on us each bestow
  Gifts and mercies all our own.

No two in this created world,
  Hath forms or features just alike;
And so it is with hearts and minds,
  Each to the other so unlike.

What to one is "meat and drink,"
  Another may sure "poison" find;
While scenes at which you start and shrink
  May serve to *soothe* another's mind.

Why 'tis so, we can not tell,
Unless to teach us *charity*,
As it had ought, and surely will,
As we advance in purity.

Then haste, I say, the glorious day
When free untrammeled thought shall be
Most gladly welcomed, and make way
For truth to follow, bold and free.

As, when our Saviour lived on earth,
All who did dare to follow him,
Or to acknowledge all his worth,
Were chiefly held in low esteem. —

So at the present time we find
A like derision hurled at those
Who freely do express their mind
On subjects which the world refuse

As yet, to own must be laid bare,
Ere pollution's waves are stayed,
That innocence no longer bear
The sins of those who have betrayed

By their magic, subtle power,
Then cast aside as worthless quite,
The crushed and drooping flower,
Whose brightest day seems endless night. —

Since all which served to make life sweet
Is turned to bitterness and woe,
She forced to wander through the street;
No one to pity, or bestow

A kindly look, a word of love;
Forsaken written on her brow:
Alas! she wishes not to live,
And feels that death comes sure, if slow.

But here we leave these painful scenes,
Which oft have caused our hearts to thrill,
Unable to devise the means
With which to overcome the ill;

Unless, perchance, when woman learns
To understand and know *herself*,
And then with resolution turns
From all *less pure* than she *herself*.

Nor is this the only subject,
Which poor misguided minds refuse
To even dare investigate,
Lest if they did they might infuse

Within their own untainted souls,
Some new ideas in advance
Of what the public mind controls,
Forgetting that in all things else

Progression is our highest aim,
Or, if not, it should be so;
Since for this purpose, we maintain,
Our Maker placed us here below.

Implanting in our being, germs
Of thought which need our watchful care;
And as our higher nature yearns,
The more exalted views to share, —

Shall we the spirit rudely crush,
Saying, Thus far thou mayest go,
But not one step outside the camp
Built eighteen hundred years ago?

Yet what said He the "Holy One"?
"'Tis needful that I go away,
Or else no Comforter will come,
For to abide with you alway, —

And unto your remembrance bring
All things which I have said to you;
Spirit of truth, on heavenly wing,
He all things shall teach to you.

But him the world can not receive,
Because it seeth, neither knoweth
He whom the Father then will give;
But ye do know, for he dwelleth, —

And shall ever be in you.
Many things I have to say,
But ye can not bear them now;
Therefore 'tis I go away.

Believe on me, and ye may do
All the works which I have done;
Yea, and *greater* works than these:
Only let your faith be strong.

It is the Father dwells in me;
These are his works ye see me do.
Believe ye this, and ye shall know
I will for ever dwell in you.

I am the vine; the vine is true.
Ye are the branches; and the fruit
Must and will be borne by you;
And I would ye bear much fruit.

As the Father hath loved me,
So I also have loved you;
And so 'tis meet also that ye
Should one another love most true.

It is not you have chosen me;
But I it is have chosen you.
My friends ye are, if only ye
Will do the works I bid you do.

This I command: that ye shall love
One another, though the world
Despise and hate you for that love.
Forget thou not at me was hurled

Contempt, derision, scorn, and hate;
And that without the slightest cause.
But fear thou not, nor mourn thy fate:
The reason plainly is because

Thou art chosen from the world.
The world would surely love its own;
But ye are not now of the world,
And so must bear its hate and scorn.

Yea, the time, I say, will come,
When whosoever killeth you
Will think a service he hath done
To God the Father, wise and true.

These things I now have told to you,
That, when the time shall come, you may
Remember all I've said to you;
And also fearlessly obey.

In me alone ye may have peace,
Sore tribulation in the world;
Yet I bid thee, 'Be of good cheer,'
For 'I have overcome the world.'

A little while ye shall not see,
Because I to the Father go.
I in him, and you in me;
Abide thou there, and I will show, —

In time to come, more plainly still;
In proverbs then I'll speak no more,
But teach in love, the Father's will,
Who shall, in time, all things restore."

And thus we might go on at length,
Did we not fear to give or take
From his most blessed word its strength,
Or to its sweet connection break.

We only gave you this to show,
What then was given, now proves true,
Though uttered centuries ago.
For persecutions then, as now, —

Or rather *now*, as *then*, attend
All who do dare come boldly forth;
Fearing neither foe nor friend,
But firmly standing by the truth

As it has been to them revealed.
Many now do shrink with fear;
And thus allow to be congealed
Their purest thoughts, lest they appear

Unto the world, which still they love,
Most strangely to have been misled.
Much they might do the truth to prove,
But choose to live a lie instead.

Not so our friend and heroine,
Though fiery trials did await.
Severe indeed the discipline
Through which she passed on this account.

But still her courage did not fail,
As all alone she stood the storm;
No earthly friend could her prevail
To turn aside, or feel alarm

At what they all unwisely thought
A vain delusion, and a snare:
With tears and prayers they vainly sought
To win her back, and still restore.

I said alone she stood the storm:
I would recall: I meant not so,
Except so far as earthly form
Could its feeble powers bestow.

She was upheld, and daily led,
And by a strong and mighty power,
She knew her thoughts were born of God,
Since they each day did grow more pure.

She longed to have her dear ones know,
And join with her in glad research
For heavenly wisdom, all aglow
With truths which would their souls refresh.

At first she did converse with some,
But found it was of no avail;
For even in her own dear home
They did most cruelly assail, —

And vex their righteous souls, if she
E'er did by chance or otherwise
A favorite book or paper lay
Where it could meet their neighbor's eyes.

They seemed to feel it a disgrace
To even harbor one who dared
This strange, new doctrine to embrace.
Their minds were wholly unprepared

To give the subject e'en a thought.
Had she depended now on those
Who, in former days, had sought
To gain her friendship, she must lose

Her faith and trust in earthly friends,
Since many passed her coldly by;
While others said, "My fate depends
On keeping clear of yours and you."

I do not say, nor will infer,
That she could bear without a pang
These cruel slights, unjust to her,
And in themselves entirely wrong.

A nature sensitive as hers
Would surely sink in deep despair,
Did not One higher and more wise
Sustain and help to meekly bear.

Scarce a member of the church,
To which she had so long been joined,
Did the hand of friendship reach,
When she at home was close confined

By feeble health, for weary months,
And seldom able to attend
The fondly-cherished, dear old church,
Where heretofore her voice did blend

With other ones in harmony.
No welcome or familiar tone
Did greet her ear, and kindly say,
"We're glad to see you back again."

But she did tread, as one alone,
Those dear familiar, sacred aisles,
Where all seemed purposely to shun,
Instead of winning by their smiles.

In silence did she bear it all;
None ever knew the pain it gave,
Save Him who sees the sparrow's fall,
And the angels bright above.

One earthly source of comfort still
Remained to cheer her on the way.
Those new-found friends she loved so well,
In their home far, far away, —

Did in their correspondence tell
Of many things which did delight
And sweetly soothe her weary soul.
They did most cordially invite

Her to return at any time,
And to abide with them at length;
Considering their cheerful home
As her own. They hoped her strength

Would be restored, and she would find
The change a beneficial one,
Both to her body and her mind.
The latter, hungry and alone.

The atmosphere in which she dwelt
Becoming daily more oppressed,
She inwardly resolved and felt
It would be wisest now, and best, —

To leave awhile her present home,
And join her friends "away out West."
She cherished not, as would have some,
Unkindly feelings in her breast;

For well she knew no bad intent
Had filled the hearts of those inclined
To scorn alike, and quite resent,
Her loving counsel, pure, refined.

She also knew, that had she been
Once placed in circumstances like,
No light beyond what they had seen,
She might have made the same mistake.

She could not to herself deny
How changed her feelings had become
Since just a few short months ago.
Though fearful quite had been the storm, —

She knew it could not always last:
Its fury spent, the clouds would break;
The sun its beauteous rays would cast
On all the hills and vales alike.

And so, with feelings such as these,
She started on her pilgrimage;
Finding it was a sweet release,
And thankful for the privilege;

Although she knew it caused her friends
Much sad anxiety to feel.
Her parents tried to make amends,
And undue harshness to recall;

For, think and argue as they would,
She was to them a daughter still;
Kind and gentle, always good,
While true unto herself as well:

And, notwithstanding all their fears,
They were forced, against their will,
To still acknowledge all her ways
Were such as did their bosoms fill

With high esteem and love for her,
Whose presence they did sadly miss.
She seemed a blessing to confer
On all within her influence.

A hearty welcome she received,
Upon arriving safe and sound,
(For her journey had improved
And caused her spirits to rebound),—

Where those congenial hearts bespoke
The joy her coming did enhance.
Sweet memories it too awoke,
Which came not all by luck and chance.

Indeed, we think few things there are
  Which come in that peculiar way;
Although the world must have its share
  Of false ideas, which do delay

The advent of a mighty truth.
  Nor would we dare, with present sense,
As we e'en might have done in youth,
  Impute to a wise Providence

Effects of sins which only lie
  Beside our own unguarded door.
The remedy we would apply
  Is common-sense, and nothing more.

We would that all our maidens dear,
  In spite of all the dainty rules
Of etiquette, so blandly fair,
  Taught in aristocratic schools, —

Come boldly forth, and quite ignore
  The everlasting "chit-a-chat,"
Which all acknowledge such a bore!
  It may be culture, but 'tis not

The kind of culture needed most
  To fit them for their station here.
Temples of the Holy Ghost,
  Alas, how meager they appear!

And how they early droop and fade,
So burdened with their gay attire,
As if their forms were only made
To first adorn, and then admire!

How many, too, their health impair
By lacing tight, and at an age
When perfect freedom, pure, fresh air,
And wholesome diet, should engage

Their first attention, and their care!
We hope and pray the time may come,
When mothers will their daughters rear
To have a purpose and an aim

Beyond the silly "fol-de-rols"
Of frills and ruffles, tucks and bands;
When she whom now the world controls,
Because her wealth and style commands

The highest seat, the first and best
Of all the plenteous earth affords;
No matter what her own behest,
Or what the tenure of her words,—

We say, may she herself grow wise,
And then her wisdom strive to prove,
By joining not the worldly wise,
But, entering a finer groove,—

More deeply cut; depending, too,
On intellect and force of will,
May she attain without ado
A knowledge which shall ever dwell

Within her soul, and more and more
Enlighten and control her mind;
Oft grieving o'er the trials sore,
Brought upon all human kind

By disregard of nature's laws:
And may she feel it no disgrace,
When she findeth out the cause,
Its sad effects to also trace, —

And teach unto the world at large
Avoidance of the crying sins
Which grasp and hold the present age;
Endeavoring to kindly win

By the powers she doth possess;
And by example pure and true, —
Their wayward minds and souls impress
With truths known only to the few;

But which shall spread, in time to come,
Bring "peace on earth, good-will to men,"
With happiness and love at home.
And then her life will not have been

An idle or a useless one.
Her influence will permeate
And purify alike the tone
Of home, society, and state;

While many peoples yet unborn
Unite her memory to bless.
She will receive a fadeless crown,
When to a higher life she pass.

My friends, it doth my heart aggrieve
To speak of follies and of faults,
Which even you may not perceive;
And could I hope the same results

Would be attained for thee and thine,
Much rather would I only tell
The kindly deeds which thou hast done,
And all the noble ones as well:

Nor would I judge thee too severe:
Indeed, I would not judge at all.
Not e'en our Saviour would appear
To judge the woman who did fall;

But simply said, with loving tone, —
"Go thou now, and sin no more."
So mayest thou, each gentle one,
Be led each day to live more pure:

Few there are, or rather none,
  Who have not some redeeming trait:
So, after all that's said and done,
  We can but labor, work, and wait.

'Tis oft inside the prickly burr
  We find the freshest, sweetest meat;
And so in life it doth occur:
  That hidden virtues are most sweet, —

When, once their covering removed,
  Their grace and beauty are revealed.
Oh! may our talents be improved,
  Ere by our Master they're recalled;

Each shining moment made to tell
  Of some kind deed or word of love,
Thus fitting us to ever dwell
  With angels bright and pure above!

. . . . . .

When, I did leave our dear young friend,
  Or yet what she hath done the while,
I scarce can tell without her aid.
  There is so much which doth beguile, —

So many thoughts which come between,
  I wander forth, nor heed the time
When it is meet for my return.
  May He whose teachings are sublime

Guide and direct these thoughts aright!—
That I may clearly now relate
Experiences brought to light
By and through the channel gate

Of her mediumistic powers;
Which we shall strive with heart sincere
To give correctly. May these hours
We so employ instruct and cheer

Those who may have no such resource,
Or, if they had, would scarcely dare
Employ the means to put in force,
Lest it should their good names impair!

By "her powers" we do not mean
By hers alone; since they are yet
Quite undeveloped, and unseen,
Save by the spirits pure and bright, —

And by the great and good All-Wise.
We will endeavor to explain,
Although it need not you surprise
If we do fail to make it plain, —

Just how through *her* it came about.
We have been taught that all possess,
(And in our minds there is no doubt)
In some degree, some more, some less, —

This wondrous strange, mysterious power;
And those who have the largest share
Possess a gift, a holy dower,
With which nought else can quite compare.

That all these gifts are sanctified,
We would not dare presume to claim;
Nor do we wonder some deride,
Pronouncing it a burning shame

To those who cruelly deceive,
Their only purpose greedy gain.
It doth our hearts most sorely grieve,
To know there are those who obtain

By foul deceit, and false pretense,
The filthy lucre which they seek.
It is a heinous, sad offense,
Alike the innocent and meek

Do in this same, as in all else,
Unjustly suffer for the sins
Of those whose deeds do so repulse
The "pure in heart." Now here begins

An explanation, which I trust
Will not fail to show you why
The pure, the faithful, and the just,
Receive that which doth satisfy;

While they whose lives are the reverse
Are always sure to be deceived,
As they go on from bad to worse:
For what they have this way received

It did not tend to purify.
Yet on themselves it most depends;
And we will tell the reason why: —
We each and all have spirit friends:

They may or not be kith and kin;
Since, in that world so high above,
The only ties which do remain
Are those of friendship and of love.

Attraction is the law which binds
Congenial hearts and minds alone;
And thus we say, on each depends,
Far more than on another one, —

The *class* of spirits which attend,
And, in a great degree, control
The silent working of our mind.
If we possess a truthful soul, —

Then truthful spirits will attend.
'Tis said that like attracts its like;
And this continues to the end,
In spite of many a sad mistake.

"Unto the pure all things are pure."
To us the meaning is quite plain;
Because if we ourselves are pure,
We shall attract the pure alone.

We shall not "find" unless we "seek;"
Nor *then* unless we seek aright.
If *false pretensions* we do make,
Although it may not be our fate

To at a word give up the ghost,
(Like Ananias and Sapphira,)
We shall most likely for our guest
Have one who loves and makes a lie.

By this you see that spirits too
Are not all of the selfsame grade;
For some are high, and some are low,
While some are good, and some are bad.

To you who are pure "orthodox"
All this may seem a little strange:
Indeed, you can not, all at once,
Give to your thoughts so wide a range.

And here I might as well confess,
It was a bitter pill for me,
And did my spirits much depress,
When first my eyes were made to see

That *evil* spirits had the power
Oft to impress and to control
Wheree'er they found an open door
Unto some wicked sinner's soul.

I could most readily believe
That angels pure and true and good
Did hover near, and could perceive
Our every thought, our every need.

But even now my soul doth grieve
To think how many are misled
By what in this wise they receive:
It does not good, but harm instead.

Thus it behooveth one and all,
To "try the spirits" ere we trust
Too much in what they do foretell;
Lest spirits evil, for the just

We do mistake, and get deceived.
And now I trust you understand,
Just why it was our friend received
Those truths so beautiful and grand, —

She shaping all her future course
By counsel pure which she received
From this most wise and truthful source;
No fears that she would be deceived.

The medium through whom she before
  Communications had received,
Had passed unto that brighter shore,
  Where hearts shall be no more bereaved.

But those dear friends with whom she dwelt
  Did recommend an one which they
Had visited, and also felt
  Was what she did profess to be.

So, unattended as before,
  Our friend proceeded to embrace
An opportunity so rare,
  And find if spirit-friends could trace

For her, the intervening time,
  Which had elapsed since they addressed
Her for the first and only time.
  Those communings had been blessed;

And now her heart did pant for more,
  So sweet had been the influense;
'Twas like a gentle summer shower,
  Diffusing life without pretense.

So, as I said, she went alone,
  And as directed by her friends,
Unto this stranger, who had won
  Respect and love which seldom blends, —

To cheer a heart more worthy love,
A soul which merits more respect.
Combining thus harmonious love,
Did have a wonderful effect

And this produce distinct and clear
Some revelations more advanced
Than those she had received before.
The medium fully entranced, —

Remaining thus an hour, or more,
Had no conception afterward
Of what transpired within the hour,
Or what the spirits through her said.

Not only did they that confirm,
Which had to her been once revealed,
But followed her through every storm;
And what she deftly had concealed

From all human observation,
They did most readily perceive,
Giving her sweet consolation,
Beseeching nevermore to grieve.

A band of spirits had been forming,
Her to cherish and protect;
They long had been her brain impressing;
Her very thoughts they did direct;

And she, ere long, would be prepared
To do a work she little dreamed,
Since now 'twould seem so very hard:
Her "life-work" then would be resumed, —

Or, more correctly, just begin.
It was *their* influence, which led
Her to her home and friends resign,
And, for the present, make instead

That Western city her abode.
She would so quickly there unfold,
With all the means they should provide,
'Twould give her happiness untold.

As for the friends she left behind,
They were less bitter, even now
And would in time be quite resigned;
Not only so, but wish to know

These truths as understood by her:
While she, in turn, could satisfy
And teach them infinitely better
Just how to gain, and how apply, —

Than could a stranger: as they knew
That her veracity and truth,
They all might trust, so what came through
Her organism would be worth

A tenfold portion else obtained.
Nor would it be confined alone
To personal or other friend,
But reach the heart of many an one

Whose soul did now in darkness grope:
She would become a "shining light,"
Her thoughts assume a boundless scope;
And she, ere long, those thoughts would write.

It is but meet that you should know,
That on the other side as well,
Those there are who do convey
What they and others wish to tell;

In other words, that are possessed
Of mediumistic powers the same
As those of earth, yet more progressed,
And better able to declaim.

And these it is who do control
Our mediums and us below:
Right glad are they to those enroll
Who stand for freedom; and bestow

Their time and thoughts to harmonize,
And bring about a glad reform,
Such as deluded mortal eyes
Are yet unready to confirm.

Full many here do never know
That they at all the gift possess:
Not that their progress has been slow,
For this is not always the case. —

As we'll endeavor here to show,
And in connection with our friend,
The second time which she did go
To pay a visit to her friend. —

The medium of whom we spoke. —
She did describe, while in a trance,
A spirit which did first invoke
A fervent blessing, then advance. —

A little cautiously, I ween,
Fearing his presence might disturb
The harmony of thought between
Those ones whose minds he would absorb.

His face and features, form and build,
The color of his eyes and hair,
The steadfast look so kind and mild,
Also the "gown" he used to wear. —

Were accurately all described:
And joy and gladness filled the heart
Of her who listened, satisfied
Beyond the shadow of a doubt. —

That he who did on them attend
Was a beloved pastor dear,
Most fondly cherished as a friend,
Whose memory she did revere.

Years had elapsed since, when far from home,
He suddenly from earth was called
Those brighter fields above to roam
Where earth-born spirits do unfold.

He it was who first engaged
Our first attention in the way
Of Christian duties as prescribed
By Him, the Life, the Truth, the Way.

Under his pastorship she knelt,
Uniting with the church quite young;
And ever afterward she felt
A pure attachment, deep and strong, —

For him as guide and counselor,
Her gentle, unobtrusive ways
Had not escaped his watchful care,
Although they gave no chance for praise, —

Even had he been so inclined:
Nor would she then have dared presume
He understood so well her mind,
When he, therefore, did now resume

Their sweet acquaintance in this way,
It gave her pleasure and surprise;
She longed to hear him speak and say, —
"I'll for your questions find replies."

Silence did reign a little space,
And then she softly spoke his name;
Her hand was grasped, and held so close,
By her through whom this message came: —

"I am so thankful, dear young friend,
To be thus recognized by you,
And also that I here do find
One through whom I can bestow

My thoughts and counsels upon you.
I long have watched you tenderly,
Having had this end in view.
You have progressed more rapidly, —

Owing unto this watchfulness,
Than otherwise you would have done.
I much have tried you to impress;
Nor has my labor been in vain.

Ofttimes, when in your glad research
For wisdom from the 'Book of books,'
I have been near to guide and teach
Your willing mind; for sad mistakes, —

I grieve to say, have oft been made,
By thoughtless ones and unconcerned,
And also by the wise and good
Who have endeavored to resound

And show the glory of the Lord,
Whose 'goodness is unsearchable,'
And all his ways 'past finding out.'
It may not be agreeable, —

To those who think themselves so wise,
To hear what I shall have to say;
But I can only compromise
By here assuming what is true.

These things whereof I now do speak
Have all been proven long ago;
But human minds are vain and weak,
And so to comprehend are slow.

'Tis not my purpose here to *prove*
Those who are bound in error's chain;
I'll simply speak '*the truth in love*,'
Hoping I thus may kindly gain

The wise attention of some few.
I was progressive while on earth,
And much more liberal than some,
Yet never learned this blessed truth, —

Which since has given me such joy :
For *spirits do return to earth*,
And do their utmost powers employ,
To spread abroad this glorious truth. —

Though often met with cruel scorn
By those they would so gladly teach,
I did possess, while in the form,
This wondrous gift, but did not reach

Or understand at all its power,
Until I passed from earth away.
I find these laws are fixed and sure,
Lasting as eternity : yea, —

And they have ever been the same,
Through all the ages come and gone.
I count myself not all to blame :
Yet, could I while there, have known

These things which you are learning fast,
My slow progression would have been
So much more rapid in the past :
Indeed, to speak it very plain, —

You, my dear, when "gathered home,"
Will no such *ignoramus* be,
I found I must indeed become
'Just as a little child,' to be

Admitted to the 'kingdom' here.
A few instructions I would give
You in regard to your career,
Since well I know you will receive

And kindly follow my advice: —
Firstly, I would have you sit,
Once at least, and better twice,
For an hour each day or night, —

Alone, and quiet in your room,
Just close beside your little stand,
(Your mind should be serene and calm),
Upon which gently lay your hand.

Continue this, until again
I here do with yourself converse.
Now, the result is not quite plain;
Yet this I know: it will immerse

You with a spirit magnetism,
Developing your latent powers
So kept in check by ostracism:
Although you bravely bore the sneers

Hurled at the truth in freedom's cause.
The time, I trust, will not be long
Ere I, through you, can give to those
Whom I on earth instructed *wrong*, —

A proof that I have wiser grown.
Much then I ignorantly taught,
Which now, I freely, gladly own,
I had *far better* left *untaught*.

Many things which I did say,
I hope, through you, to then *unsay;*
And the errors which have led
Many hearts and minds astray, —

I would most gladly all remove;
But time and patience are required,
However fervently we strive,
Ere this, my object long desired, —

Can be all or half attained.
I should be glad much more to say;
But can not now: may grace attend
You, my sister, daughter, charge, each day!

I soon would have you come again,
That I may further you instruct;
I know my counsel you'll retain,
And strive to work as I direct.

This is the first and only time,
I through mortal lips have spoke;
But now I hope to oft resume
This privilege, and thereby make

What now seems misty, clear to you;
I thank you kindly, dear young friend,
For giving opportunity
Of imparting to your mind

These truths which will from you go forth
And that to cheer and bless mankind.
Your friends in time will know your worth,
And sorrow o'er their words unkind.

Firmly stand for *truth* and *right*,
Regarding not the world's cold frown:
Then when you reach your home of light,
You shall receive a fadeless crown."

. . . . . .

To you who have these pages conned,
I have a word or two to say,
In regard to what is found
In this communication true.

I would have you understand
That he who gave it unto her
Did no poetic gift command;
I doubt not some would much prefer

The pure expressive language used;
Such, I trust, will me excuse,
For thus giving it transposed,
Since I could not have otherwise

Done justice to *myself* or *it*;
Of this ye may be well assured:
That I have added not a whit
Unto the substance I procured

Directly from the hearer's lips:
She shrank, at first, from public gaze;
Her former life one sad eclipse,
'Twere hard indeed, the veil to raise, —

And all her "inner life" expose,
Where rude contempt and bitter scorn
Might both surround, perhaps impose
Their venom on the sacred shrine.

I argued that 'twould be unjust,
And also selfish, to conceal:
Some would, I did not doubt, distrust:
Others might help her to reveal

That which to her was meat and drink:
Her own experience had been
Most wonderful, nor should she shrink
From having it more widely known.

So she at last gave her consent,
From a desire to others aid;
And gave to me, without restraint,
These things whereof I now do write.

'Tis needless here for me to say
How pleased and happy she had been,
To thus receive and bear away
Those counsels wise she must retain

Through all her future days and years:
Nor is it long before again
Within his presence she appears:
Adding thereto a sweet refrain, —

Like music wafted from the spheres,
Enchanting with its silvery voice,
While drowning all her petty cares,
And bidding all her heart rejoice.

This time before her eyes was placed
(The medium's, I should have said,
Who clairvoyant powers possessed)
A symbol which she did describe.

"I see," she said, "in front of you,
A marble urn so pure and white:
'Tis filled with earth: the morning dew
Is lingering there, so fresh and sweet.

Now in its center do I see
A something green: I scarce can tell, —
It is so very small and wee, —
Yet wait: it now doth grow and swell.

A slender fern is shooting up,
And bearing branches, one, two, three;
The first is small, nor near the top;
The second one, as I now see, —

Much larger is, and growing fast;
While the third is round and broad,
And a refreshing shade doth cast
Upon the urn it doth o'erspread;

Underneath each slender leaf,
Are myriads of tiny seeds,
Which ripen in a space so brief,
And then are scattered by the winds, —

Hither, thither, far and near,
One thing I did observe, 'twas this: —
The branch which did at first appear
Came almost instantaneously;

The second one, of slower growth,
Was much more comely in its form;
While the third and last did strength
And gracefulness alike combine."

When this sweet symbol had been given,
The medium fell in a trance,
As she did take a gentle hold,
The hand our friend did then advance.

Her pastor dear, already there,
A hearty welcome to her gave,
Seeming all her thoughts to share,
And of his own accord did give

The meaning of the symbol sweet,
Which he himself had placed before
The half-unconscious one so meet,
To represent in language pure

What she, by her clairvoyant powers,
Could so clear and perfect trace,
Thus aided by our friend's desires,
As well as by her influence.

She sat in happy, tranquil mood,
Silently musing, though not long,
And wondering if she indeed
Possessed a gift equally strong.

Her thoughts did scarce assume a form,
Or even to herself appear,
Before the wished-for answer came,
With its most sweet and kind good cheer.

Her dear instructor and her guide
Then said the symbol was a type
Of all the powers which did abide
Within herself, though yet unripe.

The fern, he said, with branches three,
Did represent her mediumship,
In its phases, also three;
And from the first, she soon would sip

A pleasing draught unto herself,
And one which would fresh courage give,
As well as strengthen her belief,
And all her doubts and fears remove.

This phase, however, soon would be,
Like the lowest branch of fern,
Almost entirely hid from view,
By the second in its turn;

Which phase, though slower in its growth,
Would much more satisfaction give,
And prove a gem of priceless worth,
Unto the minds who could receive

And comprehend the teachings wise,
Coming from that fruitful source,
Helping to ope their blinded eyes,
And these same sentiments indorse.

While phase the third would, like its branch,
Be round and full, o'ershadowing
The lower two, while it would launch
Most boldly forth on fearless wing, —

And give unto the world at large
  Material for deeper thought,
Instructing rightly to discharge
  Life's duties as they might and ought.

The tiny seeds so numerous
  Did represent the gems of thought
Which would in future dawn to bless
  Most noble minds as yet untaught;

While she would in a measure be
  Like somewhat to the sower who,
Our Saviour said, went forth to sow;
  And, as he went this work to do, —

Some seeds did by the wayside fall:
  No chance had they to sprout and grow;
For fowls did come, devouring all.
  Others did fall on stony ground, —

Where they did have no depth of earth.
  All these came up; but, when the sun
Did its most scorching rays put forth,
  They withered quickly, every one, —

Because they were without a root.
  Then some among the thorns did fall,
And then of course the thorns did choke,
  So they could scarcely grow at all.

'But other fell into good ground,'
And this brought forth abundant fruit,
Some, indeed, an 'hundred fold,'
While other, 'thirty' did compute;

Also other, the same twice told.
'Tis needless for me to repeat
The exposition given of old,
Since you have learned it all by heart.

As in those days to some 'twas given
(If the word of God be true)
To know the 'mysteries of heaven,'
Even so 'tis given now.

But many seeing do not see,
And many hearing do not hear:
Ask ye *why* they do not see,
Or why, alas! they do not hear?

These questions need no *new* replies,
But just the same which Jesus gave.
Now, as then, some close their eyes,
Lest, having seen, they should believe;

While tightly some their ears do shut,
Lest, having heard, they might believe,
And with their hearts might understand,
And be converted too, and live.

But blessed are the eyes which see,
And blessed are the ears which hear,
What hath been seen and heard by you,
As also that which *shall appear*.

Many souls will be inspired,
And, like those holy men of old,
Desire to hear what ye have heard,
And all these mysteries unfold;

Then fear thou not, my precious charge,
When doubts arise, and foes assail;
But strive with us to still enlarge
The noblest powers of thy soul."

Such words of wisdom and of love,
Did our young friend from time to time
Most glad and thankfully receive,
Doubting not from whence they came.

Her life, she felt, was just begun;
And, in truth, we felt the same;
She had just only found the sun,
And learned for why she ever came

Unto this earth so drear and lone,
For such it had unto her seemed;
Her heart, until of late, had been
So frozen, that she had not dreamed

It could awake to light and love,
  Letting all the sunbeams in,
Until she reached her home above,
  Freed from sorrow and from sin.

"The tempest cloud, when wild winds rest,
Builds up the rainbow on the breast;
And truths *unseen* when all is bright,
Shine like the stars in *sorrow's* night."

"The soul its noblest strength must gain
Through ministries of grief and pain;
Great virtues only come through strife,
And death is but the gate of life."

Life now to her each day became
  More like to that which angels know,
Whose holy purpose and whose aim
  Is, us poor mortals here below

To guide, direct, whene'er they can
  An opportunity foresee.
She gave herself no time to scan
  The whole of life's tempestuous sea;

But, in the sphere marked out for her,
  Endeavored to fulfill in love
Each duty plain she felt so sure
  Was sanctioned by "loved ones" above.

She labored both with heart and hand,
As also with her mind and brain;
Her hopes were built not on the sand:
Her firm foundation had been laid

Upon the "Rock of ages," cleft
For you, for me, for every one.
He would that no one lamb be left
To perish in the cold alone.

When storms arose, and winds were high,
She leaned on Him, her Saviour still,
Ever watchful, ever nigh,
Still kindly saying, "Peace, be still."

As we did watch her day by day,
She seemed the soil to so prepare,
No chance to leave the enemy
To sow beneath one single tare;

Or, if he did, her vigilance
Did sure uproot ere harm was done.
No means had she of sustenance,
Except by efforts all her own.

Therefore some portion of each day,
She did devote unto her tasks:
Not but that her friends alway
Were glad and willing she should make

Their home her own in all respects,
  Without compensation too:
Their kindness she only accepts
  On condition she may do,—

In return, as much for them.
  They, like her, felt it a source
Of satisfaction, to perform
  Some share of labor; and enforce

Upon their little ones the same,
  Teaching them 'twas no disgrace
To labor, but a sin and shame
  To spend their time in idleness.

Each child had its appointed hours
  For work, for lessons, and for play,
Exercising much out of doors
  When bright and pleasant was the day.

The household was a model one,
  And systematic in its rules;
The children better taught, I ween
  Than in most our modern schools;

The younger by the elder ones,
  Were tenderly and kindly led:
No discordant, angry tones
  Within that happy home were heard.

'Twas ruled and guided all by *love*
Pure, unsullied, free as air:
No jealousies their hearts did move,
No unkindness lingered there.

To some this doubtless all will seem
A fancy sketch, unmeant for truth, —
A poet's thought, or golden dream,
Too beautiful and fair for earth.

To such I say, I know 'tis rare
To find combined the elements
Which must unite such fruits to bear;
And few there are whose sentiments

Would at all with ours compare.
We can not at the present time
Give you what we should boldly dare,
Were it the subject of our rhyme.

But that there are such perfect homes,
Even on this sinful earth,
We do know, for we have them seen,
And treasured up their matchless worth.

Lest some might think us overwise,
We will allude to just one fact;
It is, that mothers need advice
On subjects which *few dare* instruct, —

Although it is of great import,
And not unto themselves alone;
Still more than them does it affect
Their precious offspring yet unborn.

They should be taught not only how
To rear their children after birth,
And the wisest course pursue,
But also how to *bear aright*.

Did mothers fully realize
The almost universal power
Which *they alone can exercise*,
To make earth vile, or make it pure, —

Methinks they would, all else above,
Strive to know and do aright;
Their babes to *bear* and *rear in love*,
So dear and precious in God's sight.

No parent should in anger deal,
Nor yet by hard and cruel force:
'Tis thus they do *themselves* reveal,
Possessing not that "inward grace"

Which should each act of life control.
These little ones will soon detect
The *motive power* by which they rule,
And *accordingly respect*.

If *love* and *kindness* does alone
Direct their hearts, and govern *them*,
They will with sweet and gentle tone
Give to their little ones the same.

And, in their turn, their little ones
Just like a mirror will reflect,
Giving back the same sweet tones,
All with a loving, due respect.

But if, instead, the parent give
An angry word, a cruel blow,
He will most sure the same receive;
Unless the child is kept in tow

By fear of punishment severe;
And even then his anger, pent
So deep within, will only chafe
His soul until it finds a vent;

If not on them, on something else, —
Some innocent and loving pet,
Perhaps; or, what is even worse,
A younger sister, who can not

At all defend her little self,
Yet dare not make the least complaint,
Lest she be deemed a silly elf,
And *punished*, *too*, without restraint.

And all because, as said the sage,
"Thou art weak, and I am strong:"
I would it might all hearts engage
To rescue those who suffer wrong.

This all-important subject doth
Just of itself demand a book:
One which will interest the youth,
And teach them not to overlook, —

Or shrink from knowing, what 'tis plain
They should be taught ere they become
Fathers, mothers, giddy, vain;
But more from ignorance than blame.

A little longer, if you please,
I your forbearance kindly ask,
Although I can not write with ease,
It seeming more like to a task

Than did the subject first advanced;
But, Oh! my heart is oft made sad:
I would its joy might be enhanced
By making *other* hearts more glad, —

And teaching them *the same to do*.
A fearful and a sad mistake
Is made by many parents, who
Mean very kindly, yet do lack

That wisdom which experience,
It seems to us must surely teach;
And yet their inconsistencies
Show it is still outside their reach.

They can not seem to see the harm
Of *giving* all their children *ask*, —
Granting every *wish* and *whim*,
Imposing no *unwilling task*;

But spending all their time and thought
In just devising ways and means
To *please*, *amuse*, and help them seek
A healing balm for all their pains, —

By pleasing just *only themselves*.
These same dear parents doubtless think
Themselves unselfish, kind, and true,
And would with conscious wonder shrink

From being told, by one who knew,
They were, instead, quite the reverse;
And had themselves proved untrue,
As also selfish, in their course.

For what saith He, the wise and just?
The giver and receiver may
Both be in a measure blest;
But we are taught that he did say, —

The *giver*, *most:* then ponder well,
And see if you can think it wise,
And call yourselves unselfish still,
While you so thoughtlessly devise

The ways to all the *giving* do;
Thus leaving not the slightest chance
For these dear children to bestow
Their gifts on you, and thus advance

Their own self-interest, and prove
They too are worthy, in their turn,
The *highest blessing* to receive,
And that, *because they truly earn.*

Their *happiness* doth not consist
In doing nothing save for *self*,
And having nothing but the best:
Our great Exemplar "pleased not himself."

I do beseech of you to heed
And profit by his counsel wise;
You sowing in their hearts *good seed;*
For weeds will spring up otherwise;

Which you should kindly help uproot,
Instead of only sowing more,
And watering those already up,
That they with them for aye endure,—

Endure, at least, till they become
All firmly stranded in the soil;
While you are growing old, meantime,
No longer able for to toil;

And all your little ones have grown
To manhood and to womanhood:
The seeds you in their hearts have sown
Are bearing fruit: we trust 'tis good;

And hath not been all overrun
By weeds so tall they shade it quite
From heaven's warm and glowing sun,
Preventing it from getting ripe.

I pray you think how hard 'twould be,
For them, unaided and alone,
At that bright age to change, and see
How great a wrong you them had done

By your mistaken view of life;
While these same weeds so rank and tall
Would cause them such a weary strife;
And, if they did uproot them all, —

It would most likely so disturb
The grain also, it would impede
Its tender growth, and, too, absorb
The precious time they so much need.

. . . . . .

I will, dear friends, return again
Unto the subject of my verse,
Of whom we yet have much to learn,
And many wonders to rehearse.

What I shall firstly here relate
May seem a simple thing to you;
It is to give you the result,
Of her "sittings" just a few.

As her dear pastor did predict,
If she would follow his advice,
And would each day quietly sit,
An hour at least, once or twice, —

Alone within her cheerful room,
Her hands placed lightly on the stand,
A message to her there would come,
And from a loving spirit-friend.

It would be given by the "raps,"
As soon as he could get control;
A short time only would elapse,
Before she felt within her soul

His presence dear, and also felt
The stand vibrate, and gently tip
Toward herself, then oscillate,
And thus produce a tiny "rap."

This unto her would be a sign
That he was then prepared to try
To make himself unto her known,
And with her wishes to comply.

If she would first some questions ask,
Whose answer should be Yes or No,
He would then assume the task
Of reading all her mind so true

(The questions she might only think)
As to answer them aright,
Forming this, the first dear link
Of that sweet chain so golden bright

Which should in future many more
Strong links unto itself unite,
Binding to hers those spirits pure,
Which did her guileless heart invite

To sweet communion with their own.
If to her question the reply
Was No, they simply should rap one ;
If Yes they meant, they should count three.

If they could not the answer give,
Or thought it wiser to withhold,
They sure would never her deceive,
But two raps give ; which meant, Untold.

She would be sure to also get
Some names and sentences, if she
Would call aloud the alphabet
All in its order carefully;

Just waiting long enough between
Each letter, to give them a chance
To raise the stand, and rap just one,
At the letter she should use

To form the words and sentences
They hoped to give her very soon.
She must expect some crudities
In these their first attempts to form

This communistic tie between
Themselves and her, — 'twas not unlike
Most other things we have to learn;
And *simple lessons* must first awake

The slumbering genius of our brain.
Were these left out, we could not hope
A "higher knowledge" to obtain,
Without our finding up-hill work.

For reading we must firstly learn
Our a-b-c; and a-b, ab:
So in this spirit communion,
'Tis needful to begin with ab.

Well now as I have said before,
This same prediction soon came true;
For scarce a week had passed, before
A message came from one she knew, —

And one of whom you have been told;
The friend she loved in youth so well:
He that little stand controlled,
And many things to her did tell.

There could, of course, be no deceit,
She sitting there alone and still.
One night she did her friends invite
To sit with her a little while, —

And see if spirits all the same
Would then their presence manifest.
Indeed they did: and others came,
As she supposed, at the behest

Of those kind friends who sat with her.
Her supposition was confirmed;
For names entirely strange to her
Were given, and by them affirmed

To be in every case correct.
Of all the friends assembled there,
Not one could see the least defect,
Or trace a syllable unfair.

A name was spelled, or message given,
Unto each one; and, strange to say,
(The messages they gave were seven)
Were every one acknowledged true.

The reason why I say 'twas strange
That nothing but the truth was given,
Is simply, that to thus arrange
A group, even so small as seven, —

So that true harmony prevail,
And crown their efforts with success,
So *soon* as that, was wonderful;
As few there are who do possess

Like qualities of heart and mind.
Another reason may have been
An earnestness we seldom find
In search of truth, and *truth alone*, —

Which did our friend characterize.
Her daily prayer had long since been,
That she might fully realize
The worth of that bright gift unseen, —

And also, that no words untrue
Might through her powers be given forth,
Or she mislead in any way
Earnest seekers for the truth.

She sat each day, and something new
  Each time received, which gave good cheer:
Most rapidly her mind did grow
  Beneath those "loved ones'" tender care.

Just one week only had elapsed
  Since rap the first was heard within
(At least since she had occupied)
  The sacred precincts of her room, —

When quite a change, to her surprise,
  In the manner of the "rap"
Appeared unto her wondering eyes:
  The stand refused to move or tip, —

A thing it ne'er had done before
  Since her control had first begun:
She sat and wondered more and more
  Why it was; if she had done

Aught amiss in their opinion.
  She had endeavored, she was sure,
To yield herself to their dominion,
  Giving what they did give to her.

She was not long kept in suspense;
  For her right hand raised gently up,
Then fell again with sudden force,
  Making her thumb distinctly *rap*.

Now she had never seen or heard
Of any thing like this before,
And scarcely knew how to proceed,
Till in succession came three more (raps)

As if inviting her to speak;
So she did ask if in this way
They would have her further seek
What they might wish to give or say;

If so, they please would make it known:
Three raps meant Yes; and Yes meant they;
And long with her they did remain
Conversing wholly in this way.

Quite often now her friends did join,
And form a circle in her room;
The information they did gain,
Though coming slowly unto them, —

Did help prepare them to receive
In other ways, by other means;
Now only those who did believe,
Had she invited of her friends.

And oftentimes, when they did sit,
Scarce a word by them was spoken;
But each in turn did ask in *thought*,
Giving not the slightest token

Of what they had upon their minds,
Or when, either, they asked a question:
Their minds were all correctly read;
And scarce a word of misconception

Came to mar the interchange
Of their most pure and warm affection.
It did at first seem very strange,
To watch that hand in quiet motion;

Giving answers when required,
And always to their satisfaction;
Even when no spoken word
Gave a clew to its direction.

We would not have you think our friend
Neglected quite, or left undone
Her other duties, to attend
Unto this subject, which had grown

More interesting day by day.
Although her *inclinations* led
Her to postpone until the morrow
The things which *conscience* said she should

In justice do that very day,
She would not give a moment's heed,
But quickly drove such thoughts away;
Performing justly every deed

Of which her conscience did approve ;
  Making herself most useful still,
For self-sustaining she must live,
  Or have no peace within her soul.

To do this same was no great task,
  Since her expenses were but small,
Aside from what her mind did ask
  For its advancement, and its call.

Her attire was neat but plain,
  Requiring little time or skill :
For higher thoughts, a higher aim,
  Did all her gentle bosom fill,

And much enjoyment she did find
  In oft attending lectures, where
Untrammeled minds, pure and refined,
  Gave out their thoughts so rich and rare :

Nor did she fail to oft embrace
  The opportunity to seek
Fresh words of wisdom from the source
  Through which her guide spoke unto her ;

Indeed, this was her chief delight,
  The fountain which gave only forth
Crystal waters pure and bright, —
  An emblem of his love and truth.

Each time she came, there seemed to flow
A closer sympathy between;
As each the other seemed to know,
And by their intuition keen.

When with this medium alone
(So far as mortal eyes could see),
She did assume the look and tone
Of that dear pastor long ago,

Before he left the earthly sphere,
As he did give unto his flock
The best which he then held in store;
That 'best' seemed now so chill and bleak,

He longed to change the atmosphere,
And make it more endurable
To those who yet must sojourn here,
'Mid trials insurmountable, —

And 'neath the present "code of laws"
Not *nature's* laws; for those remain
As changeless as their "great First Cause,"
Whose power alone doth them sustain.

He longed to break the cruel chains
Which hold so many captive bound,
And bid them roam o'er freedom's plains,
Heeding no more the clarion sound

Of earth-born soldiers, marching forth
At the beat of fife and drum,
Endeavoring to *crush the truth:*
Lest some dear hobby of their own

Receive a shock it can not stand,
And Alas! come tumbling down.
There are, thank God! some few who cherish
The right which every mother's son,—

Yea, and *daughter* too the same,
Should have accorded unto them;
Nor should they wait, but boldly claim
What human justice (!) denieth them:

The *right* to *think* their *own free thoughts*,
And live according to the same:
Although the world may say, "It looks
R-a-t-h-e-r s-u-s-p-i-c-i-o-u-s," ahem!

What saith St. James about this law?
That we should never look therein?
Not so, my friend: "This man shall be
Blessed in his deed." What doth he mean?

Just look and see: 'tis very plain;
"But whoso looketh into the
Perfect law of liberty,
And continueth therein,"—

Forgetting not, doing the work," —
  Ah! what perceptive powers had he!
Did he not see them turning back,
  And glancing cautiously to see

If they had been suspected yet?
  And, if they *did* get safely back,
No powers of earth or heaven should get
  Them to leave (again) the "beaten track."

The promised blessing they have lost,
  And all because of cowardice;
If loving not the world the best,
  Too weak to *bear* its *prejudice.*

This he foresaw: else why the need
  Of adding shortly, "And to keep
Himself unspotted from the world,"
  Alas! that men should be so tried,

Or, rather, that they should not have
  Sufficient courage to withstand
The sore temptations which do grieve,
  While causing them to weakly yield,

Contrary to their sense of right!
  But I have left my lady-love:
I hope she'll meekly bear the slight;
  I think she will; for I believe, —

Or if my memory serves me right,
I left her holding sweet converse
With her dear pastor, by whose might
She grew in beauty and in grace;

I mean, of course, her spirit did,
And shed a radiance o'er her face;
That face no longer pale and sad;
For brightness shone in every glance.

No feeling of inharmony
Found there a welcome or a name;
That green-eyed monster, jealousy,
Had long since left for very shame.

Think not this being yet had wings,
Although a friend who loved to tease,
And talk about "terrestrial" things,
Raising at times a gentle breeze. —

Did one day ask her if her wings
Had yet commenced to sprout and grow:
Then added, in complacent tones,
"My dear, if I do rightly know, —

Your *horns*, forsooth! will first appear,
As by the 'Evil One' alone
You have been ruled a year or more."
Alas, Alas! the answer came: —

"It may be so; for surely I
Do need the *horns* much more than *wings*
To here contend, as I must do,
With the present state of things."

This was intended as a joke,
And in that way also received;
Yet still it was one little stroke
Too much: she felt aggrieved, —

As if, perhaps — she did not know —
'Twere half in earnest after all.
Oh! could it be her life did show
No transient good, however small?

Such thoughts did not for long oppress;
More cheery ones did crowd them out:
However much she might digress
From the path her *friends* thought right, —

She knew there was a "higher power"
Which did her inmost thoughts direct;
And loving hearts, whose watchful care
Still would guide her and protect;

Since they did know and understand
The *motive-power* which did control:
They led her gently by the hand,
Whispering kindly, "All is well."

I would I might to you relate
All the various ways by which
She was directed in the right;
'Twould make a chapter rare and rich, —

But of too great a magnitude
To here insert, for want of space.
So out of all the plenitude
I'll only cite one little case, —

One which was manifested by
The word of God: I will explain
How it did unto her apply,
And how her mind did it retain.

It was when first she left her home;
She had not been long in "the way,"
Nor had her heart and mind become
Fully persuaded what was true, —

Or what was false, regarding what
The world did term the "Old and New."
One night she listened to a chat
Between some friends who chanced to be

Seated quite near her on the cars.
They both, it seemed, were quite "advanced,"
Yet wide apart, in all their views,
For one did love and also trust

Her Saviour still, believing him
To be our pattern and our guide;
That all would reach that blessed home,
Who by his precepts did abide.

She did not think, as once she had,
His *death* alone could save the world;
But by the sinless *life* he led,
And by his precepts kind and mild, —

Much more than by the blood he shed,
Would all the world be reconciled;
For if *his blood* be all we need,
Then why should others be reviled, —

Be persecuted too, and killed?
Many martyrs had there been;
Much innocent blood had been spilled:
Why did not these for sin atone?

Was not the merit just the same?
Or had there been no justice shown?
We have been taught "no other name"
Under heaven hath been given

Which can or will save souls alive:
O, then together let us reason,
While we our free opinions give,
Although to some it may seem treason.

Her friend did then expostulate
(She ne'er had known a Saviour's love);
She said it had not been her fate
To know or feel there was above

A holy God who reigned supreme.
If not a God, then not a Son:
Life was to her no idle dream;
Whate'er we had, *ourselves* did win;

Not only in our present state,
But also in the world to come:
Thus, if we do our neighbor hate,
Our neighbor will hate us in turn.

We must our *own* "salvation work,"
Although with trembling and with fear;
We had no right to duty shirk,
But should our burdens meekly bear.

Our friend of course could not agree
To all she heard on either side;
But what came last she knew to be,
If not of truth entirely void. —

So mixed and dazed she could not tell
Where the division line should fall;
She kept on thinking, thinking, still,
And wondering if, after all, —

It could be true, there was no Saviour ;
  Then she would drive these thoughts away,
Imploring aid that they might never
  Again disturb her peaceful day.

That night, before she did retire,
  She took her Bible, and did read
Just where it chanced to ope for her ;
  These were the words her eyes first met : —

"Let not your heart be troubled :
  Ye believe in God, believe also in me."
Had not her prayer been duly answered,
  All in God's own appointed way ?

She felt it had, and ne'er again
  Did doubt the Saviour or his love ;
Whatever others might maintain,
  Her heart was fixed on God above.

This I have given you to show
  How things which others might call chance,
('Tis any thing but chance, I trow),
  Did oft transpire to her advance ;

As well as to those things confirm
  Which might seem doubtful or untrue.
Her light was made to brightly shine,
  By what did come in this sweet way.

It long had been her custom to
  One chapter read each day in course,
And still another one also
  She had been wont to read by "chance."

It seemed to her she never read
  That holy book without a guide,
To help interpret for her good
  The passages she most did need, —

And point out others which she had
  Pondered so many times before,
And yet their meaning, until then,
  Had never been to her made clear.

Before I leave my present theme,
  The theme of "Jesus and his love,"
I would express some thoughts which come,
  And which I trust you will receive

In explanation of the fact;
  For the fact I don't deny,
That many do the truth obstruct,
  By assuming what to me

Seems wholly inconsistent with
  My present or my past belief.
I claim to have an inward growth,
  A knowledge which has e'er been rife

With sweetest pleasure unto me,
  And which, instead of shutting out
A Saviour's love in a degree,
  Hath seemed to make me more devout;

More filled with love and thankfulness
  For the bright and golden deeds
Which in his life we all may trace;
  And sweet and holy words

Of wisdom pure, and love sincere;
  And, more than all, his sympathy
For and with all those who were
  Sad or distressed in any way.

And this I think to be the case
  With those who are recipients
Of all his wondrous love and grace;
  Whose tender hearts, with good intents, —

Are seeking for the best of gifts.
  When such as these do, in advance
Of worldly minds, fulfill their trusts,
  It doth their earthly joys enhance, —

And bring them nearer God and heaven.
  Now, if I understand aright,
This is the truest exposition
  Of every earnest Christian heart

Who doth this spirit power discern,
His own enjoyment doth increase
As his perceptions grow more keen ;
While he so gladly doth embrace

Each opportunity to learn
What spirits pure can only teach.
There is a class who have not known
A Saviour's love ; although they reach

And grasp the truths we here maintain,
That spirits do return to earth,
And with their loved ones do commune,
Even though themselves the truth

Of Christian graces have not learned.
And these are they who do obstruct
The truth which elsewise would have gained
A firmer foothold, and reflect

A purer flame of love and light
Than at the present time it doth,
Or will, we fear, until this blight
Be overpast, or crushed beneath

The tidal wave of Christian love,
Combined with that of *spirit-power*.
So long as spirits from above
Do promiscuously shower

Their individual ideas,
When and where they find a chance,
Regardless of all human laws,
Only so they may advance

Some theory which is to them
The Alpha and Omega still,
Just as it was in former time,
When they upon the earth did dwell.

(For we affirm that there are
Countless numbers "gone before,"
Whose minds can not at all compare
With our noblest minds still here.)

So long, I say, as these have power
To still control our earth-born sons,
Us it behooveth to beware;
And trust not to our outward sense, —

But to our inner vision pure
Bring forward to our present aid;
Thus making us most doubly sure
That holy spirits only guide.

We can, I think, discriminate
Between the evil and the good
By the lessons they impart,
If these are rightly understood.

And, as I have said before,
Much depends upon ourselves.
If we desire only the pure,
We must, of course, be pure ourselves.

We do not blame our Christian friends
For being cautious; 'tis most wise:
And he who with this caution blends
A loving spirit, which denies

Only when it of wrong is sure,
That soul we count a prize indeed;
One we most gladly would secure,
To help us in our time of need.

For at the present time there are
Scores of noble-minded men
Deeply thinking, wondering where
This controversy, widely known, —

Will lead unto; and what result
Will accrue from the same;
These men have doubtless also felt
That it would be unwise in them

To even let these thoughts be known;
At least until themselves were sure;
Or, rather, till "this thing had grown,"
And shown 'twas likely to endure.

Forgetting, in their selfishness,
How much they might advance the cause,
If they did nothing more nor less
Except to surely not refuse

Or be unwilling to express
Their interest, or strong desire,
Whichever one might be the case,
To learn the truth; which doth appear

At the present time, to be
So mixed with error it is hard
The demarkation line to see,
Or separate the good from bad.

It is we think, by some proclaimed
That materialistic views
Are at present gaining ground,
But this, we think, is not the case;

Although the tendency is strong
To jump at that conclusion, if
We do ourselves the cruel wrong
To first accept our friend's belief

Without investigating firstly,
Using our own good common-sense,
And that too, freely, justly,
Both in the past and present tense.

I think the reason why 'tis claimed
  These same materialistic views
Have done, or are, now gaining ground,
  Is because our darkened eyes

Are just beginning for to see;
  Or, having seen, to this perceive.
A child may chance in merry glee
  To pluck a rose; and thus receive

A thorn within his tender flesh.
  He can not comprehend the cause,
But kicks and screams, and cuts a dash,
  And throws away the lovely rose.

Now, we are all but children here;
  All searching for some scented rose,
Which in the distance doth appear
  To bear no thorns; but as we close

Around the bush, and look with care,
  The slender stem indeed hath thorns,
It may be less, it may be more.
  The lovely rose the bush adorns;

But, if we wish it for our own,
  We it must pluck with earnest care;
Avoiding thus the prickly thorn,
  While we the scented rose secure.

Now, this, I think, doth illustrate
The beautiful and glorious truth,
Which sometimes only shares the fate
Of that sweet rose the child cast forth.

Now, what I wish to ask is this: —
Ought we not to have wiser grown,
And culled the rose we would possess,
Casting aside its every thorn?

Or should we, like the simple child,
Cry out with anger and disgust,
While our sweet pleasure all is spoiled,
The lovely rose we too have lost?

I fear I have not yet made plain
What seems to me so very clear:
So, if you please, we'll take again
The rose-tree with its thorny brier.

The rose itself we would compare
To spirit power and influence;
The prickly thorns can only share
In the materialistic sense.

Now, as I said before, the thorns
You do not in the distance see:
The rose so beautiful adorns
The leafy branches of the tree.

But as you near approach the same,
With both your eyes wide open quite,
Yours alone will be the blame,
If these same thorns escape your sight.

But if you trust unto a friend
Who hath been there in former time,
His eyes, Alas! so weak and blind,
He only saw the rose sublime,—

And grasped it firmly by the stem,
His hands, poor things! are filled with thorns;
The rose has lost for him its charm.
With saddened heart he now returns,

Bewailing his unlucky fate,
And telling all the neighbors round
The rose is placed there for a bait;
And thorns alone they there will find

If they attempt to press too near.
We know the tendency is strong
To judge of things as they appear.
It takes you not one-half as long

To just accept your neighbor's word:
He has been there, and surely knows.
But, my friends, it is not good
For you to trust to these and those.

It hath been said, and wisely too,
"If you would have a thing done well,
Do it yourself:" this will apply
Unto your case. If you would still

The plain, ungarnished truth foreknow,
Depend not much upon "hearsay,"
But rather all your powers bestow,
And search for it in wisdom's way;

Then you will reap a rich reward,
Obtain the promised blessing too;
And, ever trusting in the Lord,
Will keep his precepts all so true.

. . . . . .

To my dear friends, sisters, brothers,
Who still inhabit the mundane sphere;
I will strive to give to him who gathers
Some kind instruction and good cheer.

I left that sphere for this bright one,
I scarce can tell how long ago;
Though I am sure it must have been
A score of years, and may be more.

I little thought, before I came,
My spirit could return to earth,
And there my intercourse resume
With my dear friends who thought it worth

Their while to spend their time this way;
But it hath proved a living truth,
And one which will the nation sway;
And every soul which dwells on earth

Will in due time confirm it too:
Though not for countless ages, some
Whose souls are filled with sin and woe;
It suits them better to become

The servants of the "Evil One;"
And, if they do return at all,
'Twill only be to such an one
As they can make stumble and fall.

Many there are who know this truth,
But would not for the world disclose,
For they have not that heavenly birth
Which our dear Saviour doth indorse.

Although their spirits have gone forth
From their fleshly tabernacle,
They still walk "to and fro" on earth,
Unfitted to with angels dwell.

But this, I feel, is not my forte,
I like an *argument* the best,
And I will try to it support,
However much others molest.

Perhaps, to make the matter plain,
I'll have to tell you what I saw,
And also how the thing was done: —
The medium through whom I now

Convey my thoughts did just pick up
A scrap of paper lying near;
(I made her do it sure as pop)
My spirit stood beside her chair;

And so, you see, what she did read,
I also read, and, through her eyes;
Well, now, this was a way I had
Of "putting things:" it gave surprise;

For she had never thought, before,
That any thing of this import
Could or would come through her,
And, least of all, get into print;

But the impression was so strong,
(At first she felt a little shy)
That she could not resist it long:
Nor did she think it best to try.

Now we will give you what we read,
Word for word, and not transpose;
So there will be nothing to lead
You my friend to me accuse: —

"It is inconceivable that any Congregationalist, or any real Christian, should not have been unspeakably glad and grateful if the trial of Henry Ward Beecher had resulted in his triumphant acquittal."

Now, my dear friends, I this do quote,
Knowing not (or caring much)
Whom by, or where, the piece was wrote;
Its logic doth my soul retouch

With a strange feeling, quite akin
To pity, mingled with disgust;
No single word, it will be seen,
Doth here denote the writer's trust

That *Truth* will be made manifest,
But only that dear Henry Ward
Might be before the world confessed
An honest man, as if, indeed, —

It mattered not what he had done,
Or whether he had told the truth,
But only that the *court* had shown
He was of more infinite worth

Unto the world, than *Truth itself.*
Now, I do like consistency;
It is to me a great relief
That morally, religiously, —

There are some few (I wish 'twere more)
Who labor to advance the truth;
These are the ones, you may be sure,
Who have received the spirit birth;

While those who do more loudly prate,
But show they are *afraid* of *truth*, —
'Twill be their everlasting fate
To search it out, and learn its worth.

'Tis "sharper than a two-edged sword;"
And why should not they be afraid?
Do those who love their risen Lord
E'er feel of him the least afraid?

I say ye Nay, unless it be
A fear that they may him offend.
And thus it is with truth also:
Those who do by it firmly stand

Have nought to fear from friend or foe,
Although they will most likely be
Persecuted as their dear Lord
Was before them, and did say

Others should be for truth's sake.
His words did prove, Alas! too true:
Many have been burned at the stake,
And many more have suffered through

Sore tribulations dark and deep
All brought upon them by their firm
Adherence to their right to keep
Their Lord's commands as unto them

Seemed right and just; while for their guide
They took their Lord's anointed Son,
And by his precepts did abide,
Regardless of all worldly scorn.

The earth has been so long creed-bound,
It seems just now all in a maze
With people standing all around,
Themselves in a bewildered daze;

Or, as a friend unto us wrote,
Thusly it did seem to her;
The bottom had been all knocked out
Of every thing — and everywhere —

Confusion reigned — as in the Church —
So in the State — regarding pastors —
Regarding peoples — all in search
Of *something* — what expositors —

Those lawyers are! — Beecher guilty?
Ask them — he hath many friends,
Yes — they are strong and mighty:
Have they accomplished all their ends?

Aha! not yet — methinks — not yet —
We pity him — if innocent —
But if guilty — ask ye what
We might think? Ask us not —

Though if he be — ten thousand times —
We pity him — more than if —
'Twere otherwise — Elizabeth — betimes —
Where is she? no matter if —

Well — did you say — friends — Oh! no —
She hath no friends — she is only
After all — just a *woman* — Oh!
Excuse — pardon me — for surely —

If that man — did commit — a sin —
He is not to blame at all —
For of course 'twas *her* that made him,
Ah! yes — I understand it all —

Speak to her? — not I — how can you? —
So degraded — low — and mean! —
Bah! such a disgrace! — well, I'm through —
Only — yes — I say — kick her down —

And crush her very life out —
She deserves it — our daughters dear —
Just think of it — the prostitute —
Such an example — I fear —

But Beecher, our beloved pastor,
So noble, so true! and, my dear,
His beautiful life and labor!
It is *too* cruel, I declare —

O! such delightful sermons,
So sparkling and so eloquent!
And then such life-like lessons!
I do think he is elegant.

Well, they *can not* crush him —
I am *so* thankful for that! —
The very idea — well — some time —
Whether he is guilty, or not, —

Pshaw! — what matters it? who cares? —
Not I — it don't hurt his preaching —
But some do — put on airs —
Afraid indeed — not of his teaching —

His church is filled — unto the steeple —
And such lovely flowers — I never —
"Oh! praise him, all ye people!"
"Laud and magnify him forever."

. . . . . .

I trust, my friends, you will excuse,
For this was not on the programme:
It came to me: I couldn't refuse
To write it down, this very same.

It has, of course, nought to do
With my opinion in the case;
And you will understand also
That its chief object was to place

Before your mind the difference
Of public opinion, fault the same;
As for the *man* no consequence,
But for the *woman* all the shame.

(I just did say, the fault the same,
But in truth I did not mean it;
For in nine cases out of ten
I think the *man* the most to blame.)

Now ask yourselves if 'tis not so:
There are of course exceptions, but
They are comparatively few:
Nor is it *men* alone who sit

(If I except the courts of law)
In judgment on their own victims:
Our mothers and our sisters too,
I blush for very shame to own, —

Would crush into the very dust,
Instead of stooping to upraise,
Kindly teaching them to trust
In Him who did contrariwise

Once say, in tones so kind and mild,
"Neither do I thee condemn."
Alas! my heart is often filled
With sadness, as I think of them,—

The poor misguided ones of earth:
Nor do I think them all to blame:
Their teachings have been little worth,
For so their conduct doth proclaim.

I would we might have for them schools,
These poor deserted, homeless ones:
Which should teach them they have *souls*,
As well as bodies, —precious ones;

Which soul it is their duty plain
To strive to make, and also keep
Pure and spotless; that the stain
Which hath been made is not so deep

But it can all be washed away;
O, teach them purity alone
Can satisfy the heart alway,
And for *past errors* too atone;

O! lead them kindly, gently; then
Awaken all their slumbering hopes,
Go teach them what they might have been,
And still may be, if He who keeps

Them in the "hollow of his hand"
Is duly served, and asked aright
To guide them to that "better land
Where there can be no gloomy night."

I did not think so soon to leave
The "Beecher case;" but so it was,
Though he who did of it conceive,
Also the subject introduce, —

Has now returned, and would here give
His own opinion of the same:
"Yes my friends, and we believe
This thing to be no child's play game,

Although the world may scoff at this
And us deride, for what we give;
Thinking, perhaps, 'tis all amiss,
We ask of them no kind reprieve,

Nor is it our purpose here to tell
What he may not, or may have done.
Ask the lawyers — who do sell —
Themselves for gold — not every one —

I don't mean that, — excuse me sir, —
No personalities I'll give, —
From me you sir have nought to fear —
Unless — indeed — you did receive —

(Un) fair pay for all your work sincere;
Thanks to find some honest men
Among those jurors did appear,
Some noble souls who have not been

Either bought or sold (!) I ween,
Blessings on their precious heads
And treated too, so very mean —
With not so much as feather-beds

To lay their weary limbs upon —
Oh! if they only — *could* — agree —
But they couldn't — so don't repine.
As for myself — I tell you true

I'm glad they didn't — for if they had —
Don't you see — the world at large —
(I don't mean all) would have said —
"*I* told you so" that judge's charge —

Judge's charge indeed, as if one man —
Could or should — judge for the world —
Not even He — the Lord Christ —
Would do that — but He just told

Them where *to* go — no earthly court —
You may be sure — well I don't know —
People will quarrel — and get hurt —
And then I suppose — they don't know —

What else to do — kick up a row
And go to law — what have they gained?
Well, let's see — not much I trow —
The gain is on — the other hand —

The lawyer's hand — I mean — or in it —
But I mustn't wander — or digress —
As I suppose you would call it —
The trouble is — I was kept close —

In my younger days — not much learning —
But what I want to say is this —
Most things have changed — or are changing
And that, too — *for the better.*

Now a great deal is said of late —
About the "social question" —
And people ask — what is that?
Let them find out by their learning —

Beecher wouldn't tell you — nor shall I —
A great many people — don't *preach* —
What they *practice* — it used to be —
This way — don't practice what they preach —

But as I say things have changed —
People have changed — and much is done —
Which isn't told of — 'tis so arranged —
That one may do — what another one —

Well if he does do — he'll get found out —
He hasn't learned the kinks — you see,
And if he is punished for it —
Why — it is all right you say —

But just look here — these very ones —
Who inflict this punishment —
Do themselves — these very same things —
Are they punished, I guess not — (much)

Now my dear friends, I suppose you think
Me very old-fashioned, and queer,
But if you would have — pure water to drink
You must first be sure — that the fountain is
clear.

But when you do see — the water is bad —
Its taste and its smell — you do not approve,
Then I would advise — that some of you
should —
Just find out the cause — and try to remove —

And now to do this — the very best way —
Is to go to the bottom — and see what is
there —
You may pump off the top — or even half way —
And find it no better — than it was before.

Indeed you will find — unless I mistake
Whatever is wrong — at the very last end —

You may find on the surface — perhaps if you
look —
Some very small thing — which doth not
tend —

To harm in the least — the taste or the smell —
But way to the bottom — where no one can
see —
Ah! there you will find it — and you will do
well —
To fathom at once — nor longer delay —

Now when you disturb the waters — of
course —
They will *seem* more unpleasant — than ever
before —
But what if they do — you will sure have
more sense —
Than to think these same waters — will ever
grow pure —

When the *cause* is removed — and time has
been given —
To refill the fount — with sweet gentle
showers —
And freshening rains — from out the pure
heavens —
What a pleasing reward — will then be yours.

And now my dear friends, I think to compare,
The present condition, of society here,
To a fountain whose waters, are not wholly pure,
Yet surely no worse, than they have been
before.

But it was thought best, this fountain to clear,
So of course — disturbing the waters you
know
They seem pretty bad — and even appear,
A great deal worse — all the time to grow ;

Well this is the way — with society now,
It is all stirred up — and the odor is bad,
And all just because — the things you don't
know —
Are coming to light — for which we are glad.

The fountain is large — and much to be done
Ere you can get rid — of the nuisance yet —
But I pray you dear friends — don't leave it
alone —
Just go to the bottom — and *see what you get*.

Don't get discouraged and give up the job,
And also be careful — *not to get wet*
It will almost require — "the patience of
Job" —
To do this same thing — and get matters right.

If all were willing — to do but their share —
How easily then — the work might be done —
But one will stand here — and another one there —
Doing nothing at all — *but just to look on* —

Still others — will do — even worse than that
They will try to discourage — those who would work —
Proving this adage — true unto the dot —
"For Satan finds some mischief still

For idle hands to do" — now what we do want —
And are determined to have — is *justice* and *equality* —
You may throw up your hands — and say "no you don't,"
We tell you *in time* — 'twill be a *reality*.

For people are now — beginning to think —
The more they do think — the more they will *know* —
From the fountain of knowledge — we'd have them all drink
Growing wiser and better every day —

And some whom now — you pretend to think
Are beneath you in *style* — (as we hope they are)

And neither do have — so much ready chink —
('Tis well they do not — for 'tis often a snare)

Are rising in intellect — by force of their will —
While you it may be — are standing quite still —
These soon will pass by you — ascending the hill —
Nor can you o'ertake them — try as you will —

Because you can not — or will not give up —
Your increasing desire — for luxury and ease.
And now my dear friends — if you would only stop —
And listen to me awhile — if you please —

I would like to convince you — though I fear I shall not —
That you had better begin — before you leave there —
To lay up your treasure — in some better spot —
Than you seem to be doing — if it rightly appear —

What think you to do — with the gold you have got —
'Twill be of no use — in this heavenly sphere —
Indeed you can't bring — one tittle or jot —
And however much — you may sigh for it here —

'Twill not be forthcoming — and you will repine —
For your elegant surroundings — and dainties rare —
Which you used for your comfort — and yours alone —
Refusing with the poor and needy to share —

'Tis a far-reaching truth — that 'tis harder by far —
For a rich man to enter — the kingdom of love —
Than for the desolate and downtrodden poor —
Whose treasure is more likely — to be laid up above —

I would not by this — have you to infer —
That riches are valueless — if rightly applied —
That they will give you much comfort, and add to your store
Of good deeds and true — can't be denied —

If you are unselfish and willing to share —
With others the blessings they bring unto you —
While at the same time, you are molding with care —
The spirit within you valiant and true.

I think I must leave you, for one is now here,
Who gave up her time, and place unto me,
I fear I've not made my logic very clear,
Nor could I do well, with this jingling "Poetry."

But what I have given, in the spirit of love,
I trust you will kindly receive that same way,
And be guided aright to your home above
So kindly prepared for you and for me.

. . . . . .

To my dear friends, greeting again!
I am happy to be with you.
But I also trust that you have been
Entertained and instructed too

By our revered and dear friend,
Who kindly volunteered to give,
As he did express it, a "piece of his mind:"
'Twas a pleasure to him, I believe, —

As I know it has been to you;
And possibly he will again
Address you in his language true;
As he can many things explain, —

Far better than I who have not been
So long an inhabitant here;
Nor have I perceptions as keen,
Or an understanding so clear.

I will endeavor now to trace
The history I had commenced,
And give our friend's experience,
Although it will be much condensed, —

And many things left out entire,
For want of space, and want of time.
I have accorded unto her
A gift most rare, also divine.

She prized it, too, all else above,
And strove to cultivate the same;
Trusting that He, the God of love,
Would all the crooked ways make plain.

The happiest moments she did know,
(I may have told you this before)
Were those she spent in listening to
Her faithful friend, so good and pure;

He oft did give some symbol sweet,
And afterward explain the same;
This was to her a richer treat
Than what in other ways did come.

One of these symbols I will give,
As nearly as I can express:
Its memory will forever live,
Her loving soul to cheer and bless.

She took her usual seat beside
The friend through whom this same did come,
Wondering what would be said,
When the medium thus began: —

"I see you seated," (she did say)
"Within an arbor covered o'er
With trailing vines all bare and gray,
Except on either side the door, —

Where are two tiny sprouts of green,
So fresh, and growing rapidly;
Aside from these, no leaf is seen
On all the vine, which carefully

I did examine for to see
If life were there, and, to my joy,
Found it 'twas green, and juicy too,
Underneath the bark so dry;

And also that the tiny buds
Had even now begun to swell.
You seem to be in pensive mood,
All quite alone, yet looking well;

Before you is a table spread
With papers scattered here and there,
And papers also by your side;
Some books, I see, are lying near;

Now these same papers all are filled
With writings from some wieldy pen;
A gentle breeze — my heart is stilled —
While now from every mount and glen —

Come tiny birds — so beautiful —
Of every kind — and every hue —
They almost now the arbor fill —
And many, too, have lit on you.

Ah! now I see their mission here.
Each one does with its little bill
A paper take, and disappear,
Bearing it where'er he will.

These birds I would that you might see,
For some have come from foreign shore,
Their plumage is so bright and gay;
Many I've never seen before;

They all have flown, like the "carrier dove,"
Unto their own bright native land,
Bearing with them tidings of love
No powers of earth can countermand.

You still are sitting there alone:
Indeed, your life has mostly been
Alone thus far: there seemeth none
Who can at all enter within

The sacred precincts of your soul.
  But now I see, advancing near,
A gentleman — not very tall —
  But rather stout — with thick gray hair —

He approacheth very cautiously,
  As if in doubt how to proceed,
Advances a step — then turns away,
  As if fearing he might disturb

Or frighten you: 'tis plain to see
  He is quite anxious to draw near;
Some future time perhaps he may,
  For so it doth to me appear.

Oh! can this be the same arbor
  I saw before? what a change!
The vine which then was dry and bare
  Is beautiful: it seems so strange

That in this little space of time
  It could have put forth all these leaves!
It is indeed a work sublime.
  Leaves dark, leaves light, large leaves, small leaves, —

All these are here forming a shade
  So cool and so refreshing too;
And now I see, the bower outside,
  Such lovely flowers all wet with dew, —

Just springing up; they are not near
Enough for you to pluck just yet;
Still not so very, very far,
And you do now their fragrance get."

After depicting all this scene,
Her pastor said there scarce was need
For him to it at all explain;
For she, he thought, correctly read

What they intended to confer
In this very pleasing way.
It did, of course, pertain to her;
And she would yet see the day

When this symbol sweet should be
Fully realized, although just now
It seemed incredible that she
Could so much benefit bestow

(Incredible to her, he meant)
Upon her race. 'Twas also true
That the papers he had shown
Would be filled; and written, too, —

By her own hand, just every one,
Scattered, also, both far and wide,
As unto her it had been shown,
By the birds who did preside, —

And take into their own dear hands
(Or bills instead) the right to help
As best they might; and distant lands
Would bless them for their silent work.

The vine, of course, did represent
Her own mediumistic power,
Just beginning now to sprout;
But which, in time, like this sweet bower, —

A cool refreshing shade would form
For weary, heart-sick souls of earth;
Shielding them from many a storm,
While teaching of the heavenly birth.

"The gentleman who was described
Seems to possess an earnest soul,
Which is with love and truth imbibed.
He hath no intentions foul, —

But is attracted unto you
By your earnest, truthful face,
And would some kindly word bestow,
Save that he fears to give offense.

I think he will, in future years,
Come very near, and you assist,
For so to me it now appears.
Between you there seems to exist

A common chord of sympathy
  Regarding all this darkened race:
You cherish for humanity
  A sacred love, and also place

Yourselves in a condition to
  Ameliorate the sufferings
Of human hearts which you do know
  The sin of ignorance oft brings.

This seems to be the only tie
  Which binds your hearts in unison;
And, if I rightly do descry,
  There is no nearer, dearer one.

The flowers are emblematical
  Of all the sweet and holy joy
Which will your loving bosom fill,
  And all because of your employ."

And what thought she, our friend, of this?
  Her heart was warmed, enraptured too;
But *could* there be, indeed, such bliss
  In store for her? could she bestow

On sisters, brothers, fathers, mothers,
  Blessings like to those portrayed?
It seemed impossible that others
  Could have their hearts and minds so swayed

By what came through her organism,
Especially in this strange way.
She should require a fresh baptism
Of spirit-power ere it could be.

Of all the mediumistic powers
Which she had witnessed, this did seem
The most unlikely to be hers.
No other phase they could have named

Would her have given such surprise;
Indeed, it seemed incredible,
And she could not the fact disguise.
"With God all things are possible."

With these words ringing in her ears,
"She kept these sayings in her heart,"
Judging not by what appears,
For she had "chosen the better part."

The reason why it seemed to her
This phase, far less than any other,
Could be developed, or its power
Manifested to friend or brother, —

Through her organism, was this;
It seemed almost impossible
For her to in this way express
Her thoughts which were untraceable.

At least she ever found them so,
When attempting to recall them,
Or to by any means bestow,
Where others could retrace or read them.

Thoughts would come spontaneously,
But no language to express them.
She oft would linger painfully
O'er a letter, and then become

Disgusted with it when 'twas done:
Letter-writing she did detest,
And precious little of it did.
Indeed, she had not in the past

Been situated where was need
For correspondence, much if any.
The first and only time she had
Realized most fully, sadly,

Her incapacity to write
Was after visit number one
Unto her friends, who did invite,
Also strongly insist upon, —

A weekly interchange of thought,
Which, as I have said before,
Much happiness unto her brought,
Although it was a trial sore

To do her part. Her very best,
When it was done, did ever seem
So very short of her behest:
But He who did her soul redeem

Did also teach the wisdom of
Developing those very powers,
Which now were dwarfed and scarce alive;
But only needing gentle showers, —

Freshening dews, and warming sun,
To make them bloom like summer flowers.
And thus I think the omniscient One
Oft substitutes his way for ours;

While we, Alas! are weak and blind,
Perceiving not why we should be
By circumstances oft constrained
To do the things we "would not do," —

And those we "would" to leave undone;
For do ye not, my friends, perceive
The things ye are perfected in
Need not that you should longer give

Your time and strength to them alone?
Many things have ye to learn;
And, if I rightly do divine,
Some things which you can only learn

By striving hard to love walk
In the path marked out for you,
Although it may be that the work
Is not what you would have it be.

You are, perhaps, like our dear friend,
Deficient in something which hath
Not crossed your over-crowded mind;
Something, too, of sterling worth, —

And which doth need your earnest care
To force it upward to the light,
Where it in time will duly share
The prospect of a future bright.

Without this same, your character
Would not be fully rounded out;
And, had you had no wise Director,
'Twould not have been so brought about.

Nor would it then, could you have had
Your own undeviating way;
Some obstacle, perchance, did lead
You to consider, and to see

Why it had been placed before you;
And thus you rightly were inclined
To pause a moment, and descry
If a purpose were assigned.

This I think the reason why
  We are so oft impelled to make
Sacrifices which do try
  The very "reins and heart" alike;

And forced also to do and bear
  The *very things we most dislike*,
And which may at the time appear
  Only of evil to partake.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The *bud* may have a bitter taste,
But *sweet will be the flower.*"

I have told you how hard it was
  For our young friend to write her thoughts:
Now she had still another cause
  Of grief regarding those same thoughts;

For the language she would use
  To express them almost alway
Did disappoint her, and refuse
  Her earnest call to obey.

She oft did feel to envy those
  Who seemed to have at their command
A flow of words, one might suppose,
  Far too great for their demand.

Not that she would exchange her thoughts
  For senseless words, nor is there need,
If her dear Guide rightly instructs;
  For she will by a simple mode,

Obviate this sad defect,
  If she doth all his counsel heed,
Taking less time to just reflect,
  And *more in conversation lead:*

For in this way she would receive
  A twofold blessing, yea, and more;
For others would unto her give,
  And she would also from her store

Return the favor; for, indeed
  Her thoughts were well worth giving out;
They would fill many an aching void,
  If she expressed them as she ought.

Words seem useless without deeds,
  And express not half so much
As do good deeds without the words;
  But both combined will often touch

A chord of sympathy and love
In hearts whose sorrows are unknown,
Save by the spirits bright above,
Unless, perchance, some favored one

Hath opened up the fount of grief,
By words and deeds so kind and true
That it hath seemed a sweet relief
To thus unburden all their woe.

Our loving friend expressed in deed
That which she failed to do at times
By words well chosen, fitly applied.
Pure were her motives, high her aims;

Nor was she troubled to express
By word so much, where sympathy
Drew forth the same, to cheer and bless
And where she found sweet harmony.

Her sad defect was more apparent
When she in conversation joined;
In consequence she oft was silent,
Or she might sooner have obtained

The use of language as desired;
She had improved very much
In this respect, also acquired,
By perseverance, the habit which

Had been so kindly recommended.
I have as yet said nothing of
The lectures she wisely attended,
And from which source she did receive

Much helpful knowledge in regard
Unto her soul-inspiring theme;
She had an understanding heart,
And did therefore readily glean

The speaker's purpose and intent,
Though trusting not to that alone:
She did most candidly reflect,
And that which did unto her seem

Wise and truthful, gladly accept;
While, what she could not thus receive,
She did instinctively reject,
Nor make endeavor to believe.

I now will speak of one (lecture) which gave
Her satisfaction and delight;
'Twas given by a "Collier" brave, —
An Englishman with much foresight.

He gave an exposition of
Spiritualism in that land,
Endeavoring to show and prove
Its benefit to all mankind;

I mean, of course, to all who would
  Accept its beautiful teachings;
I would that all who do this read
  Might have listened to his sayings.

That which did me most interest
  Was with regard to mediums
(It may have been self-interest):
  They had, he said, few public ones,—

As was oft elsewhere the case,—
  But had instead, within their homes,
One through whom these mysteries
  Could be transmitted to their friends.

And very pleasant too it was,
  For those who were thus kindly blest,
To in the holy twilight hours,
  When nature calls to "home and rest,—"

Form a quiet circle there,
  At their dear spirit-friends' behest;
Commencing with a fervent prayer,
  That they might make the very best

Conditions for their heavenly guests;
  That perfect love and harmony
Might rule the hour which manifests
  The spirit's power so sacredly.

No one can know nor yet conceive
The happiness and peace of those
Who almost daily do receive
From the fountain as it flows

"Living waters" fresh and sweet
As those it gave, centuries ago,
For those who "sat at Jesus' feet"
While he did on them all bestow

The "best of gifts," and unto each
According to his zeal and faith.
I trust I do not here impeach
His character, or what he saith, —

By the analogy set forth;
And ye who may think otherwise
Forget, perchance, "his lowly birth,"
And also fail his life to trace

In all its sweet simplicity.
Did I meet here no opposition
From those who have less charity
Than had He, no apprehension

Could I have, that I should be
In many things "misunderstood."
Our learned friend did also say,
If this blest truth were spread abroad, —

And people would receive the same,
Their souls would soon so thirst for more,
That they would gladly cease to roam,
The world over, for human lore;

And in their peaceful, happy homes,
Get wisdom from a higher source, —
From and through their own loved ones
So glad and willing to discourse

Of things above, and things below.
He also thought in families,
If they only did but know,
Or could these powers learn to trace, —

They would be almost sure to find
One or more who did possess
That same peculiar turn of mind,
Indicating more or less

Of mediumistic qualities,
Though undeveloped, probably,
And so unfit for present use;
But with good care they soon would grow, —

Developing so quickly too,
At least, that was the case with some,
While others must more time bestow
Before their usefulness begun.

In speaking thus of "sweet home" joys,
He wished to no reflections cast
On those who got in other ways
Whatever seemed to them best:

Nor would he for the world denounce
Good mediums of any class,
Or on their deeds judgment pronounce;
He did, with all, so much express

Of tender love and sympathy
For these persecuted ones:
They were, he said, most fearfully
Sinned against; pelting with stones

Were less harsh than the ridicule,
Contempt, and scorn oft hurled at them;
They suffered more than tongue could tell;
Few would have heart to these condemn, —

Did they but understand the laws
Which govern and control the same.
It is a sin to crush and bruise;
For they are human, if to blame

Sometimes; and who among you is
Without sin? If any such there be,
Like One of old, I'd say, it is
His privilege to cast a stone.

These mediums are, in one sense,
  Of all the race most surely blest;
While, in another, worldly sense,
  They are, it seems, equally cursed.

This language may seem rather strong:
  Nevertheless 'tis but the truth;
And ye who think me in the wrong
  Have no conception of the worth

Of spirit-influence on such
  (I mean just now, none but the good);
They surely are blest overmuch,
  Though painfully *misunderstood*.

The same proclivities which draw
  Unto themselves spirit influence,
Or render them susceptible unto
  The same, doth keep them in suspense,—

Lest surrounding influences (earthly ones),
  To which they are alike susceptible,
Should preponderate, making them,
  For the time at least, incapable

Of rendering spiritual truths;
  Thus innocent ones are often blamed,
Pronounced impostors, and so forth,
  When they themselves have truly aimed

To do their best, and give alone
The truth unto their fellow-men,
I you would ask what wonder, then,
So many from this work do turn?

Those who have not the moral courage
To quite withstand the cruel taunts
And jeers of those who would disparage,
Much rather than the cause advance.

Nor are these laws well understood
By many mediums themselves:
If they were, they surely could
Do much better *by* themselves.

They should be very positive
To influences which are bad;
In other words, should strive to live
Apart from all except the good.

For them it is as necessary
To keep the inner fountain clear,
And free from all that is contrary
To the structures they would rear

In this just and noble cause,
As it is for "worldly *Wisegood*"
To quite ignore all spirit laws;
The world and him are quite agreed.

I should be sorry to discourage
By any thing I here have given,
Or any medium disparage
From giving out their precious leaven, —

And giving, too, to all who need it,
If they do have a full supply
Of that dear gracious, holy spirit
Which same, alone can satisfy

The earnest seeker for the truth.
Nor should they willingly deny
To saint or sinner that which hath
Been transmitted to them by

One who is willing and is able
To instruct them how to use it.
And will reward them also double,
Unless they foolishly refuse it.

What has been said did more relate
To mediums in their babyhood,
Incapable to yet refute
The evil, and retain the good.

When I did say for them to live
"Apart from all except the good,"
I did not mean they should not give
To any other; for I would

That every one who walks this earth,
From the lowest to the highest,
Could receive this glorious truth,
And by it be supremely blest.

The meaning which I would convey
Is that they must "stand for their rights"
With mortals, and with spirits too,
If they do aim to be "head lights"

In this reformatory work.
Be positive to all that's bad,
Lest you become yourself a wreck;
Be negative, receive the good,

Kind angels then will bear you up.
I once did hear a medium say
Unto a spirit who "owned up"
That he was bad, but came that way, —

And would with her just like a chat,
"Sir, do you come with good intent?"
(For she had heard an epithet,
One which she did at once resent.)

"Would you get good from us below?
Or would you only do us harm?
If the former, we will bestow
Our sympathy your soul to warm;

If the latter, you must go:
We have no room for such as you."
The spirit then began to cry,
Begging her hard to let him stay, —

Promising fair he would be good,
And try to learn the "better way,"
Just as fast as ever he could.
To him the medium then did say, —

"Your influence for us is bad.
But if you earnestly do try,
And feel that *we* can do more *good*
To you, than *you* can do *us harm*, —

You are welcome to remain,
And as you say we'll have 'a chat,'
And strive to help you to regain
That which you thoughtlessly have lost."

I give this incident to show
That it is needful we should *test*
Those from above, and those below,
And all their purposes defeat,

If they intend to do us wrong,
'Tis not for them or us to say,
"For thou art weak, and I am strong,"
But, if we have strength so to do, —

Overcome *their evil* with *our good;*
If not, to leave them for a stronger
Than ourselves to give them food,
All in kindness, not in anger.

I would not have you attribute
All this which I have given here
To Brother "Collier:" he might refute,
And I be made to then appear

Less truthful than those I denounce;
(Yet not themselves, their lies I mean)
He gave me food for thought intense;
From others also I did glean, —

So that I scarce can tell myself
Which came from him, or which from who,
I know there is a sensitive gulf
Which mediums must all pass through.

Their sufferings at best will be,
At times, intensely sharp and keen.
All suffer not in the same degree,
For all are not equally fine;

Some are, we know, by nature coarse,
And these do suffer much the less;
But all of medimnistic force,
Do by this very sensitiveness, —

Which is the chief component part
  Of mediumship, suffer from
A contact with another sort
  Who do in opposition come;

Although they may not it express
  In words, perhaps, 'tis all the same,
For it is *felt;* and none can guess
  The pain it gives, who have not known, —

To some extent, the subtle power
  It doth exert, just by a look,
Which look doth oft express much more
  Than words could do by "hook or crook."

For, whatever the eyes do tell,
  We know is true; for are they not
The "index of the heart" as well?
  So, if the heart within be right, —

The eyes will tell no wicked lies,
  But only beam with love and light;
The soul will also you surprise,
  And fill with rapturous delight, —

By taking now and then a peep
  Through the fringed curtain of
Those lustrous eyes so clear and deep,
  Reminding of those orbs above, —

Who their nightly watch do keep,
  But hide themselves whene'er the sun
Its glaring rays on them would cast:
  And so the soul will homeward run, —

If you but chance to overstep
  The bounds of courtesy and love;
And you will then most likely reap
  Something akin to cool reserve.

A few more words I wish to say
  To those who take an interest
In our mediums, and may
  Perchance, themselves, be on our list.

I have endeavored here to give
  A truthful statement of their case,
Just as I did myself receive
  And from, I think, a truthful source.

But I have kept until the last
  That which I think will please you most;
Please most because it is the best,
  As you will all agree, I trust.

That they do suffer much and keenly,
  I have, I think, made very plain.
I wish you now to know they truly
  Do also find enjoyment keen, —

If they do only persevere,
And strive to live and learn aright;
Giving only what doth appear
Truthful and honest in their sight:

Keeping themselves so pure and true,
They will attract only the good
From above or from below.
If this were done, I think they would

Soon acknowledge that they were
Of all earth's ones most truly blest.
Governed by a higher power,
At their loving ones' behest;

While living in an atmosphere
Midway between the earth and heaven,
And feeling that a treasure rare
Had unto them been kindly given.

And as they see, from day to day,
The pure transfusing work go on
Within their souls, barren and dry
But just a little time agone, —

Methinks they will, with one consent,
Unite to bless the glorious Giver.
Nor will their hearts be quite content,
Until they safely have passed over

The quicksands of their early youth;
  While self-reliant now, and brave,
They will launch most boldly forth,
  Nor ever fear the "coming wave."

No storms can stay their progress now,
  Or turn them from their heavenward course.
They have, like Moses, had a view
  Of the promised land, from whence

They will look back in future years,
  And bless the day when they became,
By their efforts and their prayers,
  Worthy of the charming name

Of God's elect; for they have grown
  So far beyond the earthly sphere,
They recognize not as their own,
  The sorrow and corroding care

Which fetters still the souls of those
  Who have not courage to break through;
Hoping rather, sweet repose
  Will come to them, instead of their

Having to search for it elsewhere.
  Not that the first do fail to soothe
And comfort these, and also share
  Their joys and sorrows, and forthwith

Awaken in their hearts desires
For nobler purposes and aims;
Teaching to live as God requires,
In spite of all tempestuous storms.

They do by their example prove
God is their refuge and their strength;
For he hath taught them how to live
Within the world, but not *of* it.

. . . . . .

I doubt not that many of you
Are weary of the very name
Of medium, and wish that I
Would drop the subject, and resume

The narrative I had begun.
'Tis meet that I should sometimes go
Outside the limits of your sun;
Else I could never half portray

The life and character of her
Who seems almost an angel now.
Her thoughts are all so fresh and pure,
They must from some clear fountain flow.

Her intuitions grew more keen,
Or rather she became, ere long,
Impressible, and her unseen
And loving guides then had "full swing."

Many instances they gave her
Of their power to her impress;
Making them so plain and clear,
'She did most willingly confess

There was a power outside herself,
Directing her, according to
Her best knowledge and belief.
Of this she seemed quite sure to be;

Although she many times did find
Their ways were not like to her ways;
Nor did their thoughts quite correspond.
This did make some doubts arise;

But they quickly disappeared,
For she found she could not long
Think her thoughts. They had the field;
She was weak, and they were strong.

So she most cheerfully did yield,
Happy indeed to have the chance.
Her soul was with their wisdom filled,
Which made her rapidly advance.

One instance only I shall give,
To here illustrate what I say, —
How she most surely did receive
In that most satisfying way.

Once upon a time there came
A thrilling message from her home.
I should not here of course presume,
Even could I spare the time, —

To give it you: its import was
Sacred to her, and her alone.
Alone, I say: I mean so far
As it did a reply concern.

It did awake within her heart
A fount of grief and anguish wild.
She almost longed to depart,
And dwell with Him, the undefiled, —

Escaping all this world of woe.
These thoughts she did not harbor long,
For they were selfish ones, she knew;
She must be bold and brave and strong.

For others needed sympathy
Such as she alone could give;
Neither could she but partially,
Because they could not it receive.

That very day she did attend
A "spirit-circle," and of course
Received a message from her friend;
The import of which was simply this: —

Come here to-morrow morning, please,
And I will give you my advice.
The circle was at that same place
Where she so often did embrace

The opportunity she prized,
Of holding sweet communion with
Her own dear friends and spirit guides,
Whom she well knew were not a "myth."

Now when she did return that night,
She felt so weary and forlorn,
She ate no supper, had no light,
But shut herself up all alone, —

And loosed the fountain of her grief;
Thinking this the surest way
Of bringing to her heart relief,
Ere she must give her sad reply.

For sad she knew 'twould be to them,
Because they could not understand
The why or wherefore, and would blame
Without a cause. To countermand

Their feelings at the present time,
Would be entirely out of place;
Nor, indeed, could it be done
Without seeming suspiciousness, —

Which she must share until the time
When crooked ways should be made straight.
After a while she grew more calm,
And prepared herself for night;

Though scarce expecting sleep would come,
Which it did not till morning light.
Instead of sleep, kind angels came;
And, with their counsel golden bright, —

Did soothe her gently, while they said, —
"Time will bring these things all right,
If you will patiently abide.
Sorrow endureth but a night;

And in the morning cometh joy."
Now, she had thought the night before,
It would be such a comfort to
Receive advice from her dear pastor

In this her trying hour of need!
She had a realizing sense
Of what it should be; but indeed
She knew not how to it commence, —

Or how the sentences to frame.
But as she lay there, wide awake,
As by some magic power it came,
The answer true, and no mistake.

The sentences were duly framed,
And all so kindly, too, expressed,
She felt she scarcely could be blamed;
And joy once more did fill her breast.

Now, in the morning, she prepared
To fulfill her guide's request,
Because she felt a kind regard
For him who had so often blessed

Her with his counsel and advice;
Though at the present time it seemed
Almost foolish and unwise
For her to go, since there remained, —

It seemed to her, nothing further
To be said, all was made so plain.
She had confided to one other
The cause of her sad grief and pain.

So just before she left, that morn,
She sought her out, and thus did say: —
"I'm going now; on my return
I'll tell you all which comes to me.

But, if it only doth concern
My own reply, 'tis useless quite
For me to go; still I may learn
Something important yet, despite

The feeling, which will force itself
  Upon my mind, that that is all
My errand there." To her relief
  The friend did ask her how so well

She knew what answer then to give,
  Since 'twas only yesternight
She had said she all must leave
  Unto her guide; she could not write, —

Nor even think what should be said.
  She told her friend how it had come
While she was lying on her bed,
  And also gave, in its due form, —

The answer which she thought to write,
  Immediately on her return.
She sallied forth, the rain despite,
  And found the medium alone.

Said not a word that there had been
  Any spirit message given,
Or that she did expect to learn
  Any thing new; she not even

Asking at once for a "sitting."
  Conversing pleasantly a while,
The "sitting" came without the asking;
  For the medium, meanwhile, —

Did all unconsciously quite lose
  Her individuality.
The reason, as you may suppose,
  Was that a personality

Stepped in, and took her place betimes.
  Of course she knows no word that comes,
Or even that another presumes
  To thus control her organism.

It was indeed the pastor guide
  Who took possession, and did give
Whate'er he chose to then confide,
  Without once saying, "By your leave."

He gave almost the self-same words
  Our friend received the night before:
Then told her, with his kind regards,
  'Twas him who had impressed her, —

And, as she knew, who now controlled,
  He wished her to her thoughts compare
With what she had just now received,
  And tell him if they really were

Just precisely all the same.
  It seemed to him he could quite well
Now control her mind and brain;
  But she herself could better tell.

And for that purpose he had tried
To give the same in these two ways;
That she might be quite satisfied,
He could control as he did please.

He also said, the surest way
Of getting things entirely pure
Was by impression; and that they
Should this way give them unto her, —

Whenever they could make it plain.
It was almost impossible
To give her, through another brain,
That one, of course, susceptible

To influence, although unconscious,
Without having it partake
Somewhat of the qualities
Of the medium at stake.

Her lesson now she felt was learned.
Right glad was she, you may be sure,
That she had not unwisely turned
From what had now been given her.

Because it did her heart encourage
To on herself much more rely.
It was indeed a privilege,
To feel herself thus guided by

These angel visitants, and know
They could transmit unto her brain
Their wiser knowledge, nor bestow
Their own far-reaching thoughts in vain.

By this, my friends, you'll doubtless see
That spirits do control at will.
As in this instance, they also
Contrive their mission to fulfill,—

Sometimes, without the liberty
Of the instrument through which
They give the same. Their ability
For this dependeth not so much

Upon themselves, as the quality
Of these same ones they do control;
It might be well just here to say,
They work according to the soil.

Some mediums refuse to yield
(Perhaps they can not: I don't say)
To the influence which would
Control them in a gentle way:

So, if they are controlled at all,
It must be done against their will;
And by the ones who do control
Bending to "their own sweet will."

One instance I will here relate,
Which came within my observation:
'Twas at a conference select,
Where many spoke by inspiration.

During a pause, a rustling sound
Near by attracted me to look;
And, as I did just glance around,
I saw a lady leaning back, —

While at the time she thus did say, —
"Please take me out: I am so sick!"
The friend beside her did reply, —
"The spirits wish that you should speak."

The fiend had seen her thus before,
And understood the case right well.
Knowing the spirits would restore
If she their wishes would fulfill.

She clasped her hands in agony.
"Oh, no, I can not! I shall die."
And then she seemed to swoon away.
Just then I caught her friend's mild eye, —

As she did gently raise her up.
Ah! that face did seem transformed:
A brilliant smile did light it up.
She then arose, and turned around, —

Just pausing to take off her hat,
And then, as if a princess born,
Sped she so boldly to the front,
Ascending there the low platform.

Then for a moment fixed her eyes
Upon the breathless audience,
Who gazed at her in some surprise.
This was her first experience

In speaking in a public place.
Then she did make a graceful bow,
Boldly commenced a fine discourse,
Which same was kindly listened to

By all who were advanced enough
To appreciate all its worth.
Her voice was neither coarse nor rough;
Yet, as the measured tones poured forth, —

They seemed like to some orator.
The language used was scholarly;
Showing whoever did control her
Was educated, and that finely.

Both words and manner did bespeak
A highly-cultured mind and heart.
Some sentences she gave in Greek,
Thus showing this had been a part

Of the education which
The controlling spirit had been
Perfected in, and which also
He could give forth, himself unseen.

He occupied but little time,
Though what he said was to the point.
Indeed, it seemed almost sublime;
As if an angel had been sent

To harmonize the minds of earth
(As, indeed, I think the spirit had).
He did apologize at length
For having been, or seemed, unkind

In forcing her who now did speak;
And that so much against her will.
'Twas him, he said, who made her sick.
Had he not done so, she would still

Have been just sitting quietly,
Listening to what others might say.
He knew he had distressed her greatly,
But 'twas for her good, as she would see.

It would have been impossible
To have persuaded her to this.
The only way for him to rule
Was to take her thus by force.

If one had gone unto her house,
And promised her "thousands" in gold
To come and speak in that same place,
She would have said she never could.

She did possess no earthly store
Of wealth or wisdom: yet she had
A mediumistic gift most rare,
Which should be used for others' good.

And, as for her education, it
Was very limited indeed.
She had no power of elocution;
And, when she said "she never could,"—

She spoke but truth; for of herself
It would have been impossible.
The blame or credit he himself
Must take, and be responsible

For all which had through her been given.
He hoped ere long to come again;
Again control her organism,
And that without giving such pain.

This, he said, was only one
Of the many instances
In which the weak ones did become
Instruments for heavenly graces

To be poured forth upon mankind;
  Confounding thus the strong and mighty
(Who search in vain the truth to find)
  By their sweet simplicity.

He bowed again most graciously,
  Conducted her back to her seat,
Which she had left unconsciously.
  She found herself without a hat;

Supposed of course 'twas taken off
  When she had felt so very sick,
And was indeed surprised enough
  To learn about the spirit's trick.

The friend who sat beside her was
  One whom I had often met,
And in whose word I sure could place
  The utmost confidence and trust.

She did confirm what had been said
  About her friend the medium,
By the spirit who her controlled.
  She thought the language was sublime,—

And knew 'twas very far beyond
  Her friend's capacity to give,
Or, she thought, to comprehend,
  Had she been able to receive.

This has been given you to show
Just one phase of mediumship.
As, when our Saviour dwelt below,
There were "diversities of gifts," —

"Diversities of operations,"
So even at the present time
Are diverse manifestations,
But just the same spirit sublime

Given to man to profit withal,
And to work out the self-same truth;
The same God "worketh all in all;"
And the same spirit prevaileth.

We are admonished by St. Paul,
To "covet earnestly the best gifts;"
Again he saith to one and all,
"And desire spiritual gifts."

If prayer doth all the others bring,
And yet leaves out sweet charity,
We say with him, "I am nothing,"
Because I have not charity.

. . . . . .

Although our valued friend became
Impressible, as we have seen,
She, as before, from time to time
Held converse with the medium, —

Just in her old accustomed way.
It gave enjoyment far too keen
To be transmitted in a day.
She also did fresh lessons glean, —

And felt herself renewed by grace,
Regretting not the time she spent.
It seemed like talking face to face
With one who could so well give forth

New forms of truth, and also base
The same upon fixed principles,
Suiting the action to the case,
Enlarging the receptacles

Of her understanding, and
Furnishing to her, as well,
The precious seed these did demand,
To make them yield fruit plentiful.

He once endeavored to explain
Somewhat of the mystic power
Of the laws of magnetism,
Which ever stand firm and secure

Although so little understood
By us below, or yet, indeed,
By the thronging multitude
Now passed unto the "other side."

He gave an explanation of
What with us is termed "death;"
Although the name he chose to give
Was, "birth unto the spirit-life."

Which same was an established faith,
Confirmed by all who had passed from
Their clayey tenement of earth,
Whose spirits now were free to roam.

All, he said, had spirit-friends,
Who kept o'er them a watchful guard;
Assisting them in all their needs,
If by these friends they were allowed.

(I now do speak of "spiritual things,"
Which must, of course, be so discerned.)
As in this life, our conduct brings
Unto us friends chaste and refined, —

Or the reverse, according to
Our own impulses and desires,
Just so it is with spirits too;
They are just what our life requires.

(Our "guardian spirits," I do mean.)
If they are not the very best,
'Tis no one's fault but just our own;
And shows our life, to say the least, —

Has been perverted, so that now
'Tis hard to break away from them:
Nor can we, either, unless we do
"Deny ourselves," "take up our cross,"

And "follow after righteousness,"
Attracting only spirits pure;
And by our own unselfishness
Making it most doubly sure

No others will attempt to come,
Or to our hearts and souls inspire.
This will, we know, seem strange to some
Who have not yet learned to acquire

What they do long so to possess,
By their *own effort* or *desire:*
Thinking 'twill trouble them the less
Whate'er they want, to *get by hire.*

We pity them: they yet must learn
That no good thing they can possess,
Until they do it duly earn.
The loving smile and soft caress

Require, alike, a kind return;
Else they become cold and heartless,
Showing they're only just "put on."
Alas! they leave you comfortless.

Again: I would compare these same
Unto a family I know.
(Do not think I them would blame;
I only wish they better knew.)

Their hearts were kind, and full of love;
And yet they were not over-wise,
Nor could I all their ways approve.
(I speak now of the parents' ways.)

They were not rich in this world's goods,
As some count riches,—by *their gold:*
Yet all the comforts life affords,
And also luxuries untold,—

Did seem to come within their reach.
Much hard labor they had done,
Indeed, did still; yet failed to teach
The importance of the same

Unto their children, now quite large:
Much sooner do it all themselves.
These would, of course, some time engage
In a pursuit to help themselves;

But "let them now enjoy their youth,
They only have one life to live:
Trouble will come quite soon enough,
Then let them now no cross receive."

"Truly the light is sweet: 'tis pleasant to
behold the sun;
But, if a man live many years,
Let him remember the days of darkness,
For they shall be many."

Again: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth,
And walk in the ways of thine heart;
But know thou that for all these things
God will bring thee into judgment."

I make no comment on these words:
Indeed, they do explain themselves;
And hundreds more His Word affords,
Which might be multiplied by twelves,—

Teaching us that whatever we
Expect to be, or do, on earth,
We should not willingly delay,
But should commence the same in youth.

Now this same family did have
A garden, which did yield much fruit.
The strawberries were fine and large,
Just in their prime, so nice and sweet:

The children all, both great and small,
Thought them delicious, and could scarce
Be satisfied with them at all.
Up came their dishes, once, twice, thrice, —

"If you please, mamma, I'd like
More strawberries, they are so nice."
It might be well just here to make
A few remarks, and show the case.

They kept a servant, — *only one:*
Of course she could not find the time
To pick the berries, and her own
Daily duties also perform.

What then is done? Oh, that's all right!
The children to their pleasures go,
Choosing some cool and shady spot;
No thought of care upon their brow;

Gay and happy, unless, perchance,
They have to mind the "little ones,"
Which duty tends not to enhance
Their pleasures much, if by their tones

We are to judge; for, lo! their voice
Is neither birdlike nor very sweet;
They wish the "young ones somewhere else, —
Always getting under foot."

Unto the garden mamma goes:
The sun is pouring down so hot!
But, oh! she sees such quantities
Of berries ripe, she minds it not;

And, though it takes her three long hours,
  She gathers all which now are fit.
The scorching sun still hotter pours
  Upon her back, which now is wet

With perspiration! and she feels
  So tired and weary! it will take
Just all her time till dinner calls
  To hull them, and herself to make

Look neat and tidy for the meal.
  She has used up the whole forenoon;
But, never mind, her darlings all
  Do so enjoy the berries fine.

"We'll have them for dessert to-day,
  It will be such a glorious feast;
There'll be enough left then for tea.
  They ripen now so very fast, —

I think they must be picked again
  By to-morrow, if the sun
So brightly as to-day doth shine;
  But really I am overrun

With all the things I have to do,
  And surely can not spend the time
For that; beside, I want to go
  And make some calls in the afternoon.

Perhaps for once the children will
  Pick the berries; I will see."
So in the morning she does tell
  The children how the case doth lie,

And ask them if they'd be so kind
  As to pick them just this once.
Do as they pleased, she did not mind;
  Only she thought they might them miss.

"I can not," the son replies;
  "For after dinner we play ball:
That's work enough for these hot days;
  And so this morning I'll keep cool."

"Well, my daughters, and what say you?"
  "O mamma, dear! I want to go
And see Jane Shaw: she asked me to,
  Don't you know? some time ago."

"Well, if you do, I sha'n't stay
  Picking berries all alone;
No, I thank you, not for me;
  For I can't quite see the fun."

Alas! of all those children three,
  Who thought the berries were "so nice,"
Not one was willing, as you see,
  Their help to lend in any wise.

Now you may ask which was to blame, —
The mother or the (un) grateful son,
The parent, or the daughters fine?
(Any way, it is a shame!

No berries will they have for tea.)
("Mamma) I fear they'll think me awful mean:
I wish I hadn't got to go, (to child),
In truth, I'd rather stay at home."

We think you know *our mind* so well,
We leave it now to your good sense,
If such a thing doth in you dwell;
If not, pick berries through the fence,

Until your vision grows more clear;
The clouds are now so thick and dense,
They do your *reason* quite obscure,
Although the *berries* are immense.

Alas! *they* too do soon become
But an acknowledged nuisance,
Taking all your precious time, —
You shall be glad when they "go hence."

Now, this I gave to illustrate
The life and character of those
Who do prefer to live "in state,"
And only just themselves to please.

The case is not just quite the same;
For in the last we know for sure
Precisely where to fix the blame,
Precisely who the same must bear.

What saith the prophet Ezekiel
About the 'watchman' being set
Unto the house of Israel,
For to sound aloud the trumpet?

When he foresaw danger ahead,
If he did this, and warned them all,
Although the people disobeyed,
He should deliver his own soul.

But if the watchman failed to fulfill
The Lord's command, and give alarm,
The people died, of course; but still
He alone must bear the blame.

Now, the watchmen all are here, —
Not all, perhaps, in human form,
And surely not by human power,
Any more than at that time;

But if they do their part perform,
And we, meanwhile, are out of reach,
Hearing not the trumpet blown,
We must infer what this doth teach.

And if a person will not heed,
  Or turn him from his wicked ways,
"His blood shall be upon his head,"
  Nor shall his soul find a release.

In this enlightened age we know
  The fount of wisdom grows more clear;
And all who will may to it go,
  Trusting in all its words so pure.

Whatever blessings we would claim,
  Whatever treasures make our own,
Must strive to wisely earn the same;
  For thus did He, God's only Son.

I do not say all must be earned
  Just in the self-same way and form,
'Tis evident unto our mind
  "Each has a mission to perform."

One, it may be, by his brain,
  Another by "sweat of the brow:"
All have passions to restrain,
  Though many hesitate to try;

Thinking alas! 'twill be less hard
  If they do wait till "by and by,"
Forgetting that our every deed
  Will bear its fruit, and we shall be

Judged according to the same,
If good the fruit, also the tree;
If the reverse, where rests the blame?
Could we but bear in mind each day

That "*Little* deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden
Like the heaven above," —

Should we not strive to be more kind,
And live as Christian brothers should?
No tie except of love to bind
Our hearts in unison for good.

Perhaps you think that I do leave
My subject matter quite too oft;
I beg your pardon, yet perceive
My thoughts can not but soar aloft.

'Tis "by the grace of God," I know;
His blessed angels tell me so:
Where'er I go, whate'er I do,
I trust they'll safely guide me through, —

And welcome to that peaceful home
Where there is no shade of guile;
Yes, in that bright and "golden sometime,"
I feel I scarce can wait the while.

But my subject to resume,
As doth regard the "spirit birth,"
He said that spirits from their home,
Did behold their friends on earth;

And did anticipate their birth
To spirit life, just exactly
As did parents upon the earth
Look forward with anxiety

Unto the time they should bring forth;
They made their preparations too;
To them assist at time of birth,
Just as much as parents here do, —

When an infant child is born.
There also was a cord which bound
The spirit to the earthly frame,
Like unto what was always found

Connecting mothers and their babes.
The body passed through suffering,
But the spirit he thus describes
When it is the body leaving, —

"As in childbirth, first the head
Should be brought forth, so the spirit
Should be drawn, and *through* the head:
It is magnetism which does it.

You have doubtless observed the feet
Do first grow cold, and this is why: —
The spirit has commenced its exit,
Is being drawn from low to high.

Its progress oft is much impeded
By friends unwilling to it resign,
And, were these laws more known and heeded,
'Twould save much suffering and pain.

One truth I would communicate
Which *should be known to all mankind;*
When one lies in a dying state,
Friends in the form, who gather round, —

Should center above or near the *head*,
And by their magnetism assist
The spirit in its time of need:
Far better this, than to resist, —

And the death-agony prolong;
Detaining by their selfish might
The spirit, which can not stay long,
But soon will take its upward flight, —

Borne by spirits near and dear,
Who will attend unto its needs,
Dissipating every fear,
Conducting to their own abodes, —

Where all is love, and light and joy;
And here it shall no good thing lack,
But rest in peace till able to
Commence its own predestined work.

(Excuse me if I say right here,
It also is important that
When earthly child-birth hour is near,
Friends should assemble at the *foot*, —

Just the reverse of spirit-birth:
I tell you true, this is no whim;
For magnetism helps to bring forth,
And much alleviates the pain.)

I would not wish you to infer
That all have friends equally dear,
Awaiting on the other shore;
For, as on earth many appear

Quite solitary and alone,
Those who could win no friends on earth
Could scarce expect to find right soon
Congenial friends, or those whose worth

They could appreciate all at once;
Their natures must expand and grow
Ere they can learn, by power of sense,
To embrace the joys they did forego;

The ones who realize most fully
The joys which do await them there
Are those who here did love most truly,
And their loved ones "went before;"

While they are now only waiting
For the shadows to grow longer;
I say me nay: they too are working,
And each day are growing stronger,

Showing by their sweet submission,
And their kindly thought for others,
Their grief hath opened up the fountain
Whence do flow the "living waters;"

And in their hearts they bless the Lord
For all his mercy and his goodness;
Through all their lives they'll praise the Lord,
In times of health, in times of sickness;

Knowing that their aspirations
After truth and righteousness
Will help them to perform their missions
With a spirit full of kindness.

Many, I think, do keep aloof
From that which doth at all pertain
To Spiritism, nor wish a proof
Convincing it is aught but sin

To give the subject due regard:
  Because that many who do possess
(And blow their trumpet very loud)
  A knowledge of these mysteries

Do oft berate the "Christian Church
  With all its damning heresies,"
And say its doctrines do but teach
  A well-concocted string of lies, —

Without reason or common-sense:
  And seem to think nought can be done
By spirit power or influence,
  Until the "Church" comes tumbling down.

I feel to say they would rejoice
  At such a sad catastrophe,
And sound aloud with clarion voice, —
  "We have gained the victory."

"Now, I beseech you, brethren,
Mark them which cause divisions and offenses
Contrary to the doctrine
Which ye have learned; and avoid them."

I think that those who would demolish
  Our churches quite, and lay them low,
Should firstly learn, and then abolish,
  The heinous errors they forego;

Those who would take our doctrines from us,
And lead us forth in pastures strange,
We would kindly ask to tell us
What they can give us in exchange, —

And how our souls are to be fed?
Is it with the heavenly manna?
Or will they give us husks instead?
Saying, indeed, we have not any.

St. Peter saith, "The prophecy
Came not in old time by the will of men;
But holy men of God spake
As they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

But there were false prophets also among the people,
Even as there *shall* be *false teachers among you*,
Who privily shall bring in damnable heresies,
Even denying the *Lord* that bought them.

And many shall follow
Their pernicious ways,
By *reason of whom* the *way* of *truth*
Shall be evil spoken of."

"They allure through the lusts of the flesh,
And despise government: presumptuous are they,
Self-willed: they are not afraid
To speak evil of dignitaries."

"These are wells without water,
Clouds that are carried with a tempest."
"Whereas angels, which are greater in power
and might,
Bring not railing accusation against them."

"I write not these things to shame you.
But as my beloved sons I warn you."
"What will ye? shall I come unto you with a rod,
Or in love, and in the spirit of meekness?"

"Brethren, I beseech you, be as I am:
For I am as ye are: ye have not injured me at all."
"I have confidence in you through the Lord,
That ye will be none otherwise minded:"

"For, brethren, ye have been called unto liberty,
Only use not *liberty* for an *occasion* to the *flesh;*"
"But take heed lest by any means this liberty
of yours
Become a stumbling-block to them that are weak."

Much rather, my brethren, say with St. Paul,
"But I have used none of these things."
"Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty
Wherewith Christ hath made us free."

"But, if ye bite and devour one another,
Take heed that ye be not consumed one of another.
This I say, then: walk in the spirit,
And ye shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh."

These criticisms may seem severe,
Nevertheless I think them true;
And all which has been given here
Has been given with a view

To eradicate the errors
By *establishing* the *truth;*
And thus I say to earnest seekers, —
Fear thou not. Go boldly forth

Fortify thy self-reliance;
Know first *thyself*, then learn the *truth:*
There is a pitiable ignorance;
There *never was* a "dangerous truth"

For *those who rightly could receive it:*
This is why I the caution give
To you and all, *First know thyself;*
Then learn the truth, and to it cleave

In spite of all the powers of earth,
Or sinner's hell, if such there be:
There is, no doubt, a hell, forsooth,
Yet quite unlike the one which we

In former days did hear portrayed,
As a "seething, foaming lake"
Where fire and brimstone ever made
The dying sinner *shiver* and *shake.*

Such doctrines now we scarce do hear,
And would to God that nevermore
Could reach a sinner's listening ear
Such mad blasphemous words of lore.

The Scripture teachings we have had
Almost a century of years,
And yet how *little understood!*
"When we've been there ten thousand years,"

Will doubtless be the song of many
Who even then can scarce conceive
"The things prepared for them" or any
Who do the gracious Father love.

Ask ye why? God's word doth tell:
"The natural man receiveth not
The things unseen and spiritual:"
"They are foolishness unto him;"

And "neither can he know, because
They are spiritually discerned;"
"God hath revealed them unto us
By his Spirit;" the Spirit of God

"Searcheth all things, yea, the deep things
Of God." "Which things also we speak
Not in the words which man's wisdom
Teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth:

Comparing spiritual things with spiritual;"
"And I, brethren, could not speak unto you
As unto spiritual, but as unto carnal,
"Even as unto babes in Christ;"

"For what man knoweth the things of a man,
Save the spirit of man which is in him?
Even so the things of God
Knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God;"

"For they that are after the flesh
Do mind the things of the flesh;
But they that are after the spirit,
The things of the spirit."

"For to be carnally minded is death;
But to be spiritually minded is life and peace;"
"The flesh lusteth against the spirit,
And the spirit against the flesh."

I here beg leave to just express
My sentiments upon the theme
Which has occupied a place
In these pages, without rhyme.

It is a subject I have given
Much time and thought, and have also
Endeavored to, by observation,
Justly discern 'tween "false and true."

("I think also that I have the Spirit of God.")
I feign would tell to you, my friends,
How oft my heart has been made sad
From a contact with those minds

Who, though believing as I do
In many things, do lack in those
Of high import, as they do show
By using all their feeble powers

God's Church and people to overthrow;
Thinking, because they have discovered
Some truths which many do not know,
The Christian's ties must all be severed;

And they conform to — I don't know what,
As if, indeed, they could stoop so low.
Well, now, "the long and short of it"
(This is a homely phrase I know)

In my opinion is just this: —
If these same people who berate,
Would release from an abyss
Christian souls, to *share their fate*, —

They must use their best endeavor,
Try to *themselves* first elevate,
And also raise their standard higher
Else they can not assimilate.

The pastor of our early friend
(We have not quite forgotten her)
Once brought this subject to our mind:
He said that people greatly err, —

And show a lack of charity,
As well as being quite unjust
Unto the Church's loyalty:
Many Christians he knew expressed disgust

At the casual mention of
Incidents worthy of note.
Did they not savor muchly of
A doctrine they could but refute, —

(Doctrine is not just quite the name
For a well-established fact)
Known as "modern Spiritualism:"
It would require no little tact, —

To have this subject systemized,
Its many bearings made more plain;
It had so long been stigmatized
As something "dreadfully low and mean," —

Not by the ignorant alone,
For there were some in every class,
From highest to the lowest down
Who their contempt did oft express, —

And would be glad to crush it out
Of existence if they could:
Or, rather, if they could without
Soiling their own white kid gloved-hands.

Now, if these great antagonists
Should to each other come quite near,
With such conflicting elements,
They both might well tremble with fear

For the result, as might we all.
They seem, however, not to be
In any haste to have a battle,
Which is by far the better way.

Think not that we attribute this
Unto their own good common-sense,
Nor yet unto their cowardice,
But to the Lord's restraining grace.

Her pastor did moreover say
That these same churches did contain
Many Spiritualists even now,
Although they would not own the name.

Indeed, they could not; for they knew
It not themselves, although they were,
In heart and deed, the same most true,
And were also influenced more,—

In their daily walk and work,
By this same power they did ignore,
Than we did know or even think,
The spirits sometimes did inspire

Preachers and teachers for their work,
When they themselves had not a thought
Of any assistance in their task,
Unless, indeed, it had been wrought

By the Lord God himself, or else
By *the Spirit* or *the Son*.
This is true in the broadest sense:
'Tis by his *instrumentality* alone.

Many assume, nevertheless,
That all *direct* from *Him* must come.
Now, these assumptions we think false,
And that God's work is mostly done

By his agencies, pure, sublime,
In heaven above, on earth below;
It must have been in olden time,
As no wise person will deny.

We think the fact self-evident,
From the words of Holy Writ;
And all who read with wise intent,
Must, we are sure, acknowledge it, —

As scarce a page from first to last,
Of the Old or of the New,
Can be perused, without at least
One instance coming to our view

Of what some angel said or done:
Each had a mission then, as now.
The Lord did speak to sons of men
Through angels then: so doth he now.

'The angel of the Lord *called unto*' Abraham,
When he 'stretched forth his hand,
And took the knife to slay his son,'
Saying 'Lay not thine hand upon.'

The angel of the Lord '*wrestled*' with Jacob
Through the night watches lone and still,
Then blessed him as a prince, and said
His name should be called 'Israel.'

The angel of the Lord '*went before*' Israel
When he journeyed to Mesopotamia,
Where he found his wife Rebecca
Near by a well at eventime.

'The angel of the Lord *found*' Hagar
'By a fountain of water in the wilderness;'
Again, 'God heard the voice,' when there was
no water,
And, behold! a well, as she 'opened her eyes.'

The angel of the Lord '*stood in the way*' *of Balaam*,
And would not let his *anamile* go;
And 'she fell down under Balaam:'
Poor Balaam! he didn't know what to do.

'The angel of the Lord *said unto*' Gideon,
When fear came upon him ('for because I have seen
An angel of the Lord face to face'),
'Fear not: thou shalt not die.'

The angel of the Lord '*touched*' Elijah
'As he lay and slept under a juniper-tree:'
This was before the chariot of fire
Took him by a whirlwind on high.

The angel of the Lord was '*sent*' unto Daniel
To shut the lions' mouths lest they hurt
This holy man whom King Darius
Caused to be cast into their den.

The angel of the Lord '*appeared unto*' Manoah
(Or, rather, his wife), foretelling the birth
Of the son who 'slew a thousand men,'
And all just with 'a new jaw-bone.'

"And David lifted up his eyes,
And saw the angel of the Lord
Standing between the earth and heaven,
Having a drawn sword in his hand."

Time would me fail to here relate
The many instances in which,
In dreams and visions, they did cite
The words of God, and ways in which

God would have his people go.
Now, one thing I would here proclaim,
God's *angels* oft did thus and so,
God *himself* did just the same;

At leâst the Bible tells us so,
Clear and distinct, in many a place,
Here we read, An *angel* thus did say,
While there we find the *very same case*, —

The Lord did say, or God did say,
And also, when an *angel* spake,
Unto the *Lord* they made reply:
They seemed to no distinction make

In this ancient history
Between the 'Lord,' and his 'spirits,'
'Angels,' 'saints,' and other agencies;
All shared alike God's epithets.

The angel of the Lord said unto Hagar, —
'I will multiply thy seed exceedingly;'
'And she called the name of the *Lord*
That spake unto her, Thou *God* seest me.'

'And David lifted up his eyes,
And saw the *angel* of the Lord;'
'And David said unto *God*, —
O *Lord* my *God*, be upon me,' &c.

'The *angel* of the Lord appeared unto Moses'
In a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush;
'And, when the *Lord* saw that he turned aside
to see,
God called unto him out of the midst of the bush.'

In these three cases you will see
'Angel,' 'Lord,' 'God,' all applied
Unto the power or agency
Which the intelligence supplied.

In the five books which Moses wrote,
The *Lord* is used most frequently,
Especially when he doth cite
His own experience chiefly.

St. John saith, "For the law was given by
Moses;
But grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."
Immediately following cometh this
(As if anticipating this error, or having per-
ceived it): —

"No man hath seen God at any time;
The only begotten Son,

Which is in the bosom of the Father,
He hath revealed him."

Instead of thinking God *himself*
Did all these wondrous deeds perform,
We have much more abundant proof
That *only through others did they come.*

This book of wisdom doth contain
Records of places and times untold
Where the *Lord*, or *God*, hath been *seen*
And countless ones when his *voice* has been
heard.

Jesus saith, "I and my Father are one;"
"He that believeth not God hath made him a
liar;"
"If we receive the witness of men,
The witness of God is greater."

"I said in my haste, All men are liars."
For what if some did not believe?
Shall their unbelief make
The faith of God without effect?

"God forbid: yea, let God be true,
But every man a liar."
Shall we believe his words are true?
For thus he saith of the Father: —

"Ye have neither *heard* his *voice*
At any time, nor *seen* his *shape*."
"No man hath seen God at any time:"
Why doth God's people so affirm? ye ask.

Now, unto us it seems quite plain:
'Twas only done for brevity;
For what, indeed, is in a name?
With just but one known agency.

. . . . . .

Well, my dear friends, I've had a race
From Genesis to — I don't know where.
I may not show it in my face,
But I do *feel* the "worse for wear."

Think you the spirits I did chase
Beheld me from the "evergreen shore,"
Smiling at my awkward grace?
The roads were crooked, I am sure:

How glad we'll be when they all get straight!
Though I fear it yet will take some time;
And that reminds me I did start
Before I finished all my rhyme

Concerning churches and their people's
Spiritism and its champions (!)
They each have burdens on their backs:
The churches have too many "isms;"

While the opposing ones do lack
The Christian element, so needed,
To get them started in the track
From which a *few* have seceded.

Others had nought to *secede* from;
We should these same pity, forthwith,
Kindly urging them to come;
Accepting what *they* know of truth;

Such as *we* have unto *them* give,
Helping each other to arrive
Unto a state of perfect love,
And harmoniously to live.

Others there are who do combine
The truths and graces of the two,
Like as the ivy doth intwine
Its branches in some sheltering tree.

On such as these our hopes are centered
For the future generations.
Of all earth's others they have entered
The "everlasting habitations."

Their robes are growing whiter, purer,
They taste e'en now the joys of heaven.
Earth's "bright hopes" grow fainter, dimmer,
As sublimer ones are given, —

Far transcending in their brightness
  Aught which human eyes have seen,
Seem those quickened by the likeness
  Of the Father and the Son.

I know not how to place before you
  The theme which is a very part
Of life itself, while I am with you,
  So deeply graven on my heart.

I long to see God's Church become
  (By Church I mean each Christian soul
Which hath a hope beyond earth's home)
  Instructed in the mysteries

Of heavenly wisdom, fresh and pure,
  From those bright spheres where angels walk.
Angel spirits of friends most dear,
  Who used with us to walk and talk, —

And still will do so if but we
  (Spiritually I mean, of course)
Will make conditions for them to,
  Giving to us their kind advice;

Pointing to their own bright homes,
  Guarding us with tender care
Through all of life's tempestuous storms,
  Until we too with them may share

The glorious scenes depicted there,
  Inspiring us with noble thoughts,
And high resolves, that even here
  Our souls may reach sublimer heights, —

And be prepared to vie with them,
  When we shall drop this "mortal coil,"
Which doth much hinder earth's ones from
  Progressing swiftly; we must toil;

But, Oh! how sweet to feel that those
  We love so dearly are even now
Regarding us with tender eyes,
  More full of love and pity too

Than when they dwelt with us, and gave
  Expression to their sentiment!
And shall we not their love receive?
  And they so ready to cement

The ties of friendship gendered here?
  Methinks their hearts do often grieve,
When loving ones show no desire
  To aid their kind attempts to give

A knowledge of the future state,
  As it has been portrayed to them.
They would most gladly, too, relate
  All the wonders they have seen.

But, no! you turn away in fear,
And *dare* not list to what they say;
Or if you do at all give ear,
And do receive that which you know

Comes from a friend you once did love,
You will not tell, no one shall know,
Or even guess, you ever gave
Your time and thought in such a way.

What would they think? "Know ye not
That the friendship of the world is enmity
with God?"
"To him that knoweth to do good,
And doeth it not, to him it is sin."

Many an one I've heard declare
They had no wish to know a word
Of *how* their "dear ones" were, or *where.*
It seems so strange, and so absurd!

Father, mother, brother, sister,
And, perhaps, one dearer still,
Have passed unto a brighter sphere.
Are they happy? Are they well?

Can you, my friend, with truthful soul,
And in sincerity of heart,
Persist in saying it is all
The same to you, and matters not

Where, or how, or what they are?
'Tis very strange, you must admit.
Neither doth it at all compare
With your conduct before their exit.

I will be lenient, for I know
You are "deceiving your own selves,"
Perhaps not now, but "by and by"
Your soul will burn with new resolves.

Then higher thoughts and higher aims
Will your gentle bosoms swell,
And for *truth's* sake, if not your friends',
You will be glad to learn it all.

I think that even now there are
Few who have lost their "dearest ones,"
But would be glad to with us share
The privilege, which still remains

So full and free to all who seek,
And seek aright, the fountain pure.
'Twill comfort give unto the sick,
And make their hopes of heaven more sure.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"
Methinks they are; who can say nay?
Who could so well know our just merits?
Who could so lovingly repay

A mother's warm and tender care,
As that dear child who went away?
She knows the anguish you must bear,
And would so gladly comfort you

By telling of her own bright home;
Her dear companions and pursuits.
Her heart is light; no shade of gloom
Beneath her sun, which never sets.

No joys of earth can quite compare
With the bliss she now enjoys;
Which bliss can in its turn no more
Compare with that which she foresees.

Her mind expands from day to day,
And her thoughts grow brighter, clearer,
As she walks the heavenly way:
These thoughts she would share with her mother.

And will that mother turn away
From her sweet and gentle daughter,
Because of what the world may say?
If so she is a foolish mother, —

Who only can expect to reap
The grain which she preferred to sow;
When, indeed, she might drink deep
From the fountain which doth o'erflow

With heavenly knowledge, and wisdom too.
That some are held in check, I know,
Who otherwise would gladly go
To seek communion in this way.

Some friends of theirs, perhaps, have been
Without receiving satisfaction.
There may have been no one to blame,
It only was a wrong condition.

Another time, another place,
Or another medium, might
Your disappointment all erase.
Be not discouraged: all will come right

If you do only persevere.
The medium may be at fault;
Or, rather, you may not secure
An one quite suited to the spirit.

The controlling spirits do seem
Quite anxious that the laws which govern
Also control the medium
Should be better understood;

Although they do proceed with care,
Fearing lest they may give offense;
Neither are they themselves quite sure,
As they do lack experience.

So, "if at first you don't succeed,"
Obey this rule, and "try again."
Our mediums have been compared
To instruments all out of tune.

(The people help to make them so.)
The spirit may be all "in time,"
And know just what he wants to say;
But fails to find a medium

Through which he can communicate
So that he may be understood.
The little which the friends *do* get
Seems not at all like what they would

Expect from him; and they distrust.
Whereas, if they would take more time,
Have stronger faith, a firmer trust,
It would, I think, come right in time, —

And would repay them more than double.
If they did try twice, or thrice even,
What was that? No great trouble
Compared to what is after given.

But I forgot the instrument.
Suppose a celebrated player
Sat down to a strange instrument:
His heart and soul did seem on fire, —

Because he long had been deprived
Of his favorite amusement.
But now "A feast I'll have," he cried.
Alas! prepare for disappointment.

No sounds but harsh, discordant ones
Do reach the listener's wondering ears.
He is disgusted with its tones;
Thinks ne'er again he'll "put on airs."

But, after all, he's not to blame.
Give him a well-tuned instrument,
And see if it will sound the same.
And thus it may be with the spirit.

It can do right well its part,
When it doth find the way and means,
But sometimes doth almost lose heart,
And fear these people have no brains.

From this you'll see it doth require
Much perseverance on their part,
As well as yours. And let me here
Suggest to you upon the start: —

If you do to a medium go,
"Go with pure mind and feeling;"
And let your heart from care be free;
And let there be no "double dealing"

Unless you wish it in return.
The spirits which do you attend
Have, themselves, much yet to learn.
Treat thou them all with due respect;

And they will doubtless, in their turn,
Regard your wishes, and endeavor
To do for you the best they can,
If true; if false, you will discover

In time "to save your soul alive:"
Nor then give up, but try another;
Doubting not ye will receive
A soul-joy which ye cannot smother.

If you but once do get a taste,
I'll be content; for I am sure
My words will only be a waste;
For you'll need urging nevermore.

. . . . . .

Perhaps, my friends, you would me ask, —
How doth progress our heroine?
She is learning well her task,
And will, we hope, now quite soon

Commence to write, as was foretold;
Although we could not fix the date.
Indeed, her pastor seldom would
Opinion give in this respect.

He said, with them they counted time
Not like we do upon this sphere;
They saw events, and by the same
Could get, perhaps, somewhere near;

Yet they never felt quite sure,
And seldom tried the time to get.
While one event might seem quite near,
Another seemed quite distant yet, —

And still another came between.
They saw them all, and knew quite well
Which would come first, which intervene:
Farther than this they could not tell.

I do not wish to here convey
The opinion that none have power
"The times and seasons" to descry.
I speak just only now of her, —

And the guides which did attend.
When an event was very near,
They did often condescend
To give the time distinct and clear.

Otherwise they seemed inclined
To keep quite silent, if they knew.
This adage may have ruled their mind: —
"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

Our friend was not at all inclined
To ask beyond what they might choose
To spontaneously provide.
She felt her indignation rise

Full many a time, at words addressed
Unto these same "invisibles,"
Who were so often sorely pressed
By questionings innumerable.

Much as she loved their sweet converse,
She ever felt a sense of awe
Stealing o'er her outwardness, —
A fear, lest she something might say

Or ask amiss, or which might shock
Their quick susceptibilities.
Her future was a sealed book,
Except so far as they did choose

Its pages to unfold to her.
She would as soon, yea, much sooner,
Have endeavored to descry
The secrets of a soul of honor

In the form; and that, we know,
Would be beneath her dignity.
Her thoughts, howe'er, would come and go,
Almost with the rapidity

Of lightning flashes, and brooked control.
And sometimes, too, came as quickly
A kind reply unto her soul;
Showing that they read correctly

Her mind, as well. No secrets she
From them could keep, nor did she wish it;
But only to be pure and true, —
Faultless within, the same without.

A character we seldom find
Of more innate delicacy,
A soul more noble and refined.
She had been thus from infancy.

One caution now I wish to give
To those who seek their angel friends: —
It hath been said, "Ask and receive:"
This may fulfill the law's demands;

And still it may not please your friend,
Unless done in a civil way.
Remember, they have not attained
Perfection yet, and sometimes may, —

If they do respond at all,
Partly reply in your own coin.
Then treat them kindly, and you will
Much more satisfaction gain.

It also hath been said of old, —
"Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss."
If ye do here find things twice told,
Let them more deep your minds impress.

"Shall we know each other there?"
These words did furnish, just for once,
Between our friend and pastor dear,
The subject for a short discourse.

Each one, he said, did know instinctively
Who was his friend, and who was not;
For none could there deceitfully
Pretend to that which they were not.

This lesson all did quickly learn;
As they were sure to be found out
If they attempted such a thing.
Confusion there was never wrought;

For law and order were the rule.
As for society, each one
Did his or hers alone control:
They were beholden unto none.

Congenial hearts alone could meet
In the bonds of sacred love.
Earthly ties, borne by deceit,
Found no dwelling-place above.

Harmony of thought and feeling
Failed not to attract and gain
Friends, who, all their love revealing,
Had no harsh feelings to restrain.

Of course, if any chose to seek
The abodes of sinfulness,
They could do so, and partake
Of all their sins and wickedness;

Just the same as in New York,
Or any other earthly place,
One could plunge into the depths
Of degradation and disgrace.

But would God's noblest ones of earth
Have any *inclination* to
Place themselves in such a berth?—
Except it were to kindly try

To upraise those darkened souls;
Who scarce have seen a ray of light;
Pointing out the fearful shoals
Which wreck the traveller in the dark.

No more could these polluted ones
Enjoy refined society,
Nor hear the happy, joyous tones
Proceed from heaven's locality.

'Twould not be 'manna' to *their* souls,
Nor bread which they would care to eat;
The wave of sin which o'er them rolls
Seems more natural and sweet, —

Because of their perverted life.
They must begin by slow degrees
To change their habits; but the strife,
Though hard of course, would bring sweet peace

When it had the victory won.
For every knee in time shall bow,
And every tongue confess the Son
Most worthy all the honor due.

Many people have yet to learn,
That "kingdom of God," or "kingdom of heaven,"
(Which in the Scriptures mean the same:
Compare Mark vi. and verse 11, —

With Matthew xiii., verse the same),
As here applied, doth designate
Not a *place* of wide renown,
But simply indicates a *state*.

State of what? do you inquire?
State of the *heart* and *soul within*.
Doubtless many will this ignore,
Declaiming that it is "too thin."

But, if we comprehend aright,
'Tis what the word of God doth teach.
Jesus, "when he was demanded of the Pharisees,
When the kingdom of God should come, —

"He answered them, and said, The kingdom of God
Cometh not by observation:
Neither shall they say, Lo here! or, Lo there!
For, behold, the *kingdom of God is within you:*"

'The kingdom of God is *come unto you*,'
'The kingdom of God *shall be taken from you*.'
Blessed are the pure in spirit,
For theirs *is* the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they which are persecuted
For righteousness' sake;
For theirs *is* the kingdom of heaven."
Observe, not *shall be*, but *is*.

'For the kingdom of God *is at hand*.'
"And he lifted up his eyes on his disciples,
And said, Blessed be ye poor;
For yours *is* the kingdom of God."

'And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly,
He said unto him, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God,
'And that we must through much tribulation
Enter into the kingdom of God;'

"Let not your good be evil spoken of:
For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink;
But righteousness, and peace, and joy in the
Holy Ghost."
"For the kingdom of God is not in word, but
in power."

"And I will give unto thee
The keys of the kingdom of God;
"Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of
God
As a little child, he shall not enter therein;"

"But I tell you, of a truth,
There be some standing here,
Who shall not taste of death
Till they *see* the kingdom of God;

"What! know ye not that your body
Is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in
you,
Which ye have of God, and ye are not your
own?"
"Our God is a consuming fire."

'But seek ye first the kingdom of God;'
"It is better for thee to enter
Into the kingdom of God with one eye
Than, having two eyes, to be cast into hell."

If heaven is within us, as we have shown,
Is it not as reasonable to suppose
The sinner's *hell* is also within?
"And your argument with hell shall not stand."

"The pains of hell gat hold upon me;"
"The sorrows of hell compassed me about;"
David was surely *in the form*
When *these hells* were in or around him.

"My flesh also shall rest in hope,
For Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell;"
"The way of life is above to the wise;
That he may depart from hell beneath."

"He seeing this before spoke of the resurrection
of
Christ, that his soul was not left in hell;"
"Watch ye therefore, and pray always,
That ye may be thought worthy to escape."

If He, our Example, so good and great,
"Descended into hell," and rose again,
Does it not prove beyond a doubt,
Others may do the very same?

"I would not that ye should be ignorant,
How that all our fathers were under the cloud;"
Just think, if you please, where Jonah was sent,
And where was *the hell* from which he cried, —

"Whither, then, shall I go from Thy Spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:
If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there."

"For every one shall be salted with fire;"
"Have salt in yourselves, and have peace one with another;"
"Better is he that ruleth his spirit
Than he that taketh a city."

We trust the exposition given,
Of heaven and hell as a *state*,
May not be found without its leaven
For many do, we think, mistake

The meaning which these passages
(And others too of like import)
Are intended to convey: then refuse
Thou not, kind friends, our wise report

To kindly consider, and compare
With your conception of the same;
And may you now and evermore
Love better *truth* than worldly fame!

This doth, we think, also explain
Just how it is, and why as well
It hath been said, "We each do make
Our own heaven or our own hell."

We think this same not much amiss
Nor do we *only* make *our own;*
If we no others cheer and bless,
It proves we have no heaven within.

And, if no heaven, we sure must have
Something akin to the reverse;
And from this same others receive
Bounteous supplies, as matter of course.

How important, then, to all concerned,
That we possess the joys of heaven,
And always have at our command
A fresh supply of goodly leaven, —

Which shall not only satisfy
Our own soul's need, but also tend
Our words and deeds to qualify,
And harmoniously to blend

With those who need our kindly aid,
Also our loving sympathy,
To cheer them on the heavenly road
To spiritual prosperity!

I trust, my friends, you'll bear with me
While I more fully do express
My mind, respecting churches free
From sanctimonial prejudice.

(If any such there chance to be,
Which I sometimes do almost doubt)
'Twill be indeed a glorious day,
When all the earth shall sing and shout

The *same* new songs, with hearts attuned
To sacred mirth and minstrelsy,
When *all*, the praise of God shall sound
In one glad song of ecstasy, —

In which are no discordant tones
To mingle with the heavenly strains,
Which echo from all lands and zones,
In thankfulness to Him who reigns

O'er earth and sky, o'er land and sea,
"How good and gracious is the Lord!"
All tongues and nations *then* shall know
As predicted in his "sure word."

"And other sheep," "not of this fold,"
Shall hear the voice of the "Good Shepherd;"
And he will bring them, we are told;
"There shall be *one* fold and *one* shepherd."

And Jesus saith, "Upon this rock will I build
my church,"
Not my churches, you will perceive.
"Christ also loved *the* church,
And gave himself for it, —

"That he might sanctify and cleanse it,
That he might present it to himself
A glorious church, not having spot
Or wrinkle, or any such thing."

Hath it been so kept, — this glorious church?
Hear what the Lord himself doth say: —
"When ye come together in the church,
I hear that there be divisions among you."

There were divisions in churches then,
There are divisions in churches now;
There was much truth and purity then,
There is much truth and purity now.

Nevertheless "Ye are not all clean."
What saith St. Paul of the church?
"If then ye have judgments of things
Pertaining to this life, set them to judge

"Who are *least esteemed* in the church.
I speak to your shame: is it so
That there is not a wise man among you, —
No, not one that shall be able

"To judge between his brethren?"
On the other hand, what say they of St. Paul?
"But we desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest:
For as concerning this *sect* we know

"That everywhere it is spoken against."
"He expounded and testified the kingdom of
God,
Persuading them concerning Jesus,
Both out of the law of Moses, —

And out of the prophets,
From morning till evening;
And some believed the things
Which were spoken, and some believed not."

'They agreed not among themselves,'
But 'had great reasoning among themselves.'
"And Paul lived in his own hired house,
And received all that came unto him,"—

Preaching and teaching 'with all confidence.'
My friends, I can scarce help compare
The teachings of those bygone days,
With those we now are permitted to share;

Also the reception of the same,
And by the churches, if you please,
He (St. Paul) received 'all who came unto
him,'
And yet he dwelt 'in his own hired house.'

Why was this? can you conceive?
Would not the *churches* let him in?
They saw, and yet "could not perceive:"
Of course they *dare* not let him in.

And, beside, this 'sect' was everywhere
'Spoken against,' and why was this?
It seems to me wondrously clear,
'Twas "too advanced" for their ideas.

Another reason: what saith St. Paul?
"For I suppose I was not a whit behind
The very chiefest apostles, but though
I be rude in speech, yet not in knowledge."

'Rude in speech:' could they listen
To such an one, receive his word?
Although much grace might have been given:
"A chosen vessel of the Lord"

He may have been, it scarce would seem
He could have been unto the *church:*
His task a thankless one we deem,
Or else he boasteth overmuch.

"I labored more abundantly than they all;"
"I have preached to you the gospel of God
freely;"
"So have I strived to preach the gospel
Not where Christ was named, lest I should build

'Upon another man's foundation:
But, as it is written, to whom he was
Not spoken of, they shall see:
And they that have not heard shall understand."

We infer from this his teachings were
Among the lowly sons of earth,
Those who had not, it would appear,
Much "wealth of gold" to shower forth.

His trials were too numerous
To mention here: 'mong others were,
'Hunger and thirst,' 'cold and nakedness,'
'Beaten with rods,' 'stripes above measure.'

'In perils in the wilderness;'
'In perils among false brethren;'
'In weariness and in painfulness,'
'In watchings often,' 'in fastings often.'

"Beside those things that are without;
That which cometh upon me daily,
The care of all the churches."
'I labored more abundantly.'

His fourteen epistles do show
That he labored most faithfully;
Much time and thought he did thus bestow
On churches, who treated him scornfully.

His words, at times, seem to express
Feelings akin to pent-up grief;
Almost a tinge of bitterness,
Because of people's unbelief.

His nature, doubtless, sensitive;
At least, it doth that way appear,
For he would not that any give
Compensation for his labor.

"And when I was present with you,
And wanted, I was chargeable to no man."
"And in all things I have kept myself
From being burdensome unto you, —

And so will I keep myself."
"Truly the signs of an apostle
Were wrought among you in all patience,
In signs, and wonders, and mighty deeds.

For what is it wherein ye were
Inferior to other churches?
Except it be that I myself
Was not burdensome to you?"

"The third time I am ready to come to you:
And I will not be burdensome to you:
For I seek not yours, but you."
"I will very gladly spend and be spent for you:

Though, the more abundantly
I love you, the less I be loved:
But be it so, I did not burden you."
Did I make a gain of you

By any of them whom I sent unto you?
"Did Titus make a gain of you?
Walked we not in the same spirit?
Walked we not in the same steps?"

For I fear, lest, when I come,
I shall not find you such as I would;
And that I shall be found
Unto you such as ye would not."

"Then was given to me a thorn in the flesh;
The messenger of Satan to buffet me,
Lest I should be exalted above measure.
For this I besought the Lord thrice, —

That it might depart from me.
And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for
thee;
For my strength is made perfect in weakness."
"Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities;

For, when I am weak, then am I strong."
"For we can do nothing against the truth,
But for the truth; for we are glad
When we are weak, and ye are strong.

And this also we wish, even your perfection.
Therefore I write these things, being absent,
Lest, being present, I should use sharpness
According to the power which the

Lord hath given me to edification,
And not to destruction.
Finally, brethren, farewell.
Be patient, be of good comfort;

Be of one mind, live in peace:
And the God of love and peace shall be with you.
Greet one another with an holy kiss:
The Holy Ghost be with you all! Amen."

. . . . . .

"I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart;
I will show forth all thy marvelous works;
I will be glad and rejoice in thee."
"For thou hast maintained my right and my cause."

This was the language of my heart
As, in the house of God to-day,
I listened to the glad report
Of one whom I in childhood knew

As pastor, friend; father in years:
His kindly face, and noble brow,
Awoke within sweet memories
Of those bright days so long ago.

His form and features were familiar;
His voice, an echo from the past,
So deep and rich the tones peculiar,
The language of an earnest heart.

I could not very well remember
His former teachings, but to-day
Methought an angel kind and tender
Must have told him what to say ;

And all to please "poor little me ;"
Oh ! what am I, my gracious Lord,
That thou shouldst ever mindful be
Of my firm trust in thy sure word, —

And fill my waiting, hungry soul
With angel's food ? I nought can give
Thee in return, except my toil
For thy dear sake ; wilt thou receive

And bless the same ? and may I share
With other souls thy perfect gift,
Repaying all thy tender care
By aiding others to uplift

The 'veil' of "Moses' ancient law,'
Substituting in its place
Our Saviour's loving gospel true
All so bright and glorious !

This was the subject of discourse,
To which I listened with delight ;
As he did many things rehearse
Which I had penned but just last night ;

I mean the *substance*, *not* my verse:
  This greatly did my heart rejoice,
Because in all I could not trace
  One sentiment to mine averse.

Much said he concerning Paul,
  Who did this same epistle write;
Second Corinthians iii., pray read it all,
  And may it by God's Holy Spirit

In 'fleshy tables of the heart'
  Be written all indelibly!
And may you have in Christ rich trust!
  God then shall be your 'sufficiency.'

"But if the ministration of death,
Written and engraven in stones, was glorious,
Which glory was to be *done away*,
How shall not the ministration

Of the spirit be *rather* glorious?
For, if the ministration
Of condemnation be glory,
Much more doth the ministration

Of righteousness *exceed* in glory;
For even that which was made glorious
Had no glory in this respect,
By reason of the glory that excelleth."

The law, he said, did only tend,
As 'schoolmaster,' to bring us all
Unto our Christ, who was the 'end'
Of 'law' to all of 'Israel.'

The law did threaten, it had no mercy;
The law caused fear, it knew not *love;*
The law commanded, not led gently;
The law condemned, it *did not save.*

An illustration beautiful
He also gave to show us how
The gospel *love* doth much excel,
In power and glory, Moses's *law.*

The moon, he said, gave forth much light;
But, when the glorious sun did rise,
Its splendor was so much *more* bright,
The light of moon did "wax and wane."

It had not gone: it still remained;
So did the *law* which Moses gave,
And would, indeed, forever stand;
But our Saviour's 'gospel of love,'

The 'ministration of righteousness' —
Did Moses's law 'exceed in glory,'
As the *sun* in all its brightness
Did outshine the *moon's* pale beauty.

Excuse me if I here do give
Some thoughts suggested to my mind
Upon the theme of 'law' and 'love'
Which was so truthfully explained

By our noble-minded friend: —
We now are in the morn of life:
Not one can see or know the end.
Of course there must be toil and strife;

There e'er has been, there e'er will be,
So long as earth and heaven remain;
Yet our hardest battles, it seems to me,
Have all been fought, the 'victory won.'

In days of old there was no light,
Except unto 'God's chosen few;'
And theirs seemed not so very bright:
Their faith alone kept it in view.

Our progress yet has been but slow:
Although the 'Sun of Righteousness'
Arose hundreds of years ago,
We comprehend not half its brightness

Or half its glory, even now;
And, as I said, we yet do seem
Just in the morning of our day;
A day in spring, so doth it seem.

The winter now is past and gone,
With its nights so long and chill,
And days which scarce could see the sun
Ere it sank to rest behind the hill.

These winter days I would compare
To those dark ages long ago,
Before our Saviour did appear,
His love and mercy for to show.

His coming seems like gentle spring's;
The days grow longer and more bright:
The birds are here, they sweetly sing,
And fill our hearts with glad delight.

Excuse me, friends, nor think me mad,
If I a little farther go.
The spring which made our hearts so glad,
And led us gently all the way,

Must soon give place to summer day,
Bidding us all a kind adieu.
Urge him not for to longer stay;
He knows far better than do you.

Then hear his words, judge by the *truth*, —
First let me say the word (truth) oft seems
To infer, the spirit of truth.
May this knowledge send some gleams

Of light unto the 'sons of earth.'
'Holy Spirit,' 'Comforter,'
'Holy Ghost,' 'Spirit of truth,'
Seem all to mean the very same.

"Nevertheless I tell you the truth;
It is expedient for you that I go away:
For, if I go not away,
The Comforter will not come unto you;

But, if I depart, I will send him unto you."
"Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth, is come,
He shall guide you into all truth:
For he shall not speak of himself;

But, whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak,
And *he shall show you things to come:*"
"But the '*Comforter*,' which is the '*Holy Ghost*,'
Whom the Father will send in my name, —

He shall teach you all things,
And bring *all things* to your *remembrance*,
Whatsoever *I* have said unto you;"
"And, because *I* tell you the *truth*, ye believe
me not."

"And they shall turn away their ears from the
'*truth*,'"
"Who concerning the '*truth*' have erred."

"If we say that we have no sin,
We deceive ourselves, and the '*truth*' is not in us."

"He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments,
Is a liar, and the '*truth*' is not in him."
"Jesus answered, Thou sayest that I am a king,
For this end was I born;

And for this came I into the world,
That I should bear witness unto the '*truth*.'
Every one that is of the '*truth*' heareth my words."
"And for their sakes I sanctify myself, —

That they also might be sanctified through the '*truth*;'"
"Pilate saith unto him, What is *truth*?"
"And, if I say the '*truth*,' why do ye not believe?"
"Ye *shall* know the '*truth*,' and the '*truth*' shall make you free.

That we henceforth be no more children,
Tossed to and fro, and carried about
With every wind of doctrine,
By the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, —

Whereby they lay in wait to deceive us;
But, speaking the '*truth*' in love,
May grow up into Him in all things,
Which is the head, even Christ."

"That the '*truth*' of the gospel might continue
with you;"
"For we can do nothing against the '*truth*,' but
for the *truth*,"
"But we are bound to give thanks alway to
God for you,
Brethren, beloved of the Lord, —

Because God hath from the beginning
Chosen you to salvation, through sanctification
Of the '*Spirit*,' and belief of the '*truth*.'"
"We therefore ought to receive such, —

That we might be fellow-helpers to the '*truth*.'"
"For I rejoiced greatly when the brethren came,
And testified of the '*truth*' that is in thee;
Even as thou walkest in '*truth*.'

I have no greater joy than to have
My children walk in the '*truth*.'"
"Who will have all men to be saved,
And to come unto the knowledge of the '*truth*;'"

"That the '*truth*' of the gospel might continue
with you."
"Who hath bewitched you, that ye should not
Obey the '*truth*,' before whose eyes
Jesus Christ hath been evidently

Set forth crucified, among you?"
"Because they received not the love
Of the '*truth*,' that they might be saved."
"Ever learning and never able

To come to the knowledge of the '*truth*.'"
"Now, as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses,
So do these resist the '*truth*.'"
My friend, "art not thou also one of these?"

And dost thou not in thine heart resist
The *Comforter*, the "*Spirit* of *truth*,"
Which shall "teach you all things," also assist
In bringing to remembrance the truth?

And dost not thou also turn from
The 'Spirit of truth' (or spirits), which by
this power,
Christ saith, shall "show thee things to come"?
Have ye or yours this mystic power?

Has thou the 'veil' upon thine heart?
Or hath it been taken away?

I beseech thee, friend, search well thine heart,
If there the 'vail,' behold the remedy.

"And not as Moses, who put a 'vail' over his face,
That the children of Israel could not steadfastly look
To the end of that which is abolished,
But their minds were blinded;

For unto this day remaineth the same 'vail,'
Untaken away in the reading of the Old Testament;
Which veil is done away in Christ."
May God help your unbelief!

May the same Lord direct my pen!
For that which now I would reveal,
I fain would write with 'iron pen'
Upon thine heart, and it unseal.

Mark thou this, that 'Moses' vail'
Is said to be 'over his face,'
So 'that the children of Israel'
From Moses' day, even unto this, —

'Could not steadfastly look'
Unto the end, which end is Christ.
End of what? what saith the Book?
End of the law, 'done away in Christ.'

Here comes a pause; note ye the change?
Christ no longer is the theme,
Another comes, mysterious, strange.
And yet the same Christ said *should come.*

"But even unto *this* day, when Moses is read,
The vail is upon their heart;
Nevertheless, when it shall turn to the Lord,
The vail shall be taken away.

Now, the *Lord* is *that spirit;*
And, where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.
But we all with open face beholding,
As in a glass, the glory of the Lord, —

Are changed into the same image,
From glory to glory, even by the spirit of the Lord."
When Christ came, he abolished the law,
And yet he did not take it away.

Nor did he take the "vail" away,
If we do comprehend aright;
List ye! "*The vail shall be taken away:*"
Ask ye by whom? "By the Spirit."

Or, if you please, by *those spirits:*
For have we not most clearly shown
There be *many* 'ministering spirits,'
Although the *power* be God's alone?

I fear I've not made plain to you,
About the 'vail' on Moses's face:
We read that *it* was '*done away*,'
Away from what? *just from the face.*

"But even unto *this* day
The 'vail' is upon their *heart*."
Dost see? *Christ* took not *that* away.
He did most faithfully *his part.*

The Spirit is waiting to do his.
Will ye drive him from your heart?
Nay, open wide the prison doors,
And make him of thyself a part.

For then, indeed, shall ye be 'changed'
From "glory to glory," into his image same.
The spirits pure have it arranged,
And wait for you to bid them come.

Oh, my dear friends, did you but know
One-half the blessedness I feel,
And which increaseth day by day,
As 'these' more lofty thoughts reveal, —

Methinks you would unbar the door
Of thine unbelieving heart,
And never, never, oh! nevermore
Live thyself from 'them' apart.

But open wide the doors long barred,
Bid angels pure enter therein ;
Strip thee of thy 'robe of pride,'
Let no *earth pleasures* come between.

They are but vain and hollow all,
Compared to those bright joys unseen,
Save by those whom angels call,
And who are willing, in their turn,—

To give them heed, and learn the way
To heaven, and God, and all that's good.
Yet, they will kindly teach you how
To shun the ways that lead to bad ;

They will soothe thy aching brow,
And cheer thy heart so lone and sad,
And, Oh ! such tender love bestow,
It can not help but make thee glad, —

Glad that thou on earth below
Can commune with saints above,
Those saints thine own dear loved ones too,
Made still more happy *by thy* love.

And now, my friends, canst thou not see
Why the summer days must come
Ere we can all their brightness know ?
The 'Comforter,' has he not come

Already, to many a heart?
So we do have just now and then,
In spring, a day of summer heat:
Yet not until bright, sunny June

Comes summer with intent to stay.
'Tis then we have our shortest night,
Our longest and our brightest day;
The sun has reached meridian height.

We see its glorious splendor now
As we have never seen before,
And yet we all full well do know,
The sun remains quite fixed and sure.

Its beams do now no brighter shine,
Than in those wintry days of yore.
And so with us. We do divine
Increasing light: the "Comforter"

Hath always been just quite the same;
If not in him, where, then, the change?
My precious friends, 'tis nearer home,
'Tis in yourselves. A wider range

Of thought have you, and also more
Enlightenment; a clearer view
Of what *has been*, what *may transpire*,
Than had your "sires" of long ago.

Summer, spring, and winter too,
All have their pleasures and their cares:
Not only so, their *roses* too,
Each for the coming one prepares.

The precious seed is mostly sown
In the springtime of our years;
Yet not until the summer's sun
Do we behold the cultured flowers.

Thus did our Saviour and our King
Sow seeds of mercy and of love.
It is the '*spirit*' which shall bring
Perfection fitting for above.

The autumn, too, with splendor bright
Will come in time, and bring its share
Of flowers, and tinted leaves so bright,
With ripened fruits so rich and rare.

Then too will come the "golden sheaves,"
From seeds which were in springtime sown;
They sprang up then, and put forth leaves;
No fruit or blossoms yet were seen.

The summer's sun, with genial ray,
Must bring them forth to life, light, and
Then, in the autumn of our day,
We sure shall reap if we 'faint not.'

If thou to me, (as Festus did to Paul)
Shalt say, "Thou art beside thyself;
Much learning doth make thee mad,"
I shall, like Paul, defend myself.

I am not mad, most noble friend;
The words I speak are words of *truth*,
As ye shall find when comes the end,
Though now ye think them little worth.

The "king," too, "knoweth of these things,
Before whom also I speak freely:"
I am 'persuaded' that 'these things'
Were 'not done in a corner' slyly.

"Therefore, seeing we have this ministry,
As we have received mercy, we faint not;
But have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty,
Not walking in craftiness, —

Nor handling the word of God deceitfully.
But by manifestation of the *truth*
Commending ourselves to every man's conscience
In the sight of God. But, if our gospel be hid, —

It is hid to them that are lost:
In whom the *God of this world* hath blinded

The minds of them which believe not;"
Lest the light of the gospel 'should shine unto
them.'

. . . . . .

Good morrow, dear friends; and how do you
do?
I sure am right glad to see you once more;
I often do sit and listen unto
The words of wisdom, the heavenly lore, —

Which is being transmitted unto you,
From what you call the "evergreen shore;"
And now I will tell you the reason why
That name has been given: 'twill ever en-
dure.

'Twill ever be green, this beautiful shore;
Because of our deeds and our words of love,
Which are unto it a refreshing shower:
Now we have indeed a bright home above, —

But we do ourselves help to make it so,
By our endeavor to be pure and true:
Now many receive, while dwelling below,
Of their future abode a very false view, —

And think they can go, as it were, with a bound,
From their homes below, right straight into
glory;

But when they get here they are sure to find
'Twas about as true as an allegory.

If they have endeavored, while there upon earth,
To improve the talents which they did have,
They will find pure joy in the heavenly birth,
And with the bright spirits continue to live;

But if, instead, their talent was hid,
Their first work will be to *hunt up the same;*
Then take warning, dear friends, and do as you're bid;
Do your work *below*, before you do come

To your heavenly mansion bright above,
If when you get here you would enter in:
Elsewise you may knock, you may pray and strive;
'Twill be useless quite, for you can not get in

Without the password; which password is this:
"I have done what I could, do *Thou* the rest:
The talents you gave have amounted to this;
Accept the same, and give me sweet rest."

If this you can say in earnest and truth,
Kind friends will await you when you do get here,

While others attend your passage from earth,
Leaving you no chance for doubt or for fear.

This subject is not the one which I chose
To call to your mind at the present time;
So now I will leave it if so you do please,
And give you a theme which, if not sublime, —

Is no fault of heaven; for here we do know
'Tis the fountain or source of the purest bliss
Which spirits above or mortals below
Have known, or *can know*, and which will them bless, —

Whenever they learn to *interpret aright.*
Many now do make it a fearful abyss,
And try mighty hard to crush it outright:
That never can be: 'tis heaven's own kiss —

Excuse me, dear friends, I had forgotten to give
This wonderful subject its real Christian name
It is — it is — oh, what but "Free Love!"
You may point at me the finger of shame:

'Twill do me no harm, or hinder me either
From "saying my say," accept it or not;
Sin lies at your door, if you do choose rather
To condemn the same, believing it not.

Your hands you may lift in holiest horror;
You may think me one of "arch Satan's"
crew;
But first, my dear friends, had you not better
Just wait a little till you hear me through?

Now unto the friends who already have found
The "pearl of great price," nothing more
need be said
But to you who have heard but the clanging
sound
Of that which you fear would sure kill you
dead, —

If you ever should dare approach very near;
To you is my mission this hot summer day;
I know, my dear friends, you are puzzled sore,
And wondering now what I have to say.

There never has been, there never can be,
A *love* upon earth, a *love* in the sky,
Other than this, *a love which is 'free!'*
Many will doubtless this assertion deny;

'Twill make not with me, or the truth I uphold,
One iota of change: the *truth* will stand firm.
Love can not be bought, love can not be sold.
Doth not your own hearts this language confirm?

If you *love*, you *love;* your lips may deny it,
Your conduct may not in any way show it;
That is, if you choose to never reveal it;
But, if you *love*, you *love*, nor yet can you help it.

If you *don't love*, you *don't*, *say* what you will:
Now, love is unlike every other thing;
You can not control it by force of your will,
Nor can you by *force* the sentiment bring.

It never will come in any such way;
It *must* be *spontaneous*, it *must* be *free*,
Else it is not love. Now, whatever you *say*,
I think in your *heart you'll with me agree.*

It was said of old, "*Love* is strong as death;"
And this also, "Many waters can not quench *love.*"
The subject I leave, for frail sons of earth
Have no power to conceive of heavenly love.

But what I did mean by the dark "abyss"
Is the thing which you do confound with it;
Which last is as black as the blackest of foes,
While the first is as pure as an angel of light.

The first one is *love*, the last one is *lust:*
You may give them one name, and try as you will

To make them appear both on the same list,
Love will be *love*, and *lust* is *lust* still.

However you place them, they never will blend,
For *love* is of *heaven*, and *lust* is of *hell*.
May God in his mercy teach you all to find
Love undefiled from the pure crystal well!

"Beloved, let us love one another:
For love is of God; and every one that loveth
Is born of God, and knoweth God;
He that loveth not knoweth not God;

For God is love." Again: "God is love;
And he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God,
And God in him: herein is our love made perfect,
That we may have boldness in the day of judgment;

Because, as he is, so are we in this world.
There is no fear in love; but perfect love
Casteth out fear; because fear hath torment.
He that feareth is not made perfect in love."

"Love worketh no ill to his neighbor;
Therefore love is the fulfilling of the law:
For all the law is fulfilled in one word,
Even this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

"The elder unto the elect lady and her children,
Whom I love in the truth; and not *I* only,
But also *all they* that have known the truth."
Now, think you, my friends, there's *sin* in such
love?

"I have fed you with milk, and not with meat;
For hitherto were you not able to bear it,
Neither yet now are ye able."
"I have yet many things to say unto you;

But ye can not *bear* them now."
"Moreover, I will endeavor that ye may be able
After my decease to have *these things*
Always in *remembrance*."

"And he that sat upon the throne said,—
Behold, I make all things new."
Let your faith be strong; 'add to your faith
virtue.'
"And the God of love and peace shall be with
you."

"For I will not dare to speak of any of those
things
Which Christ hath not wrought by me."
"But, when that which is perfect is come,
Then that which is in part shall be done away."

"Hearken unto me now therefore, O ye children,
And attend to the words of my mouth;"
"To keep thee from the evil woman,
From the flattery of the tongue of the strange woman."

"And, behold, there met him a woman
With the attire of an harlot;
Let not thine heart decline to her ways,
Go not astray in her paths;

For she hath cast down many wounded;
Yea, many *strong men* have been slain by her.
Her house is the way to hell,
Going down to the chambers of death."

"Lust not after her beauty in thine heart,
Neither let her take thee with her eyelids;"
"For the lips of a strange woman drop as a honeycomb,
And her mouth is smoother than oil;

But her end is bitter as wormwood.
Sharp as a two-edged sword,
Her feet go down to death;
Her steps take hold on hell."

"And I find more bitter than death the woman
Whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands:

Whoso *pleaseth God* shall escape from her;
But the *sinner* shall be taken by her."

"A foolish woman is clamorous;
She is simple, and knoweth nothing;"
"Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither;
And, as for him that wanteth understanding, —

She saith to him, Stolen waters are sweet,
And bread eaten in secret is pleasant;
But he knoweth not that the dead are there,
And that her guests are in the depths of hell."

"Drink waters out of thine own cistern,
And running waters out of thine own well;"
"Let them be only thy own, and not strangers'
With thee. Let thy fountain be blessed;

And rejoice with the wife of thy youth."
"And why wilt thou, my son,
Be ravished with a strange woman,
And embrace the bosom of a stranger?

For the ways of a man are before the
Eyes of the Lord, and he pondereth
All his goings." Take heed, therefore,
Lest your "house be left unto you desolate."

"How much better is it to get wisdom than gold!
And to get understanding, rather to be chosen
than silver."

"The highway of the upright is to depart from
evil."
"Better is he that ruleth his spirit, than he that
taketh a city."

To get 'wisdom,' to get 'understanding:'
How *few* do get it, how *many* refuse it!
How few can say from true hearts and trusting,
"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet"!

Take, for example, the subject which we
Have but just considered, "love and lust;"
And tell me if in the Testament *New*
Ye find them confounded; for I do mistrust

Ye will not be able in any case,
Or even mentioned except in contrast
In any one chapter, in any one verse:
As light is to dark, so love is to lust.

If then, brethren, ye have received this light,
"Walk as children of light,"
"And the world passeth away, and the lust
thereof:
But he that doeth the will of God abideth
forever."

"For ye were sometimes darkness,
But now are ye light in the Lord:

Walk as children of light,
Proving what is acceptable unto the Lord.

And have no fellowship with the unfaithful
Works of darkness, but rather reprove them.
For it is a shame even to speak of those things
Which are done of them in secret.

But all things that are *reproved* are made
Manifest by the light: for whatsoever doth
Make manifest *is light*." Awake, thou that
Sleepest, and Christ shall give thee light.

It is said by some that sin increaseth
Upon this earth. Now this, my friends, is a mistake:
Understandest thou what the Scripture saith?
It may be a 'shame' of these things 'to speak;'

But things that are '*reproved* are *made manifest*.'
Did Christ, our example, suffer shame for our sake?
And shall we, his children, follow his behest?
Or shall we refuse, and tremblingly shrink

From that which may bring reproach on our name?
Come, let us 'reason together,' and see,

If we may, just how the earth has become
More polluted by sin than in former day.

It can not be by the sin of lust,
As I think all who read the history
Of the *men* of old — *even the very best*,
"God's chosen ones" — can not fail to see.

Not chosen *because* of their 'lust,' do I mean;
But, as I said before, their very best
Were burthened with this terrible sin,
Even those who professed in God a firm trust.

They were chosen as ensamples *because they were the best*,
And from these same came Christ our king.
Father Abraham did at the Lord's command
Leave his own native land, and go to Sichem;

And dwelt in Canaan, the fair promised land,
Unto him and his seed, which should be in numbers
As the stars of heaven, and as dust — or *sand*,
I hardly know which, or as much it matters.

His wife was a fair woman to look upon;
And as he journeyed he called her his sister,
Lest for *her* beauty they should kill *him*:
And the Lord plagued Pharaoh because of her.

"Now Sarai, Abram's wife, bare him no child;"
And, she being old, her faith had departed;
And so, foolish woman, she did pray Abram
To go in unto her maid; and Abram hearkened.

"And Abram was fourscore and six years old
When Hagar bare Ishmael to Abram."
And, when he was ninety and nine years old,
The Lord established a covenant with him.

"And God said unto Abraham, As for Sarai thy wife,
Thou shalt not call her name Sarai,
But Sarah shall her name be, and
I will bless her, and give thee a son of her:

Yea, I will bless her, and she shall be a mother
Of nations; kings of people shall be of her.
Then Abraham fell upon his face, and laughed,
And said in his heart, Shall a child

Be born unto him that is an hundred years old?
And shall Sarah that is ninety years old bear?"
"And God said, Sarah thy wife shalt bear thee a son
Indeed; and thou shalt call his name Isaac.

My covenant will I establish with Isaac,
Which Sarah shall bear unto thee
At this set time next year."
"Therefore Sarah laughed within herself."

"And Abraham was an hundred years old,
When his son Isaac was born unto him;
And Sarah said, God hath made me to laugh,
So that all that hear will laugh with me."

Now Abraham's wife, who was very fair,
He surely did love, as his actions show,
But, when she was gone, he married Keturah
She may have been fair: they do not say.

But, whether or no, he never did love her,
Or he sure would not have treated her so:
While Sarah lived, no concubines were,
As we can perceive, made available too.

They afterwards speak of his concubines' sons,
Keturah also did bear for him six:
Now, it seems to us, as his life declines,
He gets pretty fond of the other *sex*.

But him we will leave, and *Isaac* look up:
"And Isaac was forty years old when he took
Rebecca
To wife." "And Isaac entreated the Lord for
His wife (Rebecca) because she was barren:

And the Lord was entreated of him."
  Isaac was threescore years old when she bare
    him twins.
His wife also was 'fair to look upon,'
  And passed for his sister, many times,—

Lest, said he, "the men of the place shall kill
    me for Rebecca."
  In those days, it seems to have been unsafe
To travel with a woman that was fair,
  Lest for her beauty they should take the
    man's life.

And yet they all did seem to love best
  The *beautiful* women fair to look upon:
(If they really knew *love*, which I sometimes
    doubt)
  Most of them took *many*, instead of *one*.

But of Isaac we read no such ridiculous thing.
  Rebecca alone seemed to satisfy him;
And *him* of all others do the scriptures bring
  For our example: the reason is plain.

"But they are not *all Israel*, which are *of Israel*:
  Neither because they are the seed of *Abraham*
Are they all children:
  But in *Isaac* shall thy seed be called."

"Now we, brethren, as Isaac was,
Are the children of promise;
But, as then he that was born after the *flesh*
Persecuted him that was born after the *spirit*,—

Even so it is now.
Nevertheless what saith the scripture?
Cast out the bondwoman and her son;
For the son of the bondwoman

Shall not be heir with the son of the free-woman."
What now of Jacob, whose name was Israel?
And what of his children who are *not all children*?
Now, he was deceived by his own uncle:

So we must have charity, nor blame him too much;
He might have done better had all been fair:
But the sins of others do rest upon such,
The *effects* of them, rather, though not to blame.

"And Laban had two daughters:
The name of the elder was Leah,
And the name of the younger was Rachel.
Leah was tender eyed;

But Rachel was beautiful and well-formed.
And Jacob loved Rachel; and said, —
I will serve thee seven years
For Rachel thy younger daughter.

And Laban said, It is better that
I give her to thee, than that I should
Give her to another man: abide with me.
And Jacob served seven years for Rachel;

And they seemed unto him but a few days,
For the love he had to her.
And Jacob said unto Laban, —
Give me my wife, for my days are fulfilled."

"And Laban gathered together all the *men* of
The place (I suspect the women were *left out*),
and
Made a feast; and it came to pass in the evening,
That he took *Leah* his daughter, and brought
her to him;

And it came to pass, that in the morning,
Behold, it was Leah; and he said to Laban,
What is this thou hast done unto me?
Did not I serve with thee for Rachel?"

"And Laban said, It must not be so done in
Our country, to give the younger before the
firstborn:"

He was required to wait a week only, then take
Rachel to wife, and serve other years seven.

"And he loved also Rachel more than Leah;"
This was the beginning of contention and
strife.
If we can judge rightly, our poor sister Leah
Little happiness found in her wedded life.

"And, when the Lord saw that Leah was hated,
He opened her womb (but Rachel was barren),
And so unto Jacob she raised up seed,
And said that the Lord her affliction had seen.

"Now therefore my husband will love me;"
And then she bare him other three sons.
"Now this time will my husband be joined unto
me,"
She said with the third, because I have borne
him three sons.

With the fourth she said, "Now will I praise
the Lord,"
And she called his name *Judah*."
Rachel envied her sister, and said unto Jacob, —
Give me children, or else I die;

"And Jacob's anger was kindled against Rachel:
And he said, Am I in God's stead,

Who hath withheld from thee the fruit of the
womb?
And she said, Behold my maid Bilhah."

So Bilhah did bear him two sons more.
"When Leah saw that she had left bearing,
She took Zilpah her maid, and gave her to Jacob
to wife;"
And Zilpah did bear him two sons more.

And after a time Leah bare him two more;
And she said, "God hath endued me with a
Good dowry: now will my husband dwell with
me,
Because I have borne him six sons."

Then last of all Rachel bare him a son,
Now this all happened in just those years
fourteen:
(At least, we infer so from his proposed return
To his native land and place of his own.)

His children now did number eleven;
Another had Rachel, which made up the tribe;
Then Leah a *daughter*, they *did* think to men-
tion,
Poor thing! I pity her, with such a tribe
(of boys).

Now, Jacob loved Rachel much better than
Leah;
For that we should think *her* son would have
been chosen,
Through whom should come the promised Mes-
siah,
But judge not rashly; for have we not seen

That Rachel was envious, and not overwise,
We think Leah did make by far the best
mother,
From what we can glean by her words so wise,
Although less fair than her younger sister:

Now, as children are molded by the mother,
Though *love* conjoined is a great essential,
The Lord of two evils may have chosen the
lesser,
Taking the son of Leah, instead of Rachel.

"Behold, every one that useth proverbs
Shall use this one against thee (mothers), say-
ing, —
As is the mother, so is the daughter."
Now Jacob, before he died, blessed each of his
sons, —

Telling what should befall them in the last
days.
To Judah he saith, Thou art he whom thy
brethren

Shall praise: thy hand shall be in the neck of
thine
Enemies: thy father's children shall bow down
before thee.

"Judah is a lion's whelp:
From the prey, my son, thou art gone up.
He stooped down, he crouched as a lion,
And as an old lion: who shall rouse him up?

The scepter shall not depart from Judah,
Nor a lawgiver between his feet,
Until Shiloh come; and unto him
Shall the gathering of the people be.

Binding his foal unto the vine,
And his ass's colt unto the choice vine;
He washed his garments in wine,
And his clothes in the blood of grapes.

His eyes shall be red with wine,
And his teeth white with milk."
We think Judah did stoop down pretty low;
He did take a wife for his first-born son,

By the name of Tamar; but the Lord
Did slay his son for his wickedness, —
Not only his first, but also his second,
Who did marry Tamar. To her father's house

Judah then bid her go, and wait till Shelah,
His third son, be grown: in his *heart* he said,—
"Lest peradventure he die also."
Shelah grows up, but does not wed

His brother's widow, as his father inferred.
Tamar hears that Judah, her father-in-law,
Goeth up to Timnath, unto his sheep-herd;
So what does she do but sit by the way,—

(Where her father-in-law is sure to pass by),
Attired as an harlot, a veil o'er her face;
And, as she premises, he stops by the way,
And begs a great favor; she grants it with grace.

"He said, I will send thee a kid from the flock;
And she said, Wilt thou give me a pledge
Till thou send it? And he said, What pledge
Shall I give thee? And she said, Thy signet,—

And thy bracelets, and thy staff that is in
Thine hand; and he gave it her."
"And it came to pass about three months after,
That it was told Judah, saying,—

Tamar, thy daughter-in-law, hath played the
harlot;
And also, behold, she is with child by whoredom.
And Judah said, Bring her forth, and *let her be Burnt.* When she was brought forth,—

She sent to her father-in-law, saying, —
By the man whose these are am I with child;
And she said, Discover, I pray thee, whose are
these, —
The signet, and bracelets, and staff.

And Judah acknowledged them, and said, —
She hath been more righteous than I;
Because that I gave her not to Shelah my son."
The child that was born of this parentage

Was one in the line from Abram to Christ.
Now, if this was the *best* of society then,
What think you, my friends, must have been
the worst?
And do we here at the present time

Have any that seems so very much worse?
Their *women* were treated about like their
cattle:
Yes, indeed, just bought and sold like merchan-
dise.
If they had a "fair face," it helped a little;

But *then* there was danger, their *husbands* might
die
Because of *their* beauty, a king would possess.
Of women there did seem a full supply,
If we judge by the wives of a man; more or
less.

We never should know from whence they did
come,
As seldom the birth of a daughter we see
Recorded here, only as wives do they seem
Unto the men of importance to be.

He was the head of the woman (or women),
with a vengeance.
Look at Judah, who the *woman would burn.*
And all because of his own evil passions:
He said, "Go to, *I pray thee* let me come in."

From that time they did seem to not progress
much,
Except in the ways of lust and of vice.
Their deeds of darkness did come with a rush,
While those that were good were indeed very
scarce.

Of 'King David,' Jesse's son, we have much to
say,
For he was the man "after God's own heart;"
Though once he foolishly went astray,
And did from the path of virtue depart.

Now, if they had gone according to *law*,
What would have become of poor King David?
"If a man be found lying with a woman mar-
ried to
An husband, then they shall both of them die."

But David was *king:* he might slay his ten
thousands,
As his sweet singers proclaimed; *but who could
touch he?*
Now, according to the Lord's commands,
He was anointed by Samuel a king to be.

"And it came to pass, when they were come,
That he looked on Eliab, and said, —
Surely the Lord's anointed is before him.
But the Lord said unto Samuel, —

Look not on his countenance,
Or on the height of his stature;
Because I have refused him,
For the LORD seeth not as man seeth;

For man looketh on the *outward appearance,*
But the Lord looketh on the *heart.*
Then Jesse called Abinadab,
And made him pass before Samuel;

And he saith, Neither hath the Lord chosen this.
Then Jesse made Shammah to pass by;
And he said, Neither hath the Lord chosen this.
Again, Jesse made seven of his sons to pass by
Samuel;

And Samuel said unto Jesse, The Lord hath
not chosen these.
And Samuel said unto Jesse, Are here all thy
children?

And he said, There remaineth yet the youngest,
And, behold, he keepeth the sheep.

And Samuel said unto Jesse, Send and fetch him;
For we will not sit down till he come hither.
And he sent and brought him in.
Now he was ruddy, and, withal, —

Of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to;
And the Lord said, Arise, anoint him; for this is he.
Then Samuel took the horn of oil,
And anointed him in the midst of his brethren;

And the Spirit of the Lord came upon David
From that day forward."
"And David behaved himself wisely in all his ways;"
"All Israel and Judah loved David, —

Because he went out and came in before them."
"And the soul of Jonathan was knit
With the soul of David,
And Jonathan loved him as his own soul."

But even holy David had more than one wife:
We read of Michal, and we read of Abigail,

We read of his passion which brought sorrow and strife,
And because he did look on a woman so beautiful.

"And it came to pass in an evening tide,
That David arose from off his bed,
And walked upon the roof of the king's house;
And from the roof he saw a woman washing herself;

And the woman was very beautiful to look upon;
And David sent and inquired after the woman,
(And found she was the *wife* of Uriah the Hittite)
And David sent messengers, and took her;

And she came in unto him, and he lay with her."
How true it is that one sin begetteth another!
What was to be done with Uriah, the husband of Bathsheba?
David beguiles him, gets him drunk, —

And thus keeps him from going to his own home;
"And it came to pass in the morning,
That David wrote a letter to Joab,
And sent it by the hand of Uriah;

And he wrote in the letter, saying, —
Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest
battle,
And retire ye from him,
That he may be smitten, and die."

"And the messenger said unto David,"—
"The shooters shot from off of the wall upon
thy servants;
And some of the king's servants be dead,
And thy servant Uriah the Hittite is dead also."

"And, when the wife of Uriah
Heard that Uriah her husband was dead,
She mourned for her husband;
And, when the mourning was past, —

David sent and fetched her to his house;
And she became his wife, and bore him a son.
But the thing that David had done
Displeased the Lord.

And the Lord sent Nathan unto David;
And he came unto him, and said unto him, —
There were two men in a city;
The one rich, and the other poor.

The rich man had exceeding many flocks and
herds,
But the poor man had nothing

Save one little ewe lamb,
Which he had bought and nourished up, —

And it grew up together with him,
And with his children;
It did eat of his own meat,
And drink of his own cup, —

And lay in his bosom,
And was unto him as a daughter.
And there came a traveller unto the rich man;
And he spared to take of his own flock

And of his own herd, to dress for the
Wayfaring man that was come unto him;
But took the poor man's lamb,
And dressed *it* for the man that was come to
him.

And David's anger was greatly kindled
Against the man; and he said to Nathan, —
As the Lord liveth,
The man that hath done this shall surely die:

And he shall restore the lamb fourfold,
Because he did this thing, and because he
Had no pity. And Nathan said unto David, —
Thou art the man."

"And David said unto Nathan, —
I have sinned against the Lord.
And Nathan said unto David, —
The Lord also hath put away thy sin;

Thou shalt not die. Because by this thy deed
Thou hast given great occasion to the
Enemies of the Lord to blaspheme,
The child also that is born of thee shall surely
die."

"And the Lord struck the child that
Uriah's wife bare unto David,
And it was very sick." "And it came to pass,
On the seventh day, the child died."

"And David comforted Bathsheba his wife:
She bare him a son, and she called his name
Solomon; and the Lord loved him."
"And God gave Solomon wisdom

And understanding exceeding much,
And largeness of heart even as
The sand that is on the seashore."
"And he spake *three thousand* proverbs:

And his *songs* were a thousand and five."
"And there came of all people
To hear the wisdom of Solomon,
From all kings of the earth

Which had heard of his wisdom;"
"And, when the Queen of Sheba heard of the fame of
Solomon, she came to prove him with hard questions;
And Solomon told her all her questions:"

"And she said to the king, It was a true report
That I heard in mine own land,
Of thy acts and of thy wisdom.
Howbeit, I believed not the words, —

Until I came, and mine eyes had seen it:
And, behold, the half was not told me:
Thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth
The fame which I heard.

Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants
Which stand continually before thee,
And that hear thy wisdom,
Which God hath put in thine heart."

"But *King Solomon* loved many strange *women*,"
"Of the nations concerning which the
Lord said unto the children of Israel, —
Ye shall not go in to them;

Neither shall they come in unto you:
For surely they will turn away your heart

After other gods: Solomon clave unto those in
love.
(I wonder if his *heart* was affected).

And he had *seven hundred* wives, princesses,
And he had *three hundred* concubines;
And his wives turned away his heart,
For it came to pass, when Solomon was old, —

That his wives turned away his heart after
other gods:
And his heart was not perfect with the Lord
his God,
As was the heart of David his father."
"And the Lord was angry with Solomon

Because his heart was turned
From the Lord God of Israel,
Which had appeared unto him twice,
And had commanded him concerning this thing;

That he should not go after other gods.
But he kept not that which the Lord com-
manded,
Whereupon the Lord said unto Solomon, —
Forasmuch as this is done of thee, —

And thou hast not kept my covenant and my
Statutes, which I have commanded thee,

I will surely rend the kingdom from thee,
And I will give it to thy servant.

Notwithstanding in *thy days* I will not do it
For *David thy father's sake:*
But I will rend it *out of the hand of thy son:*
Howbeit, I will not rend away *all* the kingdom;

But I will give *one tribe* to thy son
For *David my servant's sake*, and for
Jerusalem's sake which I have chosen."
To Jeroboam, thus saith the Lord the God of Israel: —

"Behold, I will rend the kingdom out of the hand of
Solomon, and I will give ten tribes to thee:
Howbeit, I will not take the whole kingdom out of his hand:
But I will make him prince all the days of his life, —

For David my servant's sake whom I have chosen
Because he kept my commandments and
My statutes. But I will take the kingdom out of his
Son's hand, and I will give it unto thee, even ten tribes.

And unto his son will I give one tribe,
That David my servant may have a light
Alway before him in Jerusalem, the city
Which I have chosen me to put my name there.

And I will take thee, and thou shalt reign
According to all that thy soul desireth,
And shalt be king over Israel.
And it shall be, if thou wilt hearken

Unto all that I command thee,
And will walk in my ways,
And do that is right in my sight,
To keep my statutes, and my commandments,—

As David my servant did;
That I will be with thee,
And build for thee a sure house, as
I built for David, and will give Israel unto thee.

And I will for this afflict the soul of David,
But not forever. Solomon sought therefore to kill
Jeroboam." And the time that Solomon reigned in
Jerusalem over all Israel was forty years.

And now, my friends, for your candid opinion:
How does the earth at present compare

With the *very best* of the *old dominion?*
Would you be willing with them to share

Hardships and trials for righteousness' sake
Those "head-lights" I mean, for such they were,
God's chosen ones, who alone did partake
In the wisdom and knowledge ever sure.

Surrounded as they were by sore temptations,
And living in the midst of a lawless
And fearfully perverse generation,
We think it a wonder they were not even worse

Than we from past records find them to have been;
To be sure, we have traced but one crying sin;
If it is not the worst, we think it the one
The hardest, perhaps, for them to restrain

In their then low, rough, undeveloped state.
Of their murders, drunkenness, anger, wrath, strife,
And such like things, time would fail me to relate;
Their whole lives did seem with contentions rife;

Wars and rumors of wars continually:
Who, that did not live very near to his God,
Could endure such an atmosphere, or fully,
Even then, resist the influences bad?

I think we have shown that only one wife
Was approved of the Lord, from the very first:
Our dear Saviour's gospel also accordeth thereto:
"A bishop, then, must be blameless, the husband of one wife, —

"One that ruleth well his own house."
"Let the deacons be the husbands of one wife,
Ruling their children and their own houses well."
"For I am jealous over you with a godly jealousy:

For I have espoused you to an husband,
That I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ;"
"For God hath not given us the spirit of fear,
But of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

Now, my friends, we might with propriety
Consider just briefly, "Who is thine husband?"

By the *law* and prescribed rules of society,
'Tis no hard matter; but are they *valid?*

"So ought men to love their wives as their own
Bodies: he that loveth his wife loveth himself;
For no man ever yet hated his own flesh,
But nourisheth it and cherisheth it."

"Likewise, ye husbands, dwell with them according to knowledge,
Giving honor unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel,
And as being heirs *together* of the grace of life;
That your prayers be not hindered."

"Wives, submit yourselves unto your own
Husbands *as unto the Lord.*"
"Neither is the man without the woman,
Neither is the woman without the man, *in the Lord.*"

"But the woman is the glory of the man."
"But, as the woman is of the man,
Even so is the man also by the woman;
But all things of God."

I do not feel to say much upon this subject;
Nevertheless it is one of the greatest moment
To yourselves, to your race; it will reflect
Either the sunshine of love and content

Upon your posterity yet unborn;
Or else the stigma of lust and vice.
We have, if we mistake not, clearly shown
The lack of pure love in those early days.

They possessed no knowledge of the same;
Their finer sensibilities lay dormant:
It is somewhat so, I fear, with some
Even now. These will doubtless this resent.

But, thank God! we are not *all* asleep;
The "daystar of hope" has arisen:
We can only now through the curtains peep,
But by and by the glorious heaven

Will be revealed in all its splendor.
Happy are ye who *are* "truly married:"
Your love shall grow stronger, your joys brighter.
Your path in life may be rough, and

Friends may prove false, hearts may deceive you;
But if in the Lord you do put your trust,
And if the *one other* prove loving and true,
All's well; "*together*" you can "bide the blast."

The *only* incentive to *marry* should be *love*,
True love: yes, friends, for "It is to be feared

That those who *marry* where they do not *love*
Will *love* where they do not *marry*."

Now, an inspired prophet once did write, —
"For thy Maker is thine husband:"
A modern one (inspired, we think) doth write, —
"God, and not woman, is the head of all."

When all have learned to recognize this truth,
The *true marriage* will have been established.
St. Paul need preach no more unto the earth
Concerning marriage; 'twill be abolished

When he that is married careth *more* for the things
"That belong to the *Lord*," than for those
Which belong to his *wife*, and when the wife
Careth more for the things which "please the *Lord*"

Than for the things which may "please her *husband*."
When both become "holy in body and in spirit,"
These things will strengthen the sacred bond:
They will *need* no *law* to bind them to it:

"For fair knowledge would multiply like life;
And two dear souls that see one truth, and, turning,

Also see each other's face glow in that truth's
light,
Are something more than lovers."

"Jesus saith unto her, Go,
Call thy husband, and come hither:
The woman answered and said, —
I have no husband. Jesus said unto her, —

Thou hast well said, I have no husband;
For thou hast had five husbands;
And he whom thou now hast is not thy hus-
band:
In that saidst thou truly."

"Plead with your mother, plead:
For she is not my wife, neither am I her hus-
band:
Let her therefore put away her whoredoms out
of her sight,
And her adulteries from between her breasts."

Friends, it gives me pain to write, or even think,
Of the unhappiness and misery
Entailed upon those who only drink
From the *bitter* fountain of matrimony;

Those who are joined in *name* and by *law*,
While their *hearts* are ever so wide apart.

Know ye not it is a sin to bestow
  Your hand, your *body*, your LIFE, without your
    heart?

May God help you and deliver you!
  May he give you that are *free*, understanding
    hearts,
And help you to be unto *yourselves* true,
  Avoiding arch Satan's most stealthy darts, —

That you give not ever, never, oh! never,
  Your *hand* without your *heart*, your *life* with-
    out *love*,
And, ye that are bound, *these bonds ye must*
    sever;
  It is the will of thy Father above.

Methinks I hear exclamations of surprise,
  With looks of amazement and wonder;
Saying, What will you have us do with this? —
  "What, therefore, God hath joined to-
    gether, —

Let not man put asunder."
  If you live in *peace*, *harmony*, and LOVE,
There's no occasion to be put asunder:
  The marriage is sanctioned by God above.

If ye live in contention and strife,
  Having each for other no love in your heart,

God has had nothing to do with your married life:
If him you would please, *you surely must part.*

Again he will say, Then how with this? —
"Whosoever shall put away his wife,
Saving for the cause of fornication,
Causeth her to commit adultery:

And whosoever shall marry her
That is divorced committeth adultery."
I shall answer this question by asking another, —
What *is* fornication? What *is* adultery?

From whence do they come? "For out of the *heart*
Proceed evil thoughts, murders, *adulteries*, persecutions.
Whoever looketh on a woman to lust after her
Hath committed adultery with her already in his heart."

"For from within, out of the heart of men,
Proceed evil thoughts, *adulteries, fornications;*"
Marriage is honorable in all, *and the bed undefiled,*
But whoremongers and *adulterers* God will judge."

What meaneth this? the marriage-bed *undefiled?*
My friends, I take great liberty of speech;
But I do believe, if the ranks were filed,
There is of adultery fully as much

In the holy (!) estate of matrimony
As there is outside. Ye do err from the truth
When ye place *men*, and men-made *laws*,
Before your God who judges the *heart*.

"Thou that sayest a man should not commit
Adultery, dost thou commit adultery?"
"For, wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest
Thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things."

"Ye are they which justify yourselves before *men;*
But *God knoweth your heart;*
For that which is *highly esteemed* among *men*
Is abomination in the *sight* of *God*."

When a man hath taken a wife, and married her,
And it come to pass that she find no favor in his eyes,
Let him write her a bill of divorcement, and give
It in her hand, and send her out of his house."

Behold! there are two great evils upon earth,
And ye that are free may avoid both ones,
While ye that are bound by the folly of youth
Must of the two choose the *lesser* one.

It is better to turn from the ways of sin,
Than still to go on just "living a lie."
For, if your love and affection be gone,
You can not live truly, 'tis useless to try.

"Woe unto you, ye blind guides, which say,
Whosoever shall swear by the temple, it is nothing;
But whosoever shall swear by the gold of the temple,
He is a debtor. Ye fools and blind! for which is greater, —

The *gold*, or the *temple* that sanctifieth the gold?"
"What! know ye not that your *body*
Is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you,
Which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?"

"Every sin that a man doeth is without the body;
But he that committeth fornication sinneth

Against his own body." "Ye blind guides, which
Strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel."

"What shall we say, then? is the *law* sin? God forbid!"
"Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the
Prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill."
Then one which was a *lawyer*

Asked him a question, tempting him, and saying,
"Master, which is the *great* commandment in the law?
Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the
Lord thy God with all thy heart —

And with all thy soul, and with all thy mind;
This is the *first* and *great* commandment.
And the second is like unto it, —
Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

On these *two* commandments hang all the law and
The prophets." "And upon this rock I will build my church;
And the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.
And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

"Wherefore the law is holy, and the
Commandment holy and just and good."
"The law being a *shadow* of good things to come,
And not the *very image* of the things."

"For the *law* made nothing perfect,
But the bringing-in of a *better hope* did;
By the which we draw nigh unto God."
"Do we, then, make void the law through faith?

God forbid; yea, we establish the law."
"But, when *faith* came, we were kept under the
law,
Shut up unto the faith which should afterwards
be
Revealed." "Did not Moses give you a law?

And yet none of you keepeth the law."
"Who have received the law of the disposition
Of angels, and have not kept it."
"The law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto

Christ, that we might be justified by faith.
But, *after that faith is come*,
We are no longer under a schoolmaster."
"For ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

"For the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus
Hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

There is therefore no condemnation
To them which are in Christ Jesus.

Who walk not after the flesh,
But after the Spirit."
"If we live in the Spirit,
Let us also walk in the Spirit."

"There is *one* lawgiver who is able to save and
To destroy." "Bear ye one another's burdens,
And so fulfill the law of Christ."
"So speak ye, and so do ye, as they

That shall be judged by the law of liberty."
"For, brethren, *we have* been called unto liberty."
"Stand fast therefore in the liberty
Wherein Christ hath made us free."

"Give ear, O my people, to my law:
Incline your ears to the words of my mouth."
"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the
soul;
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise
the simple."

"I delight to do thy will, O my God:
Yea, thy law is written in my heart."
"Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest,
Lord, and teachest him out of thy law."

"Blessed are the undefiled in the way,
Who walk in the law of the Lord."
"Open thou mine eyes, that I may
Behold wondrous things out of thy law."

"Remove from me the way of lying:
And grant me thy law graciously."
"Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law,
Yea, I shall show it with my whole heart."

"So shall I keep thy law continually for ever and ever,
And I will walk at liberty, for I seek thy precepts."
"The proud have had me greatly in derision:
Yet I have not declined from thy law."

"I have remembered thy name, O Lord,
In the night, and have kept thy law."
"The hands of the wicked have robbed me,
But I have not forgotten thy law."

"Their heart is fat as grease;
But I delight in thy law.
It is good for me that I have been afflicted,
That I might learn thy statutes.

The law of thy mouth is better unto me
Than thousands of gold and silver."

"Let thy tender mercies come unto me,
That I may live; for thy law is my delight."

"The proud have digged pits for me,
Which are not after thy law."
"Oh, how I love thy law!
It is my meditation all the day."

"My soul is continually in my hand:
Yet do I not forget thy law."
"I hate vain thoughts:
But thy law do I love."

"It is time for thee, Lord, to work;
For they have made void thy law."
"Rivers of waters run down mine eyes,
Because they keep not thy law."

"Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousness,
And thy law is the truth."
"They draw nigh that follow after mischief:
They are far from thy law."

"Great peace have they which love thy law:
And nothing shall offend them."
"This I say, then, walk in the Spirit;"
"If ye be led by the Spirit, ye are not under the law."

"Wherefore, then, serveth the law?
It was added because of transgression,
Till the seed should come
To whom the promise was made."

"But, that no man is justified by the law
In the sight of God, it is evident:
For the just shall live by faith,
And the law is not of faith."

"But we know that the law is good
If a man use it lawfully; knowing this,
That the law is not made for a righteous man,
But for the lawless and disobedient, —

For the ungodly, and for sinners,"
"This only would I learn of you:
Received ye the spirit by the works of the law,
Or by the hearing of faith?"

"For when the Gentiles, which have not the law,
Do by nature the things contained in the law:
These, having not the law, are a law unto
themselves,
Which show the work of the law written in
their hearts."

'Are a *law unto themselves*.' Yes, my friends,
And the time approaches, when man-made laws

Shall be among the things *that were:* kind friends,
Believe me. I indulge in prophecies

Very seldom, but "your sin hath found you out,
(The people are also getting their eyes open),
And as many as have *sinned in the law*
Shall be *judged by the law*."

Paul had no patience with 'your law,' nor have
we;
"But if it is a question of words and money,
And of *your* law, look *ye* to it,
For *I* will be no judge of such matters."

"Then said Paul unto him, —
God shall smite thee, thou whited wall;
For sittest thou to judge me after the *law*,
And condemnest me to be smitten contrary to
the law?"

But brother with brother goeth to law.
Hear the advice St. Paul gave then, would
give *now:* —
"If any man will sue thee at the law,
And take away thy coat, let him have thy
cloak also."

Yes, indeed; and if ye do come out thence,
Until you have paid the "uttermost farthing,"

Thank — *not the lawyers*, but pray for more
grace,
To keep you in future from any such thing.

"Avoid foolish questions and genealogies,
And contentions, and strivings about the law;
For they are unprofitable and vain."
This said our brother St. Paul: and also

Some "have turned aside unto vain jangling,
Desiring to be teachers of the law;
Understanding neither what they say,
Nor whereof they affirm."

I am not a lawyer, thank the Lord!
Though I know full well it "might have
been."
They coaxed and flattered, and tried mighty hard
To "bring me to terms:" they said I would
win

The brightest of laurels; and glory and fame
I soon should achieve by my talent and wit.
Now listen, my friends, and see if you me blame:
I went to my Bible, was guided by *it*.

At first I did think they'd forgotten to speak
Of this professional gentleman,
But found I labored under a mistake;
For, after a little, I found his name

Well, five or six times, I should say, in all.
And what do you think? twice he was shown
Tempting our *Lord* and Master; think you he fell,
Or that the *lawyer* has since wiser grown?

Well, the next passage I turned to was this: —
"And the Pharisees and *lawyers*
Rejected the counsel of God against themselves."
Next comes the reproof of our Master Christ: —

"And he said, Woe unto you also, ye *lawyers!*
For ye lade men with burdens
Grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves
Touch not the burdens with one of your fingers."

What think ye of this? "Woe unto you, lawyers!
For ye have taken away the key of knowledge:
Ye entered not in *yourselves*,
And *them* that *were entering in ye hindered.*"

I closed the book, and said, "'It is enough.'
'My heart is fixed;' whatever else I do,
Be my passage rough, or be it smooth,
I never can, I never *will*, a *lawyer* be."

If now I dwelt upon the earth, perhaps
I might consider the matter, because
There are so many mean, villainous traps,
I would bring to light, and help to expose.

The *time will come*, believe ye it, or not,
When "The whole creation of God has
Neither nook nor corner where the murderer
Can bestow his secret, and say it is safe."

Why? because angels from heaven above,
Through "household angels" who dwell below,
Will reveal, because of the innocent they love,
The secret; exposing thus, the dastardly foe:

Thousands already have done this same thing.
I speak of this now as a warning to you,
My dear young men, who may be thinking
Of spending your time in studying law.

I should advise you now, as a friend, which I am,
To endeavor to find something better to do;
For can not you see, when those days *do come*,
Lawyers will find precious little to do?

Ye already have many more than ye need;
The surplus might better be earning their bread
By tilling the soil, and sowing good seed:
Human hearts, the soil; *their culture*, your bread.

As I said before, if I now lived on earth,
And *if I did* become a lawyer,

(I am better prepared than in my youth,
I have, through suffering, grown much stronger),—

I would endeavor to give to the world
One honest lawyer, though poor he must be:
It would never do with silver and gold
To entice a lawyer, not even me;

If the rich who are *not lawyers*
Can *scarce* enter in to the kingdom of love,
What must be the fate of those same *rich lawyers*
Who rob poor widows, and otherwise strive

Themselves to enrich, at the expense of the poor?
There are two things which may be little on earth;
Not so in heaven: I would ope the door,
And expose to view the *law* in its *dearth*,—

Especially as relating to woman;
She has no power of herself to help herself;
The power rests, be he good or bad, with the *man*
Entirely: she may not even control *herself*,—

Her *person*, I mean, if she hath an husband;
Her duty by *law* is just to *submit*
To whatever indignity that husband
May wisely or *unwisely*, see fit

To impose; *he* has "rights." *She* not any:
She is simply his servant, "for in *law*
Her time and her labor, as well as her money,
Are *his property*." What need for her to learn

Aught outside the "domestic circle?"
She serves his end better, the *less she knows:*
"Ah! my dear wife, *I* will fight the battle,
While *you*, precious one, shall but take your ease."

Ease indeed! six small children, one at the breast;
Sometimes a servant, oftener not any;
Days full of labor, and nights of unrest;
Her joys they are few, her cares quite too many.

If to her husband she should prove untrue
(Not much danger), "he may have her imprisoned
From *two* to *five years*, or, if he do choose,
Turn her out of doors; he's no longer bound

'For her support,' may get a divorce,
In fact, do whatever it doth him please."
"If the husband, on the other hand, is
Inconstant, *he* can only be punished

By a fine of *seven dollars*, or
By *thirty days* imprisonment *in jail*."

In '*jail*,' mind you, for no *prison bars*
Shall darken the light of his pure (!) soul.

Suppose they *both* should prove them untrue:
The very same day, *she*, poor thing, by *law*,
To State's Prison may be made to go;
And there, for years, pine her life away;

While her husband has only to just pass over
"Seven dollars" his *wife* has *helped him to earn.*
He can retain his *home*, and live in clover:
If so he do please, may marry again.

And where are the children, if any there be?
Ah, sir! precisely where — *you choose to place them;*
Their mother, without your consent, may not them *see*,
Neither may *know* what has become of them.

"That beautiful relation, that 'motherhood,'
Upon which has been built so much
Of the rhetoric of the modern advocates
Of woman's subjection, seems to have been

Overlooked by our law-makers in their
Desire to secure the absolute authority
Of the *husband* and *father*. It is
A tie that *he* can break at pleasure, —

And which, after his death,
  Is completely at the mercy
Of the testamentary guardian,
  And of the judge of probate."

How about property? If the husband die,
  The heart-broken wife may retain a third
Of their estate and personal property,
  (Excuse me, the *use* of it, I should have said),

Provided the husband shall have made no *will;*
  But if he has, which is often the case,
You're almost sure to find a 'codicil'
  Attached unto it, and containing this, —

"*Only* so long as she remains *my widow;*"
  Alas! alas! If *they* owned a farm,
It must be cut in pieces, to get at the 'third.'
  The *dwelling* becomes a place of alarm

To a soul refined: has a *woman*, then, feeling?
  Often at such times she *wishes* she had none;
The house is crowded, and there's no telling
  What *may* be done, or what may *not* be done;

Of course they will act according to *law*,
  But what knows *she* of that? *He* rules the tribe;
The appraisers, of course, will have their say,
  And by their decision she must abide.

They may wrest from her that she most highly
doth prize;
The auctioneer's hammer goes down with a
crash,
Going, going, gone! she raises her eyes:
She might have bought it, but she has *no cash.*

The scene now changes: the *wife* has departed;
The husband retains in his possession
All of *their* property. Is it divided?
Oh, no! of course not: that would be mean.

He can control it so long as he lives (on earth):
Left she a *will?* I don't know: I think not;
Women seldom do; and, while the man lives,
They're of no great use: they *don't take effect.*

The personal property, what of *it?*
Oh, that is not disturbed, unless, perchance,
It is some few things her father bought,
They won't disturb these if they have good
sense.

So the husband goes on all things the same,
Gets a housekeeper (must have his dinner),
And very likely, in quite a *short* time,
Gets another "helpmeet" or "breadwinner."

Now, these are the laws in a civilized land;
What have you to say? "Oh, they are not
enforced."

Thank God they are *not!* heaven would countermand,
If they were. But then, if they're not enforced, —

What's the use of having them? Why, just this,
To enrich *your* purse, to debase *your* soul;
If the *law* is for the *weak*, why refuse
The aid they so much need? Am I a fool?

God knows *just how* your laws protect them,
If *lawyers* don't. Oh, well, "it won't be long:"
Ye will not always be crying to them, —
"Hold! for *thou* art weak, and *I* am strong."

I ask not for *woman* one single "right"
More than is accorded unto the *man;*
I *do* ask *equality;* and in God's sight
It is just. He who created woman

Ordained that she should bear the children;
And, because of that, must she also bear
Every other burden? No, thank Heaven!
She has something much better in store.

Our Saviour did never condemn a woman;
He did often rebuke conceited men;

"Seest thou this woman? I entered into *thine*
house,
Thou gavest me no water for my feet:

But *she* hath washed my feet with tears,
And wiped them with the hairs of her head.
Thou gavest me no kiss: but this *woman*, since
The time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my
feet.

My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but
this
Woman hath anointed my feet with ointment.
Wherefore I say unto thee, her sins, which are
Many, are forgiven; for she loved much.

But, to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth
Little. And he said unto her, Thy sins are for-
given."
"And he said to the woman, Thy faith
Hath saved thee; go in peace."

Spiritually, morally, we claim that woman
Is superior to man; her *virtue* tells.
"For this cause ought the woman to have
Power on her head because of the angels.'

You will, doubtless, my friends, now call to mind
Some opposing text of our brother Paul;

For he, I acknowledge, was quite inclined
To depreciate the sex; perhaps, after all, —

'Twas only through ignorance on his part;
We presume he knew very little of woman;
She had never captivated his heart,
As we can learn; as for wife, he had none.

Nor did he advise connubial bliss
Except as subterfuge from something worse;
Beside, since his day has been much progress
In spite of your *laws* which ye *dare* not enforce.

If Moses's law had been fully enforced,
I fear we should have *had no forefathers;*
And, if *your* code of laws were all enforced,
I think there would be very *few* fore*mothers.*

These laws, you know, and so do I, will harm
The fathers — never. Oh, no! *they made* them,
Woman had *no voice* — *no vote* (that would man alarm);
But, mind you, may, *must* abide by them, —

If men do choose these same laws to enforce.
I have not the time to give in detail
The foul, lawless deeds and shameful intrigues
By which ye do manage to buy and sell

Your most precious votes in this precious
cause;
Rum is your weapon, and ye wield it well;
'Tis first and foremost in making these laws;
What wonder, then, they have a bad smell,

Led by this demon? — of whom I must speak,
Though not at much length, as I already
have
Used double the time I intended to take.
'Twas only by courtesy they it me gave.

Intemperance, then, is one of the two evils
I previously did note; an evil, too,
Which should be put down, abolished by laws,
Instead of being so pampered by you.

Are ye so polluted ye can not live
Without your rum, gin, or brandy each day?
May God in his mercy your sins forgive,
And teach you to walk in the true, living
way!

May you not in your folly tempt him to give
"The cup of the wine of the fierceness of his
wrath?"
"Be not among wine-bibbers."
"And be not drunk with wine wherein is ex-
cess."

Let it not be said of you, my friend,
"He transgresseth by wine, he is a proud man,
Neither keepeth he at home, who enlargeth his desire
As hell, and is as death, and can not be satisfied!"

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink,
And putteth the bottle to him,
And maketh him drunk also!"
"Shall not all these take up a parable against him,—

And a taunting parable against him, and say,
"Woe to him that increaseth that which *is not his!*"
"Woe to him that buildeth a town *with blood*,
And stablisheth a city by iniquity!"

My friends, do you not think your law system
Is becoming year by year more corrupt?
Be assured it is; it has been said by some
To be "rotten to the core," then reflect

And see for yourself if what you do get
Is not oft the price of *innocent blood*.
The "Norman kings," we find, could not compete
In chastity with the *outlaw* "Robin Hood."

"Awake, ye drunkards, and weep:
And howl, all ye drinkers of wine,"
"Be ye ashamed, O ye husbandmen; howl,
O ye vine-dressers, for the wheat and for the barley."

Yes, for the 'wheat and for the barley,'
It is indeed a shame; for more is consumed
By distilling the same for liquors yearly
Than would supply the poor of the land with bread.

And who is responsible? You, my friend,
If you do *partake*, or *encourage* the same:
Yea, *every mother's son now in the land*
Who doth *use*, *buy*, or *sell* it is to blame, —

Except it be for medicinal purpose.
And here let me say that you do by far
Overrate its merits for this good purpose.
Another thing: your liquors must be pure, —

To produce a *good effect* in any case.
Now, you will most likely bring evidence
Of *Bible* authority for the use
Of wines as *drink;* for our Saviour did once

Manufacture wine just from pure water;
If you can do this, you've a right to drink;

'Twould be perfectly harmless, you may be sure.
No more so than was *his*, whatever *you* think.

Now, they had in those days just simply *wines;*
None of your filthy whisky, rum, brandy;
No champagne, sherry, claret, or highfalutin names;
But, as I said before, just wine simply.

They did have *two kinds*, differing entirely.
The first was the pure juice of the grape,
Boiled to the consistency of jelly,
Then in skin bottles or vessels put up.

These, being perfectly air-tight, would keep
The wine in this condition a long time;
When wanted for drink, they placed in a cup
A small portion of this, and filled to the brim

With pure fresh water, mingling the same, —
"And drink of the wine which I have mingled,"
"Thy wine mixed with water." "She hath mingled her wine."
This wine, of course, had not been fermented, —

Was merely used as a pleasant drink.
Being easy to transport, we often read
Of travellers taking this wine to drink,
Accompanied by fruits, flesh, or bread.

"And he dealt to every one of Israel,
Both man and woman,
To every one a loaf of bread, and a
Good piece of flesh, and a flagon of wine."

"And Ziba met David with two hundred loaves
of bread,
And an hundred bushels of raisins,
And an hundred of summer fruits,
And a bottle of wine."

The king did ask for whom these were sent, —
The bread and fruit for the young men to eat;
So she said, but the wine to be drank
By such as were in the wilderness faint.

"And thou didst drink the pure blood of the
grape."
This, we presume, is the kind of wine
Paul did recommend for thy "stomach's sake."
Our Saviour's production was doubtless the
same.

As you must all infer, 'twas harmless quite;
Not a single case where a bad effect
Attended the same: this wine gave delight,
Good cheer, brought joy and gladness to the
heart.

"And the vine said unto them, Shall I leave
My wine, which cheereth God and man,
And go to be promoted over the trees?"
But we here take up the other kind of wine, —

Fermented wine, which is intoxicating.
When mentioned in Scripture, the words
'strong drink'
Often follow in course, distinguishing
This same from the other, we think.

"Wine is a mocker, *strong drink* is raging;
And whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."
"Look not thou upon the wine *when it is red*,
When it giveth *his color* in the cup."

"At the last it biteth like a serpent,
And stingeth like an adder."
"For their wine is the wine of Sodom,
And of the fields of Gomorrah;

Their grapes are grapes of gall,
Their clusters are bitter; their
Wine is the poison of dragons,
And the cruel venom of asps."

There are repeated injunctions in Scripture
Prohibiting the use of *this kind* of wine;
Also severe threatenings to those who err
In this respect, — partaking of "red wine."

"The words of King Lemuel, —
The prophecy that his *mother* taught him.
What, my son? and what, the son of my womb?
And what, the son of my vows?

Give not thy strength unto women,
Nor thy ways to that which destroyeth kings.
It is not for kings, O Lemuel!
It is not for kings to drink wine, —

Nor for princes strong drink; lest thou
Drink, and forget the law, and pervert
The judgment of any of the afflicted.
Give *strong drink* unto him that is ready to perish, —

And wine unto those that be of heavy hearts.
Let *him* drink, and forget his poverty, and remember
His misery no more. Open thy mouth for
The dumb, in the cause of all such as are appointed

To destruction. Open thy mouth, judge righteously,
And *plead the cause* of the *poor and needy*."
"A feast is made for laughter,
And wine maketh merry."

Many passages tell of the heart being merry
From drinking 'strong wine,' or wine that is 'sour,'
Which means the same; and also merry
In the place of drunk, it does seem *kinder*.

They never do say it makes the heart glad,
Gives joy, or happiness, or even good cheer;
The wine that makes merry is surely *bad*,
And those who do drink it must pay for it dear.

"Woe to the crown of pride,
To the drunkards of Ephraim;
Whose glorious beauty is a fading flower,
Which are on the head of the fat valleys

Of them that are overcome with wine!
The crown of pride, the drunkards of
Ephraim, shall be trodden under feet,
The glorious beauty shall be a fading flower."

"They shall not drink wine with a song:
Strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink it."
"Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine!"
"Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil;

Who put darkness for light, and light for darkness;
Who put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter!"
Listen to God's command unto Israel
(I really fear that somebody broke it), —

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying,
Speak unto the children of Israel,
When either man or woman shall
Separate themselves to vow a vow of a

Nazarite, to separate themselves unto the Lord:
He shall separate himself from wine and strong
Drink, and shall drink no *vinegar* of
Wine, or vinegar of strong drink, —

Neither shall he drink any liquor of grapes."
"Bless the Lord, O house of Israel!"
Be thou, like Daniel, no more partakers
Of the king's wine. Holy, upright Daniel!

The result is most wonderful to trace.
"But Daniel purposed in his heart that
He would not defile himself with the portion
Of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank;

Therefore he requested of the prince of the eunuchs,
That he might not defile himself.

Now, God had brought Daniel into favor
And tender love with the prince of the eunuchs.

And the prince of the eunuchs said unto
Daniel, I fear my lord the king, who
Hath appointed your meat and your drink ;
For why should he see your faces worse liking

Than the children which are of your sort? then
Shall ye make me endanger my head to the king.
Then said Daniel, Prove thy servants, I beseech
thee
Ten days, and let them give us pulse to eat,

And water to drink. Then let our countenances
Be looked upon before thee, and the countenances
Of the children that eat of the portion of the
king's
Meat ; and, as thou seest, deal with thy servants.

So he consented to them in this matter,
And proved them ten days ; and at the
End of ten days their countenances appeared
Fairer and better in flesh than all the

Children which did eat the portion of
The king's meat ; then Melzar took away
The portion of their meat, and
The wine that they should drink, —

And gave them pulse. As for these four
Children (His companions were Shadrach,
Meshach,
And Abednego), God gave them knowledge and
Skill in all learning and wisdom.

And Daniel had understanding in all
Visions and dreams. Now, at the
End of the days that the king
Had said that he should bring them in, —

Then the prince of the eunuchs brought
Them in before Nebuchadnezzar,
And the king communed with them;
And among them all was found none like these:

Therefore they stood before the king. And
In all matters of wisdom and understanding
That the king inquired of them, he found
Them ten times better than all the

Magicians and astrologers that were
In the realm." Nor would these
Holy men worship the king's golden image;
For this were they cast into the fiery furnace.

"He answered and said, Lo, I see four men
Loose, walking in the midst of the fire;
And they have no hurt: and the form
Of the fourth is like the Son of God.

Then Nebuchadnezzar came to the mouth
Of the burning fiery furnace, and spake,
And said, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,
Ye servants of the most high God, —

Come forth, and come hither."
The fire had no power upon their bodies,
"Nor was an hair of their head singed,
Nor the smell of fire had passed on them."

Again, in Darius's reign, was Daniel tempted;
He prayed unto his God, and for that
Was cast into the den of lions.
This was a conspiracy of the presidents

And princes against him, because of envy.
The king acted in haste, repented at leisure;
When the decree had gone forth, he felt sorry,
And said, Thy God whom thou fearest, he will
deliver.

He fasted all night, his sleep went from him;
In the morning he went to the lions' den;
"And the king spake, and said to Daniel,
O Daniel, servant of the living God, —

Is thy God whom thou servest continually,
Able to deliver thee from the lions?
Then said Daniel unto the king, —
My God hath sent his *angel*, —

And hath shut the lions' mouths, that
They have not hurt me; forasmuch as
Before him innocency was found in me:
And also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt.

Then was the king exceeding glad for him."
Now Daniel and his comrades lived very plain
(Pulse is a pottage made from vegetables or grain),
As well as abstained from drinking wine.

And this, my friends, is of vital importance
Unto all; and especially so to those
Who would live near their God: it doth enhance
The "spirit power" more than ye do know.

As also doth *high living* impoverish
The *soul's* demand, causing leanness and dearth;
Pray take heed unto this, if ye would not perish,
By your riotous living, from off of the earth.

Of many now I fear we might say,
As did God of the outcasts of Israel,
"His watchmen are blind: they are all ignorant,
They are all dumb dogs, they can not bark;

Sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber. Yea,
They are greedy dogs which can not have enough,

And they are shepherds that can not understand;
They all look to their own way."

I beg, my friends, a moment's attention
To one more case relating to the king's wine;
It also relates to Vashti the queen,
Who bravely chose her queenship to resign, —

Rather than obey the king's low command.
The king "showed the riches of his glorious
Kingdom, an hundred and fourscore days.
And, when these days were expired, the

King made a feast unto all of the people,
Both unto great and small, seven days,
In the court of the garden of the king's palace."
"And they gave them drink in vessels of gold, —

And royal wine in abundance,
According to the state of the king,
And the drinking was according to law;
None did compel: for so the king had appointed

To all the officers of his house, that
They should do *according* to *every man's pleasure*."
(We will give him credit for that, if for nothing else.)
But, oh the wine! "On the seventh day, —

When the heart of the king was *merry with wine*,
He commanded seven chamberlains to bring
Vashti the queen before the king, with the crown
Royal, to show the *people* and the *princes* her *beauty:*

For she was fair to look upon.
But the queen Vashti refused to come
At the king's commandment by the chamberlains:
Therefore was the king very wroth.

The king inquired of the wise men what should
Be done unto the queen. They replied, —
Vashti the queen hath not done wrong to the
King *only*, but also to *all* the princes, and to all

The *people* that are in *all* the *provinces* of the
King. For this deed of the queen shall come
Abroad unto *all women*, so that they shall
Despise their husbands in their eyes."

Then shall there arise too much contempt and wrath."
"If it please the king, let there go forth a royal
Commandment from him, and let it be written among
The laws of the Persians and Medes, that it be not altered, —

That Vashti come no more before King Ahasuerus;
And let the king give her royal estate
Unto *another* that is *better* than *she*.
And, when the king's decree which he shall make

Shall be published throughout *all* the *empire*,
All the wives shall give to their husbands honor,
Both to *great* and *small*. (Ahem!)
And the saying *pleased* the *king* and the *princes*;

And the king *did* according to the word of Memucan:
(If it had been Daniel, instead of Memucan!)
For he sent letters into all of the king's provinces,
Unto every province according to the writing thereof, —

And to every people after their language, —
That *every man should have rule in his own house*."
"After *these things*, said the king's servants,
Let there be *fair young virgins sought for the king*:

And let the maiden which pleaseth the king
Be queen, instead of Vashti. And the thing

Pleased the king; and he did so."
"And the king loved (I) Esther above all the
women."

Friends, can you see the moral to this story?
The king got drunk: the queen, she—*did*
just right.
I hope to magnify her name in glory:
I advise you to keep her principles in sight,—

And tell me now if you do not think
The *men* have progressed just a very little
(Except in one thing, and that is drink).
If we could only the temperance question
settle,—

You might all be queens, with kings, oh, so fair!
And now, my dear friends, I bid you farewell,
Whether on land or sea, wherever you are,
May the God of love within your heart dwell!

I should like much more to say unto you,
But for the present must wait; meanwhile,
Don't forget the old man who'n been talking
to you:
"Trust in the Lord," and all will be well.

. . . . . .

Our dear, kind friends, we greet you all.
Are glad once more to meet with you,

And cherished memories recall.
It has been good for you, we know, —

That we did leave you for a while.
Our elder brother, grandfather,
Kindly instructing you the while.
He's a dear old soul, this brother, —

And has at heart the welfare of
God's own; yea, all humanity,
So deep and tender is his love.
He is far-sighted naturally;

And things to him come very clearly.
His kin below are numerous;
These he loves most truly, dearly,
And hopes through his and our endeavors

Full many will embrace the truth;
And be instructed, *while below*,
Of things *he* knew not while on earth,
For angels never "told him so."

We here do all so plainly see
The great advantage spirits have,
Who learn the way of truth below,
We long to have them share our love, —

And heed our warnings, meant for good.
We have their welfare much at heart,
And, though we be misunderstood,
We still will act a "brother's part;"

Do what we can, and leave the rest
Unto our heavenly Father dear,
Who ruleth all things for the best,
Whether or not it so appear.

We here do oft inspire the minds,
As I have doubtless said before,
Of those who seek diviner aids,
From this true source of wisdom pure.

One other privilege we have,
(I think I've never mentioned it)
Which fills our hearts with heavenly love;
A love born of the Holy Spirit.

We here of course new friends do find,
Noble ones who were on earth
Faithful; also cultured and refined,
Having received *there* the "new birth,"

And, progressing rapidly *here*,
Do have within themselves a power
By far exceeding human lore.
Earth's wisest ones listen with wonder

When such as these inspire a speaker.
The privilege we have is this: —
To introduce these same to dear
And cherished earth friends, whose bliss

Seems for the time complete; so full,
So rich, so deep, so imbued with love,
The inspirations which do fall
Not unheeded on those we love.

A faint conception of the joy
This same doth give our loving hearts
May be imagined when "Ship ahoy!"
Is heard, and the knowledge imparts, —

That you are nearing your childhood's home
After, perchance, many years of absence.
With you from foreign shore has come
A noble friend whose very presence

Is soul-inspiring. He hath wisdom,
Knowledge, wit and humor, culture;
A way of imparting the same
So pleasing, indeed 'tis rapture

To listen to his glowing words,
As he describes fair Italy,
The home of his heart, which affords
Such rare beauty of scenery, —

Such a combination of art,
Talent, music, and sweet song.
Your friends at home, you feel in your heart,
Will grow happy, hopeful, and strong,—

'Neath the genial influence
Of your own dear and cherished friend.
You mark the kindling eye, from which
Beams unuttered joy of heart, mind,—

And soul. Wherever you take him,
He is the life and light of all.
Do you rejoice, my friend, with them?
Of course you do; you must; 'tis well.

The height of your unbounded joy
Is but a spark, one little gleam,
Compared with what we have this day
Enjoyed within your church's realm.

Our friend was introduced, and did
Inspire the servant of the Lord.
Souls with the bread of life were fed
From out God's pure and holy word.

We in earth-life dwelt in your town,—
My comrade and myself, I mean.
(But not the friend who did inspire.)
We were brothers: he wore no gown,—

As did I. *That* did not part us;
We were brothers all the same.
Nothing now will ever part us,
In our bright and heavenly home.

We both were shepherds with a flock,
Endeavoring to do our best;
That but proved oft a stumbling-block,
And since hath caused us much unrest.

We long these errors to recall;
We long to see God's truth made plain.
His promises are unto *all;*
All will in time his love maintain.

God hath so by his Son revealed;
Contrary teachings are but vain.
God's book is not wholly unsealed;
Many dark sayings still remain

A stumbling-block, as ours have been;
And, though 'twas unintentional
With us, the *effect* remains the same
As if it were premeditated evil.

But as we came not here to *give*
A sermon, but to listen to one,
We will forbear. The *text we gave.*
It is with us a favorite one.

'Twas this: "Speaking the truth in love."
To those who did the sermon hear,
Nought need be said; the spirit of love
Seemed all pervading, hovering o'er

The precious souls to us *so dear*.
We read the inmost hearts of some,
And found in them so much to cheer,
Found them so much nearer their home, —

Than when we left them years ago.
Some have progressed quite rapidly;
But the majority are slow,
Although they will eventually

Come boldly forward in the cause.
Many there are who *might* become
Pure instruments of God's free grace,
Brightening many a heart and home.

I looked upon no face of kin;
I had none there, as had my brother.
He was standing near a son,
Watching tenderly one other, —

Sweeter, dearer than all beside.
He longed to throw his arms around her,
And call her his own dear "spirit bride;"
To embrace in turn each daughter

Standing there so sweet and mild,
With faces radiant and fair;
They *felt* a presence undefiled,
Although they knew not *he* was there.

I was with my medium,
Who writes the pages of this book.
'Twould needless be to give my name:
You know it well, and no mistake.

If you could but one half as well
Conceive of all the tender love
I have for you, I have for all,
My joys would be *more* bright above;

While yours, my friends, would not be less.
To show your love is not to lose it;
He who gives most doth most possess:
He who *withholds* can not retain it, —

Even what he seemeth to have.
Oh! my friends, that ye might be found
Ever speaking the truth *in love!*"
It is the dearest, sweetest, sound

Which can ascend to the throne of God.
Speak it, *feel* it, *show* it, *live* it;
Faithful then shall ye prove, and good;
Your influence, too, will be great.

Regard not, then, the false friendship
  Which the worldling can only give;
Drink deeply from the Saviour's cup,
  Filled to the brim with sacred love,

And let it be within your heart,
  A "living well," from whence shall flow
Waters so pure, and fresh, and sweet,
  Diffusing *love* on all below.

. . . . . .

My friends, I feel 'twould not be right,
  This opportunity to pass
Of testifying, in God's sight,
  To the wondrous love I do possess

Unto the Father as supreme,
  Unto the Son as Saviour dear,
Unto the Spirit which *has* come
  Unto my soul so very near.

With rapture did I listen yesterday,
  To the words of inspiration pure;
Now falling like the gentle dew,
  Upon each tender earthly flower;

Now soaring as on eagle's wing,
  So high above the earth's domain;
Both loud and clear the voice did ring;
  The angels must have caught the strain, —

And wafted to their own bright shore,
That they might echo it again
In language pure, concise, and clear,
To benefit the race of man.

Both truth and love had found a voice,
Yea, a grand and clear interpreter;
Which did the heart and soul rejoice,
With words of comfort and good cheer.

It said that those who did combine
These forces here should have a glance
Of that city bright and golden,
Before they did *from earth* go hence.

Methought, e'en then, came beams of light
Just wafted from celestial spheres.
The day was fair, and very bright,
The voice did say, but few such days

Had we; cloudless, perfect, serene;
It might with truth have also said,
Few such *hours* as *this*, I ween,
Are we permitted here to spend.

We may each day, if so we please,
Refresh our souls with "angels' food;"
But *feasts* of *love* such as these
Come not often. Oh that they could!

For then our soul-life would, I know,
  Grow stronger, richer, purer,
And "*within*," as the voice did say,
  The "kingdom of God" would be surer.

This feast *so* rich, *so* full, complete,
  Will linger in our memories
Until our hearts shall cease to beat;
  Then, with us, as incense rise

Unto the spheres from whence it came.
  The truth it has in love revealed
Shall, too, ascend unto the same;
  And by it *nations* may be healed.

For God doth will that *it* again
  Like gentle showers shall descend
Upon his noblest work, even man.
  And man shall not alway contend

Against the truth of *spirit power*.
  The scales of ignorance shall fall
From eyes now dimmed by worldly care;
  Prophets of old did this foretell.

Ages, since then, have come and gone.
  Cycles of ages unto a soul
Are sometimes given, ere it turn
  From the paths of sin which *it* control.

All shall at last, nevertheless,
In peaceful habitations dwell,
Be clothed in robes of righteousness,
By Him who is our "All in All."

. . . . . .

We will now return to our first love,
Or, if you choose, to our heroine,
Whom we thought not so long to leave.
'Tis well with her; for she hath been

Meanwhile rapidly developing,
Although, to herself, it seemed but slow.
She "sat" each day, but no writing
For many months had she to show.

Her faith was strong, her hopes were bright;
She was upheld, and knew it too,
By a higher power; all would come right:
The blessed "angels told her so."

Her guides did at one time expect
Her to control mechanically;
That she might write, and they direct.
This would of course be rapidly.

In this they were disappointed.
She wrote in time, but never lost
Her individuality: instead
What came to her, slowly at first, —

Came through her brain ; thoughts were given,
And she impressed to write them down.
This she did for days, weeks even,
Before she made to others known

The secret of her glad success.
One thing to her seemed very strange :
She could not write a word of prose ;
She could only these thoughts arrange

In simple rhyme, try as she would.
She supposed her pastor did
Control her brain. She'd never heard
That he the gift of poesy had.

At length she went and had a chat
With him again, but nothing said
Of her success : she chose to wait.
Her pastor did at once proceed

To broach the subject near her heart,
Congratulating her most kindly.
He did the secret, too, impart,
Of her writing poetically.

Another spirit, who did possess
The gift of poesy, did aid
Him in his labors ; and success
Had crowned their efforts which required

United power. They had succeeded
Quite well thus far. The sentiments
Expressed were his; she who aided
Had been a well-known poetess

In years agone; her works were now
Read and admired; her heart, he said,
Was filled with pity for human woe;
Strong her desire to others aid.

He gave her name, and asked our friend
To please her own writings compare
With those of her who, pure, refined,
Did these same writings help inspire.

They would, he said, quite well compare,
Although, of course, she who inspired
Had progress made since living here;
And what she gave doubtless appeared

Much more advanced than that which she
Did write while living in this sphere.
They should in time be able to
Control her oftener and more.

Meanwhile they wished her to continue
Her "sittings" daily, and to save
All her writings. "They will win you,"
He did say, "laurels bright above."

Soon after this our friend became
  Saddened as by some sorrow deep.
She could not comprehend the same,
  And yet she could not rest or sleep.

There seemed an indefinable
  Feeling of dread of — she knew not what;
No reason was there, tangible,
  For her most sad and woful state.

This continued nearly a week;
  Then came a letter from her home.
Her mother was very, very sick:
  She was much needed in that home, —

And yet could they, must they, submit
  To a daily contact with one
Whom they had almost learned to hate,
  Because of the spiritual tone

Of the letters they had received
  From her of late? She was, they thought,
So led astray, so deluded.
  The change which had in her been wrought

Displeased them sore; they scarce could beat
  The thought of having her return,
Much as they felt they needed her.
  Their hearts with anger toward her burned.

She had no right to thus disgrace
Herself and them; for in their eyes
She had done so. They now could place
In her no trust; they'd not disguise

Their feelings either, when she came.
Indeed, the letter she received
Was terrible. It did her blame:
They "*knew*" that she had been deceived.

They feared that she would bring on them
Still more disgrace, if not "put down."
They argued thus who dwelt at home,
Deciding that their best way then

Was to silence her at once,
Should she attempt to vindicate
Either herself or the dread cause
Which had annoyed them so of late.

Much as she dreaded to return,
Our friend believed the time had come
For her to go unto her own,
And leave the issue all with Him

Who came himself "unto his own,"
And "his own received him not."
She would, if need be, bear their scorn.
Her Saviour had for her, no doubt, —

Borne more than she would e'er be called
To bear for others. Should she shirk
From doing what little she could?
No, indeed; she had a work

To do for Him; do it she must.
Nor did she fear her strength would fail;
For in the Lord she put her trust,
And he would help her to fulfill

Her soul's request, which was, that she
Might do the work prepared for her.
Not only *do*, but *bear* also
Whatever trials came to her.

She grew more calm, now that her mind
Was settled as to duty's call,
And felt herself fully resigned
Unto her heavenly Father's will.

She paid a farewell visit to
Her friend through whom her pastor came:
His advice she knew would be
To go at once unto her home.

That visit did her strength renew.
I fain would give its import in full,
But, as I can not, beg that you
My reason will accept, and feel

It is the truth, though not expressed
In just the words her pastor gave.
He spoke at once of her unrest,
Bidding her to no longer grieve.

He said the fury of the storm
Was overpast; it had indeed
Been a most wild, terrific one.
An evil wind which did proceed

From her cherished ones at home
Had reached her, and depressed her soul.
She was not at all to blame,
And yet could not herself control.

The adverse influence had been
So very strong, she had suffered,
And deeply too; yet, be it known
Unto her, her friends had suffered

Far more keenly than had she,
Whose faith and trust were in the Lord.
He did to her a storm portray;
A storm in wild, tempestuous mood;

Where lightnings flashed, and thunder rolled
Along the zenith of the sky;
Clouds of darkness the earth had filled,
But they were now breaking away.

Already in the western sky
  Gleams of brightness were returning;
The sun in all its majesty
  Would soon o'er all the earth be shining.

Nature would seem so fresh and pure
  When all was o'er; a holy calm
Pervading it from shore to shore.
  The storm, while reigning, oft did seem

Terrific in its splendor grand;
  But it did tend to purify
And cleanse the atmosphere around.
  And not unlike the clear blue sky

Was the effect produced on earth.
  Now, like unto this storm had been
The wrought-up feelings round that hearth
  Where duty seemed to call her soon.

Yes, she had been impressed aright;
  The time had come for her return.
Some battles she would have to fight,
  But strength would unto her be given.

Her soul at times would soar aloft:
  She would be "more than conqueror."
Nor would she be wholly bereft
  Of human sympathy to cheer;

Though for the present she must stand
ALONE, firm as the "Rock of Ages."
Her sense of right must never bend,
Not even to the *wisest sages.*

She had within a monitor
Which could not fail to lead aright.
Her spirit-guides would e'er be with her,
And they would keep *her spirit* bright.

When trials came they would uphold;
If pain and sickness did attend,
Then whisperings of joys untold
Would come unto her soul, attuned

To heaven's harpsichord of love.
She ne'er would *be* or *seem alone*
Unto herself, but from *above*
Holy society would come.

As to her earthly friends, 'twas true
That for their sakes she must endure
Some persecutions; but they would be,
He felt to say, much less severe

Than she supposed; her friends, though still
Most bitterly opposed to truth,
Were softened by affliction, until
They did aspire higher than earth.

Feeling the hollow emptiness
Of life without the "inward birth,"
She would to some her views express,
Who would not think them all a myth;

Not even if they did declare
'Twas nought but some "old woman's whim."
They soon would find they too must share
In the work of reformation.

And one thing more he wished to say,
Which he had saved until the *last*
To give it power; she must obey
The Scriptures though, and make it *first*

In her domain; not only to
Herself was it of vast import:
It did concern the people too,
Who would through her the truth receive.

It was *her own physical health*,
Which had been sadly drawn upon
By those possessing far more wealth
Of worldly goods than *she* had known.

Her ready sympathy had been
As manna to their hungry souls;
Nor had they felt it was a sin
To monopolize her toils,—

So long as they were freely given.
  This was why she had been led
To leave her home. Upon return
  She would find her absence had

Taught them a lesson, one they needed.
  They could now appreciate her
As they never had or *would*,
  Had she remained a laborer, —

Working solely for the bread
  Which perisheth in the using.
A higher calling there she had,
  Her influence daily infusing

More light and knowledge, though obscured
  By error's harsh and binding chain.
For them she had trials endured,
  Which would, e'er long, bring a sweet refrain.

But she must still be positive,
  And let no tie of friendship bind
Her heart to home ; and she must have
  It *understood* she was not bound.

Free as the birds which fill the air
  With sweetest music by their songs,
So must it be henceforth with her.
  Free to roam where'er *her* songs

Were needed most, or she could be
An instrument of faith and love
Unto the weary ones below,
Pointing their souls to joys above.

Again he cautioned her so kindly,
Just even as a mother would
A darling child she loved most dearly,
To *remember* what he had said

Relating to the physical.
There *now* was need, there might be more,
For her to relinquish the toil
Which did upon her system wear

Far more than she did realize.
The *rest* which had been given her,
And which she did most highly prize,
Had been of benefit to her.

The danger was, when she returned,
It would be hard to break away
From doing things which were considered
Her tasks, and hers *alone* to do.

But she must make the sacrifice:
Her health required it, so did her work.
Her life was of more consequence
Than she had yet been wont to think.

He bade her then a kind farewell,
But said he oft should be with her;
Wherever she might be or dwell,
Kind angels would attend her ever.

She felt the truth of this assertion,
After she reached her village home;
She also felt there was no union
Of thought and feeling in that home.

In this, howe'er, she was mistaken,
As she acknowledged very soon.
Her coming had their quiet broken
Just at the first; but her gentle tone, —

Her kind and loving services,
Could not long fail to touch their hearts.
Whate'er might be her present views,
Her life, they knew, was pure and chaste.

She seldom broached her darling theme,
Because she felt her friends as yet
Were unprepared to grasp the same.
'Twas better she should "work and wait,"

And work she did with right good will.
Her mother's health became quite firm;
And then our friend was taken ill,
For weeks confined unto her room.

Her patience was unbounded then,
And could not fail to win the love
Of those who saw her bear the pain
So cheerfully; and it did prove

Her own dear spirit friends were true.
She felt their presence ever near.
Others might doubt, but she did *know*
They daily ministered to her.

I said she seldom broached this theme.
There were exceptions, one of which
I will relate. It shows the realm
Of thought which governs many such.

One friend she had nearer, dearer,
It seemed to her, than all the rest.
She thought this friend might listen to her,
And, perhaps, herself be blest.

One day, soon after her return,
She did receive a visit from her;
And did also much of her own
Experience give. It found no favor, —

However, in the blinded eyes
Of this friend, who still did love her,
And grieved that their sisterly ties
Must be severed; it did appear

So strange to her, and also to
The whole community, that she
E'er could have been so "led astray."
Why it was, or how, she could not see.

After conversing for a time,
The friend burst forth,—tears filled her eyes,—
"I've heard you were a *medium:*"
Quick came the sobs, fast flowed the tears.

This seemed to be the tiny "hair"
Which broke for her the "camel's back."
Her heart seemed filled with wild despair,
That one she loved could ever link

Her fate with that despised class.
Our friend did wait until her grief
Was somewhat spent; then, with her arms
Caressingly about her neck,—

She spoke in tones so low and sweet,—
"Our Saviour was a medium."
These words produced a good effect:
She grew composed, and from that time

Seemed not to think a medium
The lowest work of God's creation.
Whether she felt 'twas power supreme
Which did create, and them sustain

A "gift" which they possessed at birth,
As our dear friend tried to explain,
She could not tell; because, forsooth,
This sister chose it should remain

In just that way; very careful
Was she to not herself commit,
Our friend was, too, quite as careful
Not to intrude or press her suit;

Feeling that in "God's own good time"
He would on earth establish truth;
Knowing the highest medium
Which earth had known was of low birth.

No gilded palace-home had he;
His followers were mostly poor.
The rich found not the magic key
By which to open heaven's door.

As I have said, our friend grew sick:
Her labor and "sittings" she gave up,
Unable, for a time, to work
For spirits in the form or out.

Yet never did she feel alone;
Sometimes in dreams they came to her,
Soothing her weariness and pain.
Visions she saw, so bright and clear, —

Of faces familiar and dear,
Kind friends within the summer-land.
Then she would think, "All, all are there:
Oh! why should I be left behind?"

Hark! soft and low sweet voices come, —
"Thy work is not accomplished yet.
These glimpses of thy future home
Are given to strengthen thine heart.

Fear thou not, but trust us still.
We will sustain and guide you through
The murky way; all, all is well.
There yet remains on earth for thee

Much enjoyment pure and sweet.
Then patience, patience, while you wait
Near the cross at Jesus' feet.
You soon will work, instead of wait."

With her returning health she gave
Some time and strength to daily toil;
But strength came slowly. She did grieve
That her endeavors seemed to fail

To make her helpful in her home;
Helpful, I mean, physically.
She found herself, many a time,
Prostrated by a few hours only

Of labor in itself quite light.
At first she could not guess the cause.
She felt that others thought she might
Perform more work, and take less ease.

But it did seem impossible
For her to overstep the bounds
Of spirit-power inscrutable.
If she approached forbidden grounds, —

Her strength forsook her, and a voice
Did seem to say, " Thus far, my dear,
Thou mayest go, if 'tis thy choice ;
But we shall let thee go no further.

We claim some of thy time : thy strength
We ask not for, but shall rather
Somewhat *add* thereto at length,
According to our own good pleasure."

Then this was what her pastor meant ;
And she must follow his advice,
On spirit work be more intent,
Even though at a sacrifice

Of worldly good and honor too.
She had each day, since well enough,
Given an hour, and sometimes two,
Unto her writing. 'Twas not enough :

So when she could she gave them more.
If very weary, she must wait
Until her weariness was o'er,
And they would then new strength impart.

This was no vain and idle chat,
For after "sittings" she did find
Herself less weary: when she sat
This prayer did unto heaven ascend: —

"God and angels, give me light,
And knowledge too, that I may know
And write alway that which is right,
In justice and in purity.

Teach me benevolence and love,
Give also sweet-voiced charity;
That *I* may give to all who live
My friendship and my sympathy."

Her writings were, as I have said,
Poetical; this did the more
Prove that she must be surely led
And aided by some spirit power.

For in her youth she had not even
A taste for reading poetry;
And seldom had her time been given
Unto the same. She once did try

To form in rhyme acrostically
The simple name of her beloved.
She went about so thoughtfully
From day to day, her mind absorbed, —

Adding thoughts. "Line upon line,
Line upon line, here a little,
There a little:" this precept divine
She did fulfill — and that was all.

The poor misshapen poetry
Did prove a failure wofully dire;
And when completed, sad to say,
Found no "abiding city here."

'Twas only fit to be cast out
"In outer darkness," or the "fire,"
Which some learned men do preach about,
As if they might their hearers *scare*

Into the kingdom of God's love;
Portraying not the glories there
In that dear land so bright above.
Forgetting there can be no fear

Where there is true and perfect love;
For "perfect love casteth out fear."
One word of kind advice we give
To those who need it, about "hell-fire."

The word of God, as we do read it,
We know does say there is "*hell-fire.*"
The word of God, as we do read it,
Says his ministers are "*a flame of fire.*"

Now, our advice they may not take,
'Tis this: *Let not the two fires meet;*
For "like," 'tis said, "attracts its like."
If there's danger, we pray you heed it.

. . . . . .

Minister, lawyer, doctor, thief;
Doctors, thieves, be patient awhile;
Your time will come; we must be brief
What more we say *this* book to fill;

Therefore could not give you your due,
Which would be sad, for that even
The Devil is entitled to,
From all on earth, by all in heaven.

. . . . . .

We do beg leave to give you here
Our candid opinion of girls;
Or daughters, they're called in Scripture.
We think *their* banner soon unfurls.

The "women" and "wives," in days agone,
Were not considered of much account,
As our esteemed friend has shown:
The daughters, however, shall mount

The "hill of Zion," and become
As "corner-stones," when all the days
Of their captivity are gone.
For this is what the good book says: —

"The daughters of Jerusalem,
The daughters of Judah and Zion,
(Which we interpret all the same)
In the eyes of the Lord did sin.

Moreover, the Lord saith,
Because the daughters of Zion are haughty,
And walk with stretched-forth necks
And wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, —

And making a tinkling with their feet;
Therefore the Lord will smite with a scab
The crown of the head of the daughters of Zion,
And the Lord will discover their secret parts.

In that day the Lord will take away
The bravery of their tinkling ornaments
About their feet, and their cauls,
And their round tires like the moon.

(One step towards the millennium,
For we don't wear hoops any more),

The chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers,
The bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, —

And the head-bands and the tablets,
And the earrings, the rings, and nose-jewels,
The changeable suits of apparel,
And the mantles and the wimples, —

And the crisping-pins, the glasses,
And the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils.
And it shall come to pass, that
Instead of sweet smell there shall be stink;

And, instead of a girdle, a rent;
And, instead of well-set hair, baldness;
And, instead of a stomacher, a girding of sackcloth;
(Some of the wise ones have left off corsets.)

And burning instead of beauty.
Thy men shall fall by the sword,
And thy mighty in the war;
And her gates shall lament and mourn, —

And she, being desolate, shall sit upon the ground.
And in that day seven women
Shall take hold of one man, saying, —
We will eat our own bread, —

And wear our own apparel;
Only let us be called by thy name,
To take away our reproach."
(From such women, "Good Lord, deliver us!")

Many men *have* fallen "by the sword,"
And many "mighty in the war."
If seven women haven't had hold
Of one man, why, we're very sure

It wasn't their fault. Not that we blame
Them overmuch; who could expect
Aught else, education the same?
Of course they ought not to reject

A man of wealth and position,
No matter what his character.
This is the parents' cool decision.
His heart — oh, that you must venture!

We scarce dare blame the silly woman.
You've doubtless heard of such an one,
Whose fervent, heartfelt petition
Was, "Give us, O Lord, just any thing in the shape of a man."

Though we blame not, we wonder not, that
"All that pass by clap their hands at thee;
They hiss, and wag their heads, at the daughter
Of Jerusalem, saying, Is this the city that men call

The perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole
earth?"
The Lord hath done that which he had
Desired, "and from the daughter of Zion,
All beauty is departed."

"The Lord hath trodden the virgin, the daugh-
ter
Of Judah, as in a wine-press," and hath
Increased in the daughter of Judah mourning
And lamentation. How hath the

Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a
Cloud in his anger, and cast down
From heaven unto the earth, the beauty of
Israel; now also many nations are gathered

Against thee, that say, 'Let her be defiled,
And let our eye look upon Zion;' but
They know not the thoughts of the Lord,
Neither understand they his counsel:

For he shall gather them as the sheaves
Into the floor: therefore the people that
Do not understand, shall fall;"
"To whom shall I speak and give warning, —

That they may hear? behold, thine ear
Is uncircumcised, and they can not hearken.

Behold, the word of the Lord is unto them
A reproach : they have no delight in it.

" Therefore I am full of the fury of the Lord ;
I am weary with holding in ;
I will pour it out upon the children abroad,
And upon the assembly of young men together :

For even the husband with the wife shall be taken,
And the aged with him that is full of days ;
And their houses shall be turned unto others,
With their fields and wives together :

For I will stretch out my hand upon the
Inhabitants of the land, saith the Lord,
For, from the least of them unto the greatest
Of them, every one is given unto covetousness ;

And from the prophet even unto the priest
Every one dealeth falsely : they have
Healed also the heart of the daughter
Of my people slightly, saying, —

Peace, peace, when there is no peace.
Were they ashamed when they had committed
Abominations ? Nay, they were not at all
Ashamed, neither could they blush."

"The virgin, the daughter of Zion,
Hath despised thee, and laughed thee
To scorn; the daughter of Jerusalem
Hath shaken her head at thee.

The lofty looks of *man* shall be humbled;
And the haughtiness of man shall be bowed
Down, and the mean man shall be brought
Down, and the mighty men shall be humbled;

And the eyes of the lofty shall be humbled;
But the Lord of hosts shall be exalted in judgment"
"When the Lord shall have washed away the filth
Of the daughters of Zion."

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down,
Yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.
We hanged our harps upon the willows
In the midst thereof."

(These "willows by the water-courses"
Some have assumed were palm trees all.
We think not: how could the daughters
Have hung their harps on trees so tall?

Again: we almost think they were;
And that may be the reason why
They hang so long high in the air
'Tis hard to get them, they don't try.)

"For thus *they* that carried us away
Captive *required* of us a song;
And they that wasted us,
Required of us *mirth*, saying, —

Sing us one of the songs of Zion.
How shall we sing the Lord's song
In a strange land?"
"All the daughters of music are brought low."

"Set thee up way-marks, make thee high heaps;
Set thine heart toward the highway,
Even the way which thou wentest;
Turn again, O virgin of Israel, —

Turn again to these thy cities.
How long wilt thou go about,
O thou backsliding daughter? for the
Lord hath created a *new thing* in the earth.

A *woman shall compass* a *man:*
Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel;
As yet they shall use this speech in the
Land of Judah, and in the cities thereof, —

When I shall bring again their captivity;
The punishment of their iniquity is
Accomplished, O daughter of Zion; he will
No more carry thee away into captivity.

"Loose thyself from the bands of thy neck,
O captive daughter of Zion! for thus saith the
Lord: Ye have sold yourselves for nought,
And ye shall be redeemed without money."

"Rise up, ye women that are at ease;
Hear my voice, ye careless daughters;
Give ear unto my speech.
Many days and years shall ye be troubled, —

Ye careless ones: for the vintage shall fail;
The gathering shall not come.
Tremble, ye women that are at *ease*,
Be troubled, ye careless ones."

Go through, go through the gates;
Prepare ye the way of the people;
Cast up, cast up the highway,
Gather out the stones;

Lift up a standard for the people.
Behold, the Lord hath proclaimed
Unto the end of the world, —
Say ye to the daughter of Zion, —

Behold, thy salvation cometh,
Behold, his reward is with him,
And his work is before him."
"O daughter of my people!

I have set thee for a tower and a
Fortress among my people, that thou
Mayest know and try their way.
They are all grievous revolters, walking with
slanders."

"Ho, ho! come forth, and flee from the land of the
North, saith the Lord; for I have spread you
Abroad as the four winds of the heaven,
Saith the Lord. Deliver thyself, O Zion, —

That dwellest with the daughter of Babylon.
For thus saith the Lord of hosts: After the glory
Hath he sent me unto the nations which spoiled
you,
For he that toucheth you toucheth the apple of
his eye.

For, behold, I will shake mine hand upon them,
And they shall be a spoil to their servants; and
Ye shall *know* that the Lord of hosts hath sent me.
Sing and rejoice, O daughter of Zion; for, lo, —

I come, and will dwell in the midst of thee,
Saith the Lord; and many nations shall be joined
To the Lord in that day, and shall be my people,
And I will dwell in the midst of thee, —

And thou shalt *know* that the Lord of hosts
Hath sent me unto thee; and the Lord shall
Inherit Judah his portion in the holy land,
And shall choose Jerusalem again.

Be silent, O all flesh, before the Lord;
For he is raised out of his holy habitation."
"Deck thyself now with majesty and excellency."
"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

"Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion;
Shout, O daughter of Jerusalem!
Behold, the king cometh unto thee;
He is just, and having salvation;

Lowly, and riding upon an ass,
And upon a colt, the foal of an ass."
Ye are not ignorant, my friends,
As concerning this prophecy,

And the interpretation thereof
Thou understandest; but, lo,
This is not the end thereof;
Let us a little further go, —

And to the daughters hear what he says, —
"As for thee, also, by the blood of the covenant
I have sent forth thy prisoners
Out of the pit *wherein is no water*."

"And when they drew nigh unto Jerusalem,
And were come unto Bethphage,
Unto the Mount of Olives, then sent
Jesus two disciples, saying unto them, —

Go into the village over against you,
And straightway ye shall find an ass
Tied, and a colt with her:
Loose them, and bring them to me.

And, if any man say aught unto you,
Ye shall say, The Lord hath need of them;
And straightway he will send them.
All this was done that it might be fulfilled

Which was spoken by the prophet,
Saying, Tell ye the daughter of Sion,
Behold, the King cometh unto thee, meek, and
Sitting upon an ass, and a colt, the foal of an ass."

"And Jesus, when he had found a young ass,
Sat thereon; as it is written, —
Fear not, daughter of Sion: behold,
Thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt."

"These things understood not his disciples at the
First; but, when Jesus was glorified, then
Remembered they that these things were writ-
ten of
Him, and that they had done these things unto
him."

Think ye it strange, my learned friend,
That e'en your wisdom hath not pierced
The prophet's vision, when ye find
Those who were to Jesus nearest

Understood not until their eyes
Beheld his bright and matchless glory?
Not even then, as we surmise,
Had they more than half the story.

The King must be the first to come,
And to come unto the *daughters:*
Ask yourselves if at this time
There are not, within your churches,

Many more *daughters* than are there sons?
Jesus did his compassion show
For all these poor deluded ones,
Regarding their captivity.

"And there followed him a great company
Of people, and women, which also bewailed and
Lamented him; but Jesus turning unto them said,
Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me;

But weep for yourselves, and for your
Children; for, behold, the days are coming,
In the which they shall say, Blessed are
The barren, and the wombs that never bare, —

And the paps which never gave suck.
Then shall they begin to say to the mountains,
Fall on us; and, to the hills, Cover us;
For if they do *these things* in a *green time*, —

What shall be done in a dry?"
"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Thou that killest the prophets, and
Stonest them which are sent unto thee!

How often would I have gathered thy children
Together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens
Under her wings, and ye would not!
Behold, your house is left unto you desolate"

"Until the Spirit be poured upon us from on
High, and the wilderness be a fruitful field,
And the fruitful field be counted for a forest;
Then judgment shall dwell in the wilderness, —

And righteousness remain in the fruitful field:
And the *work* of righteousness shall be
Peace, and the *effect* of righteousness
Quietness and *assurance forever*.

And my people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation,
And in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting-places,
When it shall hail, coming down on the forest,
And the city shall be low in a low place."

"Sing, O daughter of Zion! Shout, O Israel!
Be glad and rejoice with all thy heart,
O daughter of Jerusalem!
The Lord hath taken away thy judgments;

He hath cast out thine enemy:
The King of Israel, even the Lord,
Is in the midst of thee;
Thou shalt not see evil any more.

In that day it shall be said to Jerusalem, —
Fear thou not; and to Zion, Let not
Thine hands be slack. The Lord thy
God in the midst of thee is mighty;

He will save, he will rejoice over thee
With joy; he will rest in his love,
He will joy over thee with singing.
I will gather them that are sorrowful

For the solemn assembly, who is of thee
To whom the reproach of it was a burden.
Behold, at that time will I undo all that
Afflict thee; and I will save *her* that halteth, —

And gather *her* that was driven out;
And I will get them *praise* and *fame*
In every land where they have been put to
Shame. At their time will I bring you
again, —

Even in the time that I gather you: for
I will make you a *name* and a *praise*
Among *all people* of the *earth* when I turn back
Your captivity before your eyes, saith the
Lord."

But in the last days it shall come to pass,
That the mountain of the house of the Lord
Shall be established in the top of the mountains,
And it shall be exalted above the high hills;

And the people shall flow unto it;
And many nations shall come, and say, —
Come, and let us go back to the mountain of the
Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob;

And he will teach us of his ways,
And we will walk in his paths:
For the law shall go forth from Zion,
And the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.

And he shall judge among many peoples,
And rebuke strong nations afar off;
And they shall beat their swords into plowshares,
And their spears into pruning-hooks.

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
Neither shall they learn war any more.

But they shall sit every man under his
Own vine and under his fig-tree;

And none shall make them afraid:
For the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath
Spoken it, for all the people will walk
Every one in the name of his God.

And we will walk in the name of the
Lord our God for ever and ever.
In that day, saith the Lord,
Will I *assemble her* that halteth, —

And I will gather *her* that is driven out,
And her that I have afflicted; and
I will make *her* that halteth a remnant,
And her that was cast far off a strong nation;

And the Lord shall reign over them
In Mount Zion from henceforth and
Forever. And *thou*, *O tower* of *the flock*,
The stronghold of the daughter of Zion, —

Unto *thee* shall it come, even the *first*
Dominion: the *kingdom* shall come
To the *daughter* of Jerusalem."
"Let every thing that hath breath praise the
Lord."

What saith Isaiah? "He was their Saviour:
In all their affliction he was afflicted;
And the *angel* of his presence saved them."
"Flee as a bird to your mountain."

"Now gather thyself in troops, O daughter of troops,"
And take down from the 'willows' your 'harps,'
For the daughters we have higher hopes
Than would be wise to express, perhaps:

Not that we think them any better
Than the sons, if the *sons do well;*
But this we claim for the daughter:
She surely is more *spirituelle*, —

More inclined to religious fervor.
This is doubtless the reason why
She is growing daily into favor
Notwithstanding her love of show, —

Her 'wimples' and her 'crisping-pins,'
Which of themselves do no great harm.
We count them not 'mong heinous sins,
Though to us it really doth seem

Strange if they can much pleasure give;
Indeed, we can not think they do.

The sin consists, as we believe,
In the excess they're carried to.

All those who choose for ornament
Just a "meek and quiet spirit"
Harmonize with our sentiment
Because we can appreciate *it*.

We would not lightly estimate
The folly and extravagance,
Say nothing of the sinful waste,
Of modern so-called elegance.

But we are not prepared to give
A lecture upon this subject:
When women the *higher truths* receive,
They, in turn, will not need it, —

But will as readily come forth
From all this flambergastedness,
As doth the butterfly from moth
Too glad to leave its chrysalis.

We hope in time 'twill be the style,
To *have no style*. Our medium
A piece once wrote on *heaven's style;*
We will insert *ad finitum*.

"Do they have, mamma, no style in heaven?
Style in dress you know I mean,

For, in the pictures which are given,
I have not any dresses seen;

Nor have I heard of any but
The flowing robes of spotless white,
Which seem, mamma, so very like
The little gowns I wear at night.

I think, mamma, when I go there,
I'll only take one little gown
Beside the one which I do wear,
And I shall want it nice and clean.

For you say the angels are
So pure, mamma, it would be mean
For any one to go, and wear
Clothes which were not nice and clean.

And, when I get there, it may be
Some one will be kind enough
To make a little dress for me,
Just like what the others wear.

Do you not think they will, mamma,
And dress me in it every day?
I shall not have *you*, dear mamma,
To brush my hair, and hear me say

The morning prayer you taught to me;
But, dear mamma, you soon will come,
And then your little girl will be
So glad and happy, and we'll roam

In those sweet fields so bright with flowers
You oft have read about, mamma.
There we will find some shady bowers,
And you will read to me, mamma, —

Just the same as you do here;
Only there, you say, mamma,
I shall have no pain to bear.
Oh! it will be so sweet, mamma!

But you have not told me yet
About the dress and style, you know.
So if you please do not forget;
And I will listen now, mamma."

"My precious child, I think in heaven
They care not much what clothes they wear;
And scarce a thought to them is given,
Except to have them fresh and pure.

'Tis words and deeds alone which tell,
In that bright world to which we go;
Light and love and joy shall fill
Our hearts; and we shall then bestow

On others, dear, who will receive;
For here, you know, we long have been
Too poor to unto others give,
Though we ourselves no want have known,—

Save that we might be fitted for
That bright and happy home above;
And, freed from all this worldly care,
Dwell where all is peace and love."

"If what you say is true, mamma,
And indeed I know it is,
I wonder what some folks will do
Who now think *only* of their clothes.

Will it be nice for them, mamma?
It seems to me they will feel strange,
And never know which way to go:
Though I suppose they're free to range

Those same bright fields where flowers grow,
And pluck them too, and birds will sing;
But will they not soon learn to know
Their dress is not just quite the thing?

Those little girls, you know, mamma,
We used to see when I could ride,
Were always dressed so fine and gay,
I wonder if they did feel proud.

Do you suppose they think, mamma,
  Their dresses will be out of style?
And are learning here also
  About the words and deeds the while?

For I should think their dear mammas
  Would teach them all about these things,
Instead of giving them fine clothes.
  And some had on such sweet gold rings!

Will they be stylish there, mamma?
  And will they wear long sunny curls,
And dress in clothes so bright and gay?
  One of those dear little girls

Said she *had* got *no mamma* now;
  And her sweet face was very sad.
It made me feel — I don't know how,
  Only I longed to make her glad.

But I am very tired, mamma,
  So if you please I'll rest awhile,
And then, my own dear sweet mamma,
  We'll talk again about the style."

. . . . . .

The precious lamb awoke in heaven:
  Her face was beaming o'er with smiles;
For unto her there had been given
  A pure white wreath of immortelles.

A white-robed angel standing by
  Gave her a sweet and loving smile,
And placed the wreath upon her brow,
  Whispering softly, "'Tis just in style."

. . . . . .

I trust that you, my readers, have
  "Let patience have its perfect work."
My narrative I seem to leave,
  Before I even stop to think;

Though little more I have to say
  Concerning her whose history
Has been but blended partially
  With higher truths so full and free,—

Which scarce could wait for my slow pen.
  She wrote some sweet, pathetic lines,
Or pages; and each succeeding one
  Surpassed the former. Tender strains

Of love and pity for her race
  Seemed breathed in accents soft and low.
When she their waywardness did trace,
  'Twas done in love only to show

When or how they were at fault,
  That they might see their errors too:
And strive to purify the heart
  Oppressed with care day after day.

Thus passed some weeks ; she had in store
Quite a collection of small gems.
Her thoughts came freshest and most pure
Just in the early morn, when streams

Of light did first bestud the sky.
All nature seemed in unison
With earth's request, and heaven's reply.
Myriads of birds seemed chanting their

Songs of praise to their Creator:
Not one discordant note was heard ;
All was harmony sweet and pure.
Teach *us* a lesson, singing bird !

The flowers sent forth their sweet perfume,
While tiny dewdrops nestled there.
Oh ! ye who dwell in palace homes,
Dost thou e'er scent the morning air ?

If not, ye know not what ye lose.
These hours are filled with prayer and praise.
Ye that would be happy and wise,
Should not reverse your nights and days.

These calm and quiet hours became
Unto our friend precious and dear.
She began to write about this time
(Unconsciously, it seemed to her)

A book. It was upon a theme
Which she did by experience
Well understand; at the same time,
Her controlling influence

Had, while on earth, experienced
A similar awakening.
When she, however, the piece commenced,
She little thought what was forthcoming.

It might, perhaps, more pages cover
Than those she had already done;
For at that time she had never,
In one, exceeded pages nine.

A week passed by; and, at its close,
Her piece did seem but just begun;
She then began to grow more wise,
Recalling what had her been given

In that sweet symbol of the vine.
Had she e'en now commenced a book?
It might be only supposition;
Still it did seem to have that look.

At all events, she did determine
To press right onward toward the mark
Of her high calling, pure, divine,
Doing well her Father's work.

A hymn which she had learned in youth
  Constantly ran within her mind;
The first line of another one
  Which she knows not, but looks to find.

We give you here stanza the first:
  It doth her mind fully express.
The other one, at her request,
  We give in full, except one verse.

"Lo! what a cloud of witnesses
  Encompass us around!—
Men once like us with suffering tried,
  But *now* with glory crowned."

"Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
  And press with vigor on.
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
  And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
  Hold *thee* in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
  And *onward* urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
  That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
  To thine uplifted eye."

She felt as sure the voice of God
  Was calling her through spirit-friends,
As if she had his face beheld,
  Or taken hold his fleshly hands, —

While day by day her book did grow,
  Both in wisdom and in stature.
What she had written yesterday
  Oft seemed to lack the tone and culture

Of to-day. She was herself
  Surprised at thoughts which filled her brain,
Thoughts which were entirely aloof
  From things she e'er had read or seen.

Whatever came was scientific;
  Proven by the word of God,
Or by itself; 'twas also brief,
  And did contain most precious food

For all who could or would receive it.
  This axiom came to her mind: —
"Brevity is the soul of wit."
  The topics of the day she found

Were one by one brought forth, discussed,
  And sentenced by her spirit-guides.
She could only wonder, love, and trust,
  So mighty were the noble strides

Which came through her uncultured brain.
Subjects of which she scarce had dreamed
With heavenly luster shone so plain,
Her heart and voice at once exclaimed, —

Of a truth these things are hidden
From the wise and prudent, revealed
Unto the babes who are bidden
God's word of truth to place *unsealed*

Before an unbelieving throng:
Establishing the gospel truth,
By helping them to see the wrong
Interpretation given forth

By learned and scholarly divines,
Many of whom are wondrous wise
In their own conceits; their confines
Of narrowness in heaven's eyes

Can never stand. "The sons of earth,"
Too, "are waking," and for *themselves*
Will judge of heaven and heavenly birth,
Leaving behind the ancient grooves

And contracted views which bound them;
Pressing ever onward, upward,
Toward their bright celestial home;
Receiving there their "just reward."

The Lord our God hath surely "chosen
The weak things of the earth"
The mighty to confound, and given
To "babes in Christ" his mighty truth.

And now, dear friends, unto you all
Who in the future may peruse
These pages, a kind farewell.
May heaven's truth each soul infuse

With love to God, with love to all
Of God's creation everywhere;
Sweet peace within your beings dwell,
Which peace the world can never share.

May charity attend this work;
And may the truths which have been spoken
Only "in love," turn from the dark
Some erring ones, and be a token

Of spirit-power. Whatever here
You, friend, may find to disagree
With your opinion, kindly forbear
From deciding rashly is untrue.

And, beloved, may you never
Blame those who have me influenced:
Judge not, I pray: believe, rather,
I may have them, you may have me,
Misunderstood.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 211 532 7